

10¢

AUG.

THE LONE EAGLE

FIGHTING AC

A THRILLING
PUBLICATION

FEATURING THE WORLD'S
GREATEST SKY FIGHTER IN
SATAN'S ARMADA

A FULL BOOK-LENGTH
WAR-AIR NOVEL

**JUST
PLANE
NUTS**

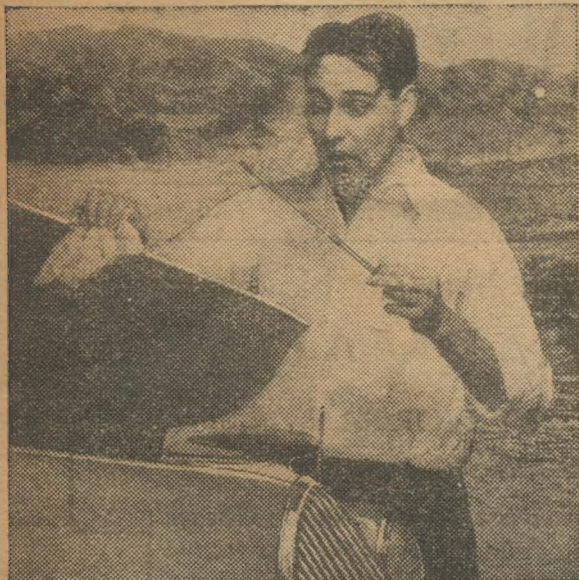
An Ambrose Hooley Howl

By JOE ARCHIBALD

•
**COMPLETE SCALE
MODEL PLANS OF
NIEUPORT 17 C. 1.**



Free TO MOTORISTS WITH OIL EATING CARS



Why Pay Up to \$151.37 for New Rings and Rebore?

If worn rings and cylinders cause your car to be an oil and gas eater—before you spend a lot of money—try Ovrhaul. Give it an opportunity to do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Here are costs of new rings and rebore on a few 1935 models: Chevrolet \$50.00; DeSoto, \$62.50; Dodge, \$59.20; Ford, \$50.00 to \$55.00; Cadillac, \$151.37; Packard, \$112.50.

MONEY-MAKING TERRITORIES OPEN For Salesmen and Distributors Who Act Quick!

Sales of Ovrhaul have been phenomenal. Hundreds of Salesmen and Distributors in the United States and abroad. The biggest money-maker in years. National magazine, newspaper and radio advertising carry the message of Ovrhaul to over 18,000,000 car owners. The market has barely been scratched. To wide-awake men we offer opportunity—an opportunity which may never come your way again. A fast selling, repeating article, fully protected by U. S. and foreign patents. Saves motorists millions of dollars. Exclusive territories still open—but you must act quick if you want in on this.

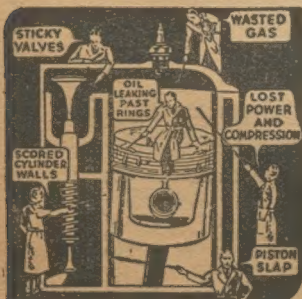
ENDORSED

By Member of
Society Automotive Engineers
National Aeronautical Assn.
Detroit Soc. of Engineering
Pontiac Engineers Club

Let us send you L. H. Smith's complete report which shows that the compression of a badly worn 8-cylinder motor was increased 32.4% and brought back to within .09 points of its original new car efficiency. Such tests conclusively prove the sensational merits of Ovrhaul.

PHONE, WRITE OR WIRE TODAY!

Let us send you free sample which every salesman is furnished for demonstration. Let us show you, with their permission, ACTUAL earnings of our distributors. Let us show you how you can start in this business NOW—before all territories are assigned. The market is there—we have the product—are you the man? Let's find out. Write, phone or wire today.—B. L. Mellinger, Pres.
OVRHAUL CO.,
G-912 Lee Angeles, Calif.



If Your Motor Wastes Oil and Gas—If It Has Lost That "New Car" Power, Speed and Quiet, Send Coupon Below For Free Sample of Miner's Amazing Mineral Discovery

SAVES OIL SAVES GAS

Nearly a half-million motorists have used this revolutionary method of cutting oil and gas waste caused by worn rings and cylinders. Savings up to 50% reported. Give your car new power, pep, speed and quiet with this amazing mineral discovered in the Rocky Mountains. Awarded A.T.L. Seal of Approval.

TAKES PLACE OF NEW RINGS AND REBORE!

Quickly placed through spark plug openings and at a fraction of the cost of new rings and rebore, this amazing mineral fills in and plates worn rings and cylinder walls. Ovrhaul gives your motor increased compression. Cuts oil consumption, increases gas mileage, adds new power and speed, with other substantial benefits of new rings and rebore. Ovrhaul has been thoroughly tested and proved by impartial laboratories and great Universities in the United States and abroad. Proved harmless to finest motors.

INSTALLED IN 30 MINUTES!

Ovrhaul works on the mineral plating principle—No special tools needed. No car tie-up. No danger of ruining motor by grinding cylinder walls—works in while you drive, saves you time and money. Gives you months of extra car use. A single application lasts up to 10,000 miles.

SAMPLE FREE!

If your car is wasting oil and gas, before you spend up to \$150.00 for new rings and rebore—send your name and address on the coupon below for a free sample of this amazing mineral which expands up to 30 times when heated, and full details of a real money-making opportunity. Air mail reaches us overnight from the East.

Free SAMPLE COUPON

B. L. Mellinger, Pres., (Paste on Postcard and mail)
Ovrhaul Co., G-912 Los Angeles, Calif.
Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE SAMPLE. Also show me your big money-making plan.

Name.....


Address.....

City..... State.....

• EVERY STORY BRAND-NEW •

10¢ THE LONE EAGLE

FIGHTING ACE



Vol. XVII, No. 1 BRUCE McALESTER, *Editor*

August, 1938

—A Full Book-Length War-Air Novel—

SATAN'S ARMADA

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

(Profusely Illustrated)

In the Heart of France Lurked the Greatest Single Menace to Allied Victory—and Only John Masters, the Far-famed Lone Eagle of the Air, Had a Fighting Chance of Destroying it!..... 12

ZOOMING SHORT STORIES

- JUST PLANE NUTS.....Joe Archibald 79
Facing Firing Squads is All in the Day's Work for these Two Madcaps!
- DEATH'S DECOYS.....Chet Vance 95
Skeet Hague Teaches a Hard-Boiled Flight Leader a Lesson

SPECIAL FLYING FEATURES

- THE SHIP OF THE MONTH.....Vultee V-11GB 6
- THE STORY OF THE COVER.....Eugene M. Frandzen 8
- WORLD WAR MODEL PLANES.....A Builders' Department 74
How to Build the Nieuport 17 C.1
- THE L. E. A. FLYING COURSE.....Bruce McAlester 93
- SKY WRITERS.....Illustrated Knowledge Test 105
- AROUND THE HANGAR.....A Department 106

Join THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA! Coupon on Page 109

THE LONE EAGLE, published bi-monthly by BETTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., at 22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y. N. L. Pines, President. Entire contents copyright, 1938, by BETTER PUBLICATIONS, INC. Subscription yearly \$6.00; single copies, \$1.10; foreign and Canadian postage extra. Entered as second class matter June 22, 1933, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Names of all characters used in stories and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. If the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes, and are submitted at the author's risk. 173



Read our companion air magazine: SKY FIGHTERS—10c at all newsstands

MASS PRODUCTION

DIESEL ENGINES

Sweeps THE COUNTRY

HEMPHILL DIESEL
RESIDENT SCHOOLS

GREATER OPPORTUNITIES THAN EVER BEFORE NOW OPENING TO HEMPILL DIESEL TRAINED MEN

Millions have been poured into modern mass production plants. New type Diesels are now on the market for automotive and many uses never before considered practical. **NATION-WIDE DIESELIZATION IS HERE.**

Five years ago Hemphill Schools predicted leading automotive builders would enter the Diesel field. Hemphill training anticipated these history making advances. Shops, laboratories and theory offered in the Day, Night, and Combination Home Study with later Shop Training Courses, have been kept up to the minute.

Never before have Hemphill Diesel Schools students had greater opportunities before them. Eight completely equipped practical training schools are located in important marine, automotive and industrial centers—in U.S. and Canada—ready and thoroughly able to train men for this specialized field.

No matter where you live, if you are interested in training that will qualify you for this growing, fascinating industry, send for details on **WHAT MASS PRODUCTION OF DIESEL ENGINES MAY MEAN TO YOU.** Use coupon, no obligation.

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS

Send Coupon Today
TO NEAREST ADDRESS

BOSTON, 124 Brookline Ave.
NEW YORK, 31-31 Queens Blvd., L.I. City
DETROIT, 2348 W. Lafayette Blvd.
CHICAGO, 2030 Larrabee St.
MEMPHIS, 449 Monroe Ave.
LOS ANGELES, 2010 San Fernando Road
SEATTLE, 506 Westlake North
VANCOUVER, B.C., 1367 Granville St.

HEMPHILL DIESEL SCHOOLS (addresses at left)

Please rush information on how I may qualify for the Diesel field, and details on your Courses. I am over 18.

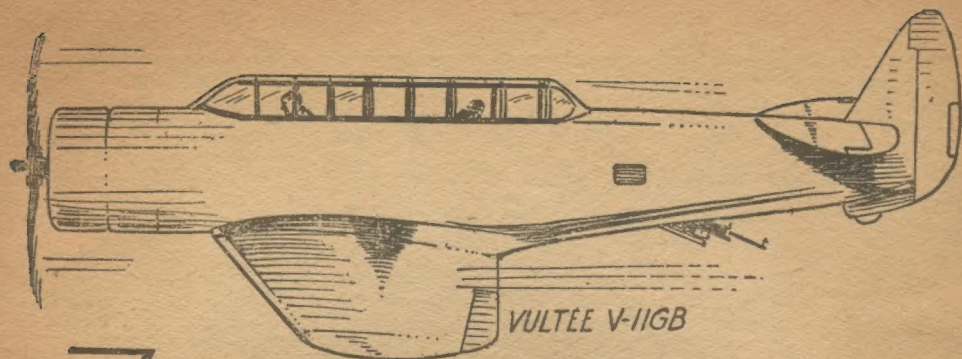
NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Notwithstanding representation to the contrary, the Hemphill Diesel Schools are in no way associated with any other school of even similar name.

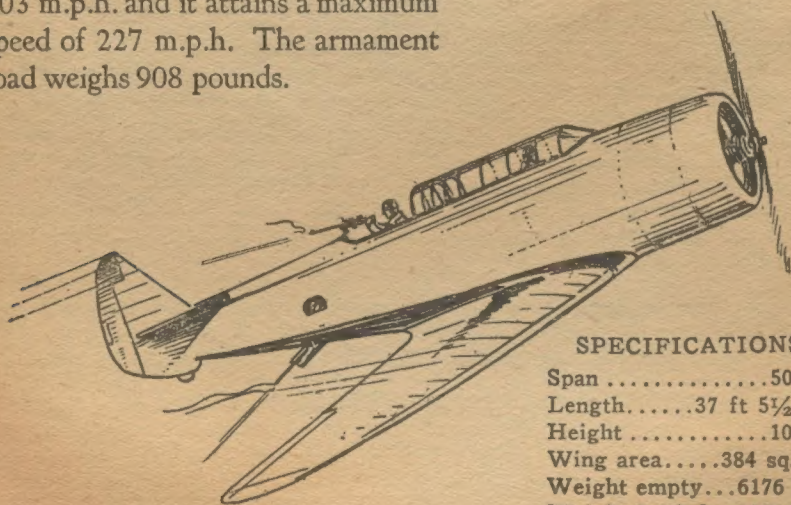
m-28-4



The Ship of the Month

THE VULTEE V-11GB is one of America's most efficient modern Attack Bombers. It is a sleek-lined three-place ship with a semi-monocoque fuselage of all-metal construction. The wings are full cantilever with split-type trailing edge flaps. The tail group is all metal with stabilizer, fin and rudder skin stressed and elevators fabric covered. The landing gear is fully retractable. It is equipped with the most complete modern instruments for flying.

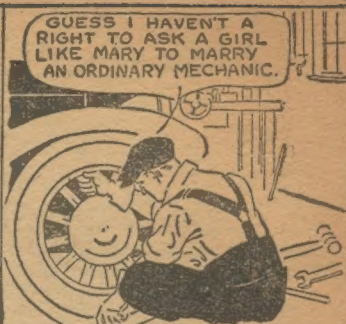
The attack model has a service ceiling of 22,000 feet. It can climb at the rate of 1,200 feet a minute. The cruising speed is 203 m.p.h. and it attains a maximum speed of 227 m.p.h. The armament load weighs 908 pounds.



SPECIFICATIONS

Span 50 ft.
 Length..... 37 ft 5½ in.
 Height 10 ft.
 Wing area.... 384 sq. ft.
 Weight empty... 6176 lbs.
 Weight loaded.. 9441 lbs.
 Engine.. Wright Cyclone
 850 h.p.

See it first in *THE LONE EAGLE*



I'LL TRAIN YOU AT HOME in Your Spare Time For A GOOD RADIO JOB

Many Radio Experts Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a Week
Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$300 to \$500 a year—full time servicing jobs pay as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts own their own full or part time Radio businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$6,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, loud speaker systems offer good opportunities now and for the future. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I trained have good jobs in these branches of Radio.



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 1914

The man who has directed the home study training of more men for the Radio industry than any other man in America.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Almost every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending Extra Money Job Sheets showing how to do Radio repair jobs. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that made good spare time money for hundreds. I send Special Equipment to conduct experiments, build circuits, get practical experience. I ALSO GIVE YOU A COMPLETE, MODERN PROFESSIONAL ALL-WAVE, ALL-PURPOSE RADIO SET SERVING INSTRUMENT TO HELP SERVICE SETS QUICKER—SAVE TIME, MAKE MORE MONEY.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television; shows you letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning; shows my Money Back Agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a post card—NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8H09
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8H09
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HERE'S PROOF THAT MY TRAINING PAYS



Chief Operator
Broad-Station

"When I completed 20 lessons I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined station WMPC, where I am now Chief Operator."
— HOLLIS F. HAYES, 85 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.

\$200 to \$300 a Month in Own Business

"For the last 18 months I have been in business for myself, making between \$200 and \$300 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start in this field."
— ABRAHAM J. PROEHNER, 224 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



Over \$1,000 Before Graduating

"Before completing half the N.R.I. Course I was servicing sets, and I made \$1,000 to \$1,200 before graduating. I am doing Radio service work for myself now."
— ASHLEY G. ALDRIDGE, 1238 Shepherd St., Petersburg, Va.



THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

The Story of the Cover

By EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

A TWO-SEATER plane, either of the enemies or the Allies, was used for a lot of different missions. Light bombing was an important job. Map photography was accomplished in two-seaters. General reconnaissance in which the big movements of troops were spotted was a major job. True, the sausage balloon floating high behind an army's lines did observe certain things and by telephone communication let the ground troops know its findings, which were very limited.

The artillery depended on the sausage balloon for what meager information it could get on the corrections of their range and direction of fire. The gunner seldom sees the target. They have a prearranged aiming point such as a church steeple or tree from which they figure out angles that will point their gun at a given point on a map. That point is where their shells are supposed to drop, but it usually takes a lot of correcting of range and direction to get it right.

This all leads up to the fact that the artillery was firing more or less blindly at the enemy. What could be done? How could they find out quickly just where the shells were dropping? It was logical that in 1914 the high commanders turned to the airplane for help. A series of signals were worked out for the observer to use after he had flown over the enemy position while his artillery was firing. But it took him considerable time to get back to a point where his signals could be observed. It wasn't much help but it was a start.

Next came signals with Very lights and flashlights.

A New Device

Then in September, 1914, two British officers, Lieut. Lewis and James, of the Royal Engineers, went to an artillery commander and told him they would like to direct his artillery fire to demonstrate to him that the airplane could be depended upon. The artillery officer snorted, said he was tired of the sketchy reports sent down by visual signals from airplanes. "A waste of time, all poppycock. No accuracy! Slow! Can't be bothered!"

The airmen laughed. "Don't worry, you'll never see our plane. We will be right over the enemy." They brought out two bulky pieces of apparatus. "Wireless receiving sets to be placed right at your battery," they informed the commanding officer. Intrigued, the artilleryman grudgingly consented to a trial.



At a prearranged time the two wireless experts got into back seats of their radio planes, tested their sending sets and gave final instructions to their assistants who were to be at the receiving sets on the ground.

Up roared the planes. In half an hour the wireless assistants on the ground raised their hands. Dots and dashes began sputtering into their earphones. The artillery began to roar. The commanding officer stood by, looking on skeptically. Then a man at a receiving instrument yelled, "A very little short. Fire!" The cannon's snouts raised a trifle in the air. Again they roared. "Fire again!" came the command through the air. "A little short," came next. "A little left," then, "You have them. Hit! Hit! Hit! Keep firing, you are wiping out German battery. I am coming home."

And so came the wireless to the airplane. So accurate, so quick had been the first "shoot" that the whole British army demanded their artillery have airplanes equipped with wireless to direct their fire.

The Secret Was Out

But the Allies couldn't patent their invention. In no time the Germans had the secret and were hovering over the Allies in wireless-equipped observation planes. From then on till the end of the war both sides used this means of directing artillery. It was up to each side to keep the other

(Concluded on Page 113)

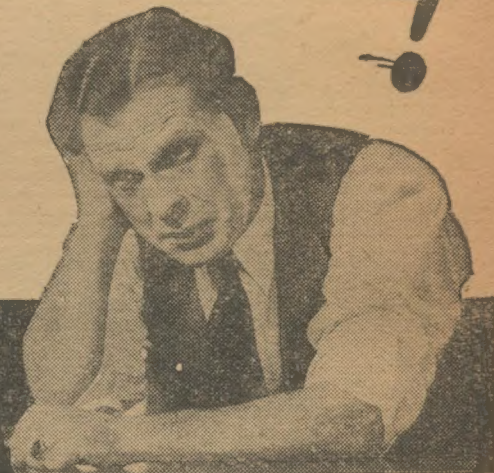
ARE YOU

out of a Job?

Apply Now

**for This Splendid
Chance To Make**

**Up
To \$45⁰⁰
in a week**



MEN AND WOMEN WANTED

If you are out of work or on part time, or if your pay has been cut, you may be just the person I am looking for. I need more men and women at once to open fine-paying Coffee Agencies right in their own home localities. If your locality is open, this will be a wonderful chance for you to make as high as \$45.00 in a week for full time, or \$25.00 in a week for part time, starting at once.

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE

For example, Henry Vredevel, of Wisconsin, was a day laborer, earning \$1.50 a day. With no previous experience he started a Coffee Agency and

later was able to report a clear profit of \$8.95 for a single day.

NO MONEY RISK

Try my Coffee Agency Plan for 30 days. See for yourself the big money making possibilities. Under my plan you don't risk a penny in trying the business. No training course is required; no long wait before you begin making money—your earnings start the very first day. The business is very simple to handle; you just follow, step by step, the proved plan that has brought immediate success to hundreds of others like yourself. Simply make the regular calls on your customers, deliver their orders and pocket your fine cash profits. Once you are started, you can order stocks of goods on credit, and thus build your business on my capital. In addition to your own big cash profits, I offer you a new Ford car or \$500.00 cash as a bonus or extra reward.

SEND NO MONEY

Just Mail the Application for FREE Facts

Unless you get my wonderfully simple, sure-fire Coffee Agency Plan, you will never know what you may be missing! Costs nothing to get the facts; no obligation. My offer has proved a Godsend for scores of men and women. Mail the application blank at once, or just rush a penny postcard. **DO IT TODAY!**

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.

5301 Monmouth Ave.

Cincinnati, Ohio

***Rush* THIS APPLICATION FOR FREE FACTS**

Name

Address

Mail to Albert Mills, Pres., 5301 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio,

I can devote (Mark with an X)

☐ Full time; ☐ Part time

I prefer as a bonus—

☐ New Ford Tudor Sedan ☐ \$500 Cash.

ELECTRICITY

"LEARN BY DOING"
22 weeks training

**TRAIN NOW FOR
A BETTER JOB!**



My Big Free Book tells you how we train you in 12 weeks—to start in the growing field of Electricity by actual shopwork on real electrical machinery in the Big Chicago Coyne Shops—not by books or correspondence. Expert instructors guide you every step of the way. Experience advanced education not needed. **Many Earn While Learning.** Free lifetime employment service. Diesel Engine, Electrical Refrigeration and Air Conditioning instructions included. Mail Coupon for **FREE BOOK** and all Facts.

H. C. LEWIS, Pres., **COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL,**
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. C8-84, Chicago, Illinois

Send Big Free Book with facts on Coyne training and tell me about your "Plans" to help me.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Diesel

For several years, Diesel engines have been replacing steam and gasoline engines in power plants, motor trucks and busses, locomotives, ships, tractors, dredges, pumps, etc. And now the first Diesel-powered passenger car is on the market. Our home-study course offers you a real opportunity to prepare for a worth-while position in this new field. Write TODAY for full information. No obligation. American School, Dept. DC-58, Drexel at 53th, Chicago

FOREST JOBS

available at \$125-\$175 per month, steady. Cabin, Hunt, trap, patrol. Quality at once.

Get details immediately

Rayson Service Bureau, B-56 Denver, Colo.

FALSE TEETH

SAVE 90 DAYS' TRIAL

**HALF
OR
MORE**

If you need teeth, but do not care to spend much money, my pleasant economical method is what you want. My guarantee plan gives you three months'



trial to see how they fit and look. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied any time during 90 days' trial. I have thousands of satisfied customers wearing my dental plates made by mail. My Special Method is founded on 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

SEND NO MONEY

Write TODAY for FREE impression material and instructions.
DR. CLEVELAND 503.05 Missouri Ave.
Dental Laboratory, Dept. 2-L, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Mechanics AND HANDICRAFT

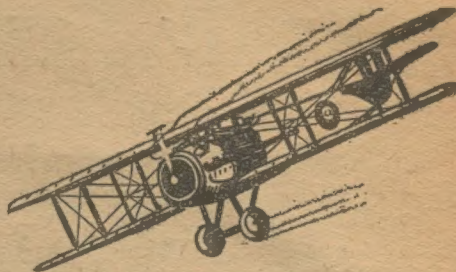
*The Magazine of
Science—Invention—Experiments*

NOW ON SALE AT

A NEW LOW PRICE

10c

Read Our Companion
Magazine of
War-Air Thrills!



SKY FIGHTERS

**PACKED WITH ZOOMING
STORIES AND FEATURES**

*Coming in the
September Issue!*

DAREDEVIL DOG

*A Novel of
Fighting Courage*

**By RALPH
OPPENHEIM**

10c

AT ALL STANDS

You think you *can't* learn Music? *Just try this!* →



Easy as A-B-C

Look at the notes above—they are: F-A-C-E. Could anything be simpler to remember? You have already begun to learn to read music. And it's just as easy to play, for a remarkable invention, the "Note-Finder," tells you just where each note is located on the piano.

Look at Pictures and Play

Just imagine! Instead of spending tedious hours in study, instead of puzzling over obscure points, you look at clean-cut pictures that make every step as clear as day. Even children not yet in their teens soon learn to play by this fascinating print-and-picture method.

Which instrument do you want to play? Here's *Free Proof* you can learn quickly—at home

IF YOU have ever had any desire to play a musical instrument—if you have ever longed for the good times, the popularity and friendships that music makes possible, then here is amazing proof that you **CAN** learn to play—easily, quickly, in spare time at home. What's more, in just a short time from today, you can actually be **PLAYING**. Yes, playing the piano, the violin, or whichever instrument you please. Playing the latest popular songs, the old-time favorites, even classical music.

No Knowledge of Music Required

Forget all you have ever heard about music being hard to learn. Dismiss your fears of tedious study and practice. Never mind if you do not know a single note of music.

This modern way to learn music

will open your eyes! It's *easier* than you ever thought possible—and it's **FUN**. No old-fashioned drudgery, no tiresome drills and exercises. Instead, you start learning to play real tunes by note almost at once. You are thrilled to discover that you can actually create music! Soon you are experiencing the **joys** of musical self-expression. Soon you are winning popularity; you are being showered with compliments and applause.

Make Money, too!

Perhaps you have never thought of making money with music. But you may be pleasantly surprised to find how many opportunities it brings! Others have quickly started turning spare hours into cash and not a few have been launched on brilliant musical careers.

Does it all seem "too good to be

true?" Then send for the **Free Proof**. Mail the coupon for the fascinating illustrated booklet that tells all about this wonderful way to learn music at home—in just a few minutes a day—without a private teacher, without any special talent or previous training. With the booklet you'll also receive a free Demonstration Lesson that shows exactly how it is done.

FREE—Just Mail Coupon

Over 700,000 others have already been convinced. Surely, if you earnestly want to learn to play, you owe it to yourself to examine the proof. There is no cost or obligation in writing. Just mention the instrument that interests you. If you do not already own one, we can arrange to supply it on easy terms. U. S. School of Music, 2947 Brunswick Building, New York, N. Y.

Fortieth Year (Est. 1898)

**SEND FOR FREE
DEMONSTRATION LESSON**

PICK YOUR FAVORITE

Piano
Violin
Guitar
Saxophone
Cello
Hawaiian
Guitar
Banjo
Mandolin

Ukulele
Cornet
Trumpet
Harp
Clarinet
Trombone
Flute
Piccolo
Organ

Piano Accordion
Plain Accordion
Drums and
Traps
Harmony and
Composition
Voice and
Speech
Culture



U. S. School of Music,
2947 Brunswick Bldg.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me Free Proof that I can learn to play theincluding your illustrated booklet and Demonstration Lesson.

Have you

Instr. ?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

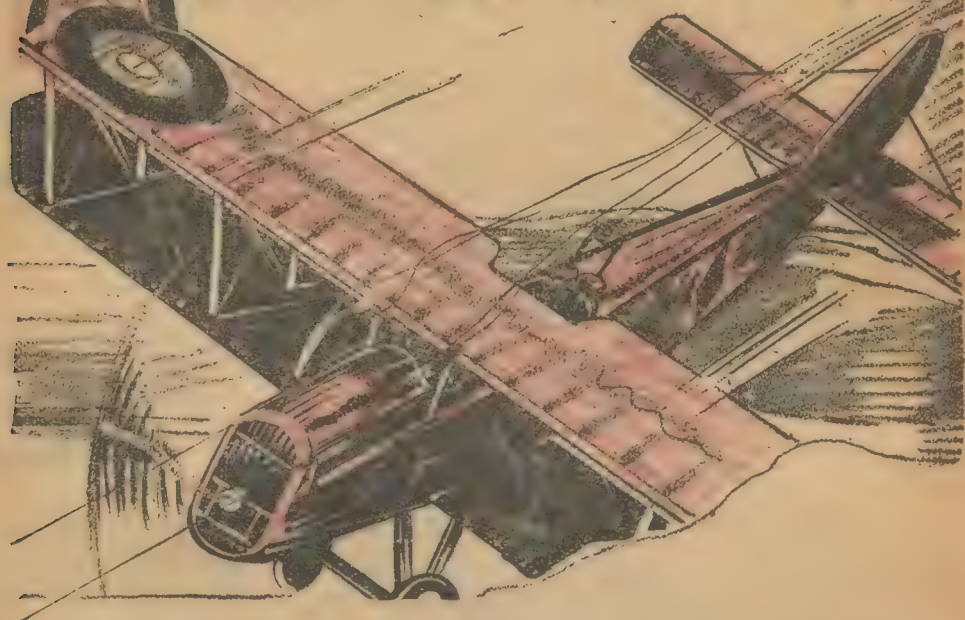
SATAN'S

MASTERS

*Twin streams of
flame spewed down
(Chapter III)*



ARMADA



*In the Heart of France Lurked the Greatest Single Menace
to Allied Victory—and Only John Masters, Famed
Lone Eagle of the Air, Had a Fighting
Chance of Destroying It!*

A Full Book-Length War-Air Novel

By LT. SCOTT MORGAN

Author of "Doom Over Paris," "Slaughter Skies," etc.

CHAPTER I

Phantom Fury

MAJOR BRANKER, C.O. of the Ninety-Sixth Yankee bombers, splashed cognac into his glass, then held it up in

salute to Parsons, his "A" Flight commander.

"Mud in your eye, Parsons," he said. "And here's hoping we get a real egg-dropping assignment soon."

"Check!" the flight commander nodded. "But I've stopped hoping

Featuring the **WORLD'S GREATEST ACE**

for miracles like that in this blasted war. I've about decided that G.H.Q. is saving us and the ships, to put in some museum after the war is over. Or are you holding out? Haven't you some idea of the reason for all the damned inactivity we've had forced upon us the past week?"

THE C.O. finished his drink before he spoke.

"Not the faintest," he growled. "Except, of course, the rumors that are thicker than flies. I mean, that the gold-braid boys are planning something big. It's March, you know, and they usually think up a big flop idea about this time. But we're not the only squadron that's cooling its heels, so that's something— Yes, what is it, Corporal?"

He turned to a squadron orderly who had hurried in through the mess door and come over to the bar, stopping at the C.O.'s side.

"Wing is on the wire, sir," the orderly said. "The call came in on the squadron office phone."

"Right!" Branker grunted.

He ran over to the squadron office, Parsons at his heels. Hopeful expectations showed in each man's face as Branker picked up the phone.

"Major Branker, Ninety-Six, speaking," he said mechanically.

"This is Colonel Stebbins, Branker," said the voice at the other end. "An assignment for three of your pilots. There's an ammo dump at point TY-Twelve on your enemy sector map. That's near Caudron, about forty miles on the German side. It's nine-thirty, now. Send out three ships at ten sharp. Don't send them with full loads, as they may meet enemy night flying ships before they get there and have to dump their bombs."

"Only three ships, sir?" Branker asked, surprise showing in his face.

"Yes, just three. Let Parsons lead

them. You're not to go along, of course. It's merely an experimental raid to check on the Hun night flying defense. They should be back by midnight. I'll call you then for a report. Naturally, the pilots are to take a good look at anything they can see on the ground. But give them orders to turn back if they run into too much trouble. Got it all straight? Stick by the phone; I may have another assignment."

"Yes, Colonel," Branker said. "Very good, sir."

"What's it about?" Parsons cried as the C.O. hung up.

"An assignment at last!" the C.O. said and made a face. "Hell! Why did I ever work up to becoming a commanding officer? Nuts!"

He then relayed the Colonel's orders.

"So you're elected, you lucky dog," he finished. "Go pick a couple others to go with you. For two cents, I'd— Never mind. Have Sergeant Hollis roll out the ships. You have only got half an hour. You're 'A' Flight commander, of course, but I'd suggest that you have the other five lads draw lots to see which two go with you. You know, no favoritism."

"Don't have to," Parsons said, as he turned toward the door. "Baker, Carter and Trevor went down to the estaminet to drown their sorrows tonight, so that puts them out of luck. See you at the take-off."

Twenty minutes later three fleet one-man bombers were on the line with props ticking over, and greaseballs were giving them a last minute check. Eventually, the sergeant in charge stepped over to where Parsons was having a last minute cigarette with the two pilots who were to accompany him.

"All set, Captain," he grinned at Parsons. "I kissed every one of the eggs, so that means they'll all make hits. Good luck!"

"Thanks, Sergeant," the flight commander grinned back. "Okay, fellows. The usual formation, and don't drop an egg until you see my signal flare. Let's go. Last one home is a dope!"

Crushing out his cigarette, Parsons trotted over to his ship. Major Branker was waiting for him there, and the C.O.'s eyes were frankly envious.

"Take it easy, Parsons, but drop a couple for me," he said. "And remember what I said—take it easy. Your objective isn't Berlin, you know. Do the job and get back by midnight."

"Right," Parsons nodded, and legged into his plane. "Don't worry, we won't crab the act. So long."

Branker stepped back out of the prop-wash and gave the waiting greaseballs the order to yank the wheel chocks. Engines roaring, the bombers taxied out one at a time and swung into formation far out on the field. When they were in position, Parsons' ship moved out first. Branker glanced at his watch to see that it was on the dot of ten o'clock. When he looked up again Parsons' ship was just clearing the ground, and the other two were picking up take-off speed fast.

Then, suddenly, it happened without the slightest warning.

With no more than three hundred feet of air under it, and climbing steadily at full throttle, Parsons' ship suddenly became a seething ball of livid flame. Tongues of red leaped high from the engine cowlings and lighted up the entire drome in flickering crimson. For a full second the plane seemed to hang motionless in the air. Then it heeled over on one wing and slithered straight to the ground.

Branker stood rooted to the tarmac, staring in fascinated horror. He opened his mouth to yell, but no sound came out. For in that in-

stant a second plane of the formation burst into flames! A moment later a third plane was flaming downward onto the field that was now as bright as a flaming torch.

Branker tore himself loose from his paralytic coma and went pounding across the crimson flooded field.

"Fire squad, everybody on the jump!" he roared.

The order was a waste of breath for every pilot and mechanic on the drome was already racing madly toward the three blazing mounds of wreckage. As they drew near the seething flames the terrific heat drove them back. Branker, and one or two others, however, plunged finally into the inferno. But when they were still some twenty yards from the ring of blazing ships, they too faltered and stumbled to their knees, gasping as the burning air filled their lungs.

AS HE hit the ground Branker saw Parsons trying to crawl from the blazing mass of his ship, groping in bewilderment as he sought a way out of that inferno.

"Parsons, Parsons!" Branker was screaming. "This way! Run for it man!"

The flight commander must have heard, in spite of the roar of the flames, for he turned his head, raised one smoking arm. Then his whole body collapsed, and he fell flat to the ground. Branker was already running toward him.

Ignoring the cries of warning behind him, he reeled forward against the waves of seething heat, barely able to see two feet ahead through his fire-scorched eyes. He finally reached the crumpled figure of Parsons. With superhuman strength he hoisted the flight commander to his shoulder, turned and ran with the last ounce of strength left in his body—

Hours later, it seemed, strong

hands gripped him, relieved him of his burden. Cool, blessed water was splashed over him, and the ache went gradually out of his eyes and lungs.

"Parsons!" he called through stiff lips. "How is he?" He rose to his elbow, saw the flight commander lying beside him.

Fire had twisted Parsons' face into a horrible black mask. Somehow, though, he heard Branker's words. A tremor rippled through his body, and his lips moved.

"Thanks—fellow. Don't know. Everything fine—then flames— I think—some kind—explosion—I—"

He tried to say more, but couldn't. And even as the squadron medico dropped to the ground at his side, death reached out and claimed the life of Captain Parsons.

For several minutes the C.O. stared into the horrible face of his dead friend. Then with a groaning curse he allowed the medico to go to work on his own smarting face and hands.

Later, in the squadron office, Branker was in the act of calling Wing when suddenly the door burst open and Colonel Stebbins, himself, came hurrying inside. The Wing commander's face was white with fearful astonishment.

"Good Lord, Branker!" he cried. "What happened?"

"I don't know, sir," Branker said dully. "All three ships just burst into flames at the take-off. I was about to call you. You don't want another patrol to go out now on the bombing job, do you, sir?"

The Wing commander blinked, and some of the blood came back into his face.

"Bombing job?" he echoed. "What in the world are you talking about, Branker? Just why were those planes taking off, anyway? Testing?"

It was the C.O.'s turn to blink.

For several seconds he stared at his senior officer in dumfounded amazement.

"The bombing job you wanted done on that ammo dump!" he finally blurted out. "The one you called me about at nine-thirty. Parsons and two others were taking off on that job."

"Wait a minute!" Colonel Stebbins' voice cracked like a whip. "That fire must have done something to you, Branker. I don't know what you're talking about. I certainly didn't call you at nine-thirty, or any other time tonight."

"You—you didn't call me?" Branker echoed in an awed voice. Then with an edge to his tone. "Dammit, is this some kind of a joke? It was your voice on the phone. *Your voice*, I tell you!"

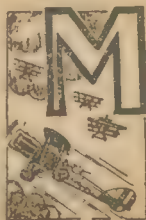
Anger leaped into Stebbins' eyes, then just as quickly it faded. He moved over to Branker and put a hand on his arm.

"I didn't call you, Branker," he said quietly. "I've been at General Baker's mess up until a half hour ago. First we'll call G.H.Q. and report this. Then every ship is to be grounded, and every leave canceled until a complete investigation is made. This smells of dirty spy work, or I'm a fool!"

"Spies?" Branker mumbled vacantly. "*Spies* in Ninety-six?"

CHAPTER II

The W Plan



MARSHAL FOCH, generalissimo of the entire Allied armies, turned from the huge marked map that covered one whole wall of the room and solemnly regarded the ten or fifteen high ranking officers seated in a semi-circle before him.

"That, gentlemen," he said, "is

the outline of the W Plan. As I have pointed out, the design of the attack is in the form of the letter W, the top pointing west, and the bottom pointing east. At A is the British, at B the American and at C the French.

"In the execution of the attack the British will drive southeast toward point E, or one point of the bottom of the W. One-half of the American forces will drive northeast from B to join the British at point E. And the other half will drive southeast toward point F, where they will meet the French forces who will be driving northeast toward point F from their starting point at point C. Thus we shall drive two separate wedges into the German forces and when our two objectives, points E and F, have been reached, we shall be in a position to flank the enemy at will, or—"

THE marshal paused and a fleeting smile passed across his stern face.

"Or," he continued, "we shall be in a position to drive straight on through to Berlin in the event Germany has not sued for peace by then. However, unless my knowledge of the German mind is completely unfounded she will sue for peace long before we have completed the execution of the W Plan.

"And now, let me thank you gentlemen for meeting me here and giving me your attention. Naturally, we shall have one more conference before the W Plan gets under way at an early date. That date I have told no one for the reason that ninety-nine percent of its success will depend upon secrecy. Therefore, make no mention of this conference to your junior officers no matter how much you may trust them. Continue with your regular assignments until you hear from me.

That is all, gentlemen, and thank you."

With the faint gesture of his hand signifying that the conference was at an end, the generalissimo seated himself in a nearby chair. The others in the room included Pershing, Haig, French, Flandin, Gallenti and others of the Allied high ranks. Most of these gathered around Foch to forward personal thoughts and ideas that had been born during the one hour meeting.

Not all of them moved closer, however. Three men in that room rose quietly and went outside. In silence they passed the sentries in the hallway, went down the stairs and out into the brilliant sunshine of a perfect morning. Still silent they climbed into a waiting car at the curb.

No sooner were they seated than the uniformed driver at the wheel set the car into motion and tooled it skilfully through the narrow cobble stoned streets of the war battered French village. Two hours later these three men were alone in the Chaumont H.Q. office of Colonel Tremaine, chief of the Yank Air Intelligence.

"Well?"

It was Colonel Tremaine, himself, who broke the silence. Through the drifting smoke of his cigarette he stared keenly at his two companions who had accompanied him from the Allied war council. One was General Viaud, the fiery French head of the *Deuxieme*, France's great espionage bureau. And the other was John Masters, the Lone Eagle, and the greatest single barrier in the path of German Kultur since the day he had ceased his work as an ordinary Yank combat pilot to become a mystery warrior of the skies—an unknown hero to millions who fought on the side of the Allies and a phantom terror to other millions who would grind civilization

to a bloody pulp under the iron heel.

"Well?" Tremaine repeated himself, and this time looked directly at Masters. "What do you think of the W Plan?"

"The end of the war if it works," the Lone Eagle replied. "And a double barrel job for the Yank troops. They've got to drive in two directions but, of course, we have the troops for that. And now that I've given you my opinion of the plan, what was your reason for asking me to attend?"

TREMAINE smiled, but General Viaud laughed harshly.

"But for what other reason than that disaster faces us once again!" said the Frenchman with a tinge of hopeless fury in his voice. "As usual, it appears to be but a small matter, but it is not trivial. There is something brewing. Of that we are certain. But what—Colonel, perhaps you had better tell him in your own way. After all, it is the American pilots who suffer."

"Yank pilots?" Masters echoed and cast a sharp glance at Colonel Tremaine.

The Chief of Yank Air Intelligence nodded.

"Within the last two weeks," he said grimly, "there have been fifteen casualties in seven American bombing squadrons. They were squadrons Twelve, Twenty-five, Ninety-six, Eight, Thirteen, Fifteen, and Forty-one."

Masters' eyes narrowed.

"That's a lot of bombing ships to be shot down in two weeks," he said.

"Shot down?" Tremaine echoed sharply. "I said casualties! In one case three planes burst into flames on their own tarmac taking off. In another two force-landed in German territory. In another instance two pilots were found shot dead outside

an estaminet on Allied territory. In another two pilots seemingly committed suicide by taking poison. And so on. *Not a single one of those bombing planes was actually shot down!*"

"If it's spy work," Masters said slowly, after a little pause, "it doesn't make much sense. Two here and three there? If a spy could do that he'd stand just as good a chance of wiping out the entire unit. Have you formed any opinion, yourself?"

Tremaine gestured helplessly with his hands.

"None," he growled. "As you say, on the face of it, it doesn't make sense."

"Yet it does!" General Viaud spoke up fiercely. "And for this reason: Each of those bombers were from the outfits that will carry out the American aerial attack when our W Plan goes into operation! Those bombers were to blast the way for your ground troops. Each of those outfits are in the W Plan attack area!

"And so it means this, at least!" the fiery Frenchman went on, as he smashed a clenched fist on the desk top. "It means that what we fear most has happened. That the Germans know of our W Plan!"

"And are trying to weaken our key squadrons ahead of time?" Masters said. "But that doesn't make sense, either. We've plenty of replacement pilots ready to be sent to the front for active duty. They know that."

"That is true," Tremaine nodded. "But consider this point: With green replacement pilots in the ranks the effectiveness of those squadrons would be considerably lessened."

"Some," Masters admitted instantly. "But certainly not enough to spell the difference between defeat and success of the W Plan. And why should the Germans pick

off our pilots in twos and threes if they are merely trying to weaken our bombing effectiveness? Even a whole bombing squadron wiped out would not help them much for we have so many more. No, I've got a hunch that it's one of two other reasons. Maybe both."

Viaud slipped forward eagerly to the edge of his chair.

"Yes? You think what?" he said.

"It may be a German trick to distract our attention from something else," the Lone Eagle said. "Or else they hope by doing this ground killing to scare us into delaying preparations for the W Plan. Thus they'll have more time in which to get ready for us."

"The last is possible," Viaud said. "The W Plan attack will begin within a week at least. Foch will not delay longer. But if the Germans know of the W Plan and—"

THE jangle of the desk phone stopped the French officer.

Colonel Tremaine took the call with a gesture of annoyance, but sat up straight, his face suddenly grey, a moment after he had answered.

"What's that?" he barked. "Repeat it! Seventy-four Squadron? When? Last night? All right. One of my men will take charge of the investigation, at once."

Tremaine forked the receiver, turned to the Lone Eagle.

"Two pilots of Seventy-four Squadron were found dead in the Ville River last night," he said. "It runs past their drome. Their heads had been bashed to a pulp!"

For seconds there was stunned silence. General Viaud broke it finally.

"Three more!" he said. "That makes seventeen! And Seventy-four was one of the key squadrons, too. *Mon Dieu!* We must do something! But what?"

The Lone Eagle looked at Colonel Tremaine.

"You investigated the other affairs, sir?" he asked pointedly. "I mean checked the possibility of a spy in each squadron?"

"With a fine tooth comb!" the colonel said. "But with no result. However, in spite of our efforts at counter espionage, France is still overrun with German agents. It would not be difficult for an agent to slip past a hangar guard and damage a couple of planes, then move on to the next squadron and do more of his dirty work. But my men have been in that area for ten days, checking everything that walks."

"Sometimes the clever ones are too clever," Masters said, and frowned at the opposite wall. "And the Germans are a methodical race. Consider a moment, Colonel, those eight squadrons already touched; their location. You know where they are located?"

"Of course," Tremaine grunted. "In the attack sectors Foch has assigned to us. But— By God, yes! Their location!" He leaped to his feet, moved over to the map.

"Right!" Masters nodded. "In a line from south to north. The first is Twelve, then Twenty-five, then Ninety-six, and so on—and now Seventy-four."

"And things happened to them in that order!" Tremaine cried, his eyes widening. "They are working north through those attack sectors!"

"Which makes Fifty-One Squadron next on the list," Masters said. "So Fifty-One is the logical place for me to start. If we can nail whoever is doing this, that'll at least be a step toward finding out why. I'll head for Fifty-One at once. So that my arrival won't arouse suspicion, Colonel, will you let it be known that I am Captain Smith of

Staff making one of those useless Staff routine inspections? That'll give me a chance to poke around, and stay as long as I like."

"That'll be arranged at once," Tremaine nodded. Then added with a frown: "But if there was only something more definite to start on. Going to Fifty-One may be just a wild goose chase."

"It's a chance we'll have to take, sir," Masters cut in. "Fifty-One seems to be the logical point where the next blow will be struck. At any rate, it's all we have to work on. I'll report my findings at the first opportunity."

Saluting smartly, the Lone Eagle was about to go out of the office when General Viaud detained him.

"One moment, my brave friend," the Frenchman said. "Many times has France asked your help, and never have you failed her or your own country. But always we were able to give you some clue, some definite idea of what we believed the enemy was attempting. This time, there is nothing. We know disaster hangs over us, but it is shrouded by darkness. Never has France needed your help as she needs it now. If the W Plan succeeds, the war will be all over. But, if it fails, there will be at least three more years of it with no telling what the end will be. And so, my true and brave friend, we place again all our hope in you."

John Masters looked straight into General Viaud's eyes.

"I see, sir," he said. "And if I can help it the W Plan will not fail."

Twenty seconds later the Lone Eagle was on his way. Behind him the two Allied officers stared at each other in silence, each knowing full well what was in the other's mind. Presently, Viaud spoke that thought aloud.

"A thousand times he has cheated

death and found the needle in the haystack," he said softly. "But there must inevitably be a first time for every man."

Colonel Tremaine shook his head savagely.

"When the Lone Eagle meets his first defeat," he said, "it will only be because he is dead. And John Masters will not die in my life, or yours!"

CHAPTER III

Death Dives Fast



LUMPED down comfortably in the cockpit of his powerful Spad, the Lone Eagle automatically guided the ship in the general direction of Fifty-One's drome as he reviewed in memory every detail of his meeting with Tremaine and Viaud.

"They could wipe out a dozen Allied squadrons," he argued into the roar of his Hiss, "and it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket as far as putting a crimp in the W Plan. But Viaud is one smart Frenchman. He hasn't had a wrong hunch yet, to my knowledge. But, it seems cock-eyed; knocking off even a hundred Yank pilots won't stop a million or so Yank doughboys."

He leaned over the side of his cockpit after a while and tried to interest himself in behind the line troop movements he could see taking place far below his wings. But like a bad penny the thoughts kept returning— One thought in particular. It was a question that repeated itself over and over again: *Why* were only two pilots killed from those squadrons, each time?

"Find that out, Masters," he told himself grimly, "and you'll have something!"

He suddenly sat up straight in the seat and turned searching eyes about



The Spad started rolling out of the hangar (Chapter IX)

the surrounding skies. A dozen times before a sixth sense had sounded an inner alarm of warning of immediate danger in time to save his life. It was sounding that warning now, yet as he stared about the heavens he saw only patches of blue and huge fluffy rollers of misty white. Save for the blue and the white and his own thundering plane there didn't seem to be a single other thing in the air. Not even a bird. Frowning, he settled back uneasily.

"Must be getting old, having the jumps like this," he muttered. "Usually, there—"

HE DIDN'T finish for at that moment he saw the two-seater come sliding out of a cloud bank a half mile or so away, bank slightly and go winging along due east. The distance was not too great for him to spot the Yank insignias on the fuselage and wings, but it was too great for him to make out the squadron markings. After staring at it for a moment he laughed softly.

"The jumps is right!" he grunted. "Looks like a Yank photo job out for a look-see— Hey, what goes on?"

The last leaped from his lips because a French Nieuport came tearing out of a cloud puff and was ripping straight down on the Yankee two-seater's tail. The Nieuport's nose spewed twin streams of flame, and the savage yammer of machine gun fire echoed across the sky.

Instantly, the Yank two-seater whirled to the left in a half dime turn, then went streaking upward in a zigzag zoom. The diving Nieuport flattened out and went ripping upward in furious pursuit, both its guns still blazing away. A moment later both ships were hidden from Masters' view in a cloud bank.

For a split second he hesitated. Then he jammed on left rudder, slammed the stick over and headed

after the vanished planes. Above the thunder of his engine he could still faintly hear the yammer of the Nieuport's guns. Nosing up he plowed straight into the cloud bank. For seconds he was in a world of swirling mist, then he shot out into clear air again. Another few seconds and he spotted the two ships.

They were to his right and two or three hundred feet below. They were in a ring-around-the-rosey combat formation, the pilot of each ship striving to cut in for a cold meat broadside blast at the other. Nosing down toward them, Masters noticed two very odd things about the fight.

The first was the fact that the figure in the observer's cockpit of the two-seater was making no effort whatsoever to use the Lewis gun on the circular Scarff mounting. Instead, the man sat rigid, as though paralyzed or dead.

The other odd thing was that the man in the French Nieuport was obviously a greenhorn pilot for he seemed utterly helpless to take advantage of the greater speed and maneuverability of his Nieuport and fly rings about the other plane.

"Unless he doesn't want to shoot him down," Masters muttered. "But it certainly looked that way in his first dive."

Whether or not that was true, it became evident a second later that the pilot of the two-seater was out for a kill at least. In a flash cut-out turn that must have made the ship's wings groan in protest the two-seater whirled off in the opposite direction and started to zoom straight up. Instantly the French Nieuport whipped out and tried to streak up underneath for a fuselage belly blast. But even as the man in the Nieuport's pit smashed out his first blast, the two-seater dropped over on one wing and careened downward like a mechanical bird gone berserk.

"Look out, it's a trap!" Masters bellowed aloud. "He'll get you cold, man!"

The Nieuport's pilot, of course, didn't hear the warning, but even if he had it was too late. Like a flash of light the Yank two-seater roared in close and poured a shower of Vickers slugs into the Nieuport before its pilot could skid off into the clear. Nose still pointed skyward the French ship began to drop. Like a wounded bird it flopped crazily over on its back, slid slowly off to the right for several feet, then fell into a spin and headed earthward.

No sooner had the Nieuport started down than the Yankee two-seater plane leveled out of its dive and started ripping off toward the east once more.

"Not so fast, buzzard!" Masters swung his ship down. "I'm no aerial cop but you're going to land and tell me why any Yank plane blasts down an Allied ship!"

SWINGING in beside the fleeing two-seater, he flung a hand over the side and pointed toward the Staff markings on his ship, then motioned for the other pilot to coast down and land. The two-seater pilot obeyed immediately, waving one gloved hand over the side in salute. The two-seater's prop revs were reduced and the plane started to nose down.

Cutting his own throttle the Lone Eagle nosed down behind it, stared hard at the two-seater's observer who still sat perfectly motionless in the rear cockpit, bolt upright now instead of slumped forward or against the side of the cockpit. Taking his eyes off the pilot for a moment, Masters looked closely at the squadron markings on the ship. He frowned. He thought he knew every squadron insignia in the Yank Air Service but the plain black diamond against a white background

insignia on the two-seater was a new one to him.

"May be a newly formed outfit just moved up to the Front," he thought. "And maybe that dope at the stick doesn't know the difference between a Nieuport and a Fokker. But that Nieuport opened fire first! It— Hey, hold it!"

He roared out the last and banged his throttle forward. But even as his Hisso thundered downward the two-seater slanted off to the left and plowed straight into the depths of a billowy bank of clouds!

Cursing himself for relaxing for even a split-second, the Lone Eagle went ripping into that cloud bank in hot pursuit. But when he slammed out into clear air again there was no sign of the two-seater. Obviously the two-seater pilot had changed his course inside the cloud and was even now flying blind in God knew what direction.

Wheeling around, Masters stuck the nose of his plane heavenward and climbed above the fluffy mass that seemed to virtually fill most of the sky. But after fifteen minutes of fruitless searching for a flash of fleeing wings he grimly accepted defeat and gave up the hunt.

"There was no green pilot in *that* pit!" he growled. "And he was no Yank pilot either."

Swinging back, he headed for the section of air where the Nieuport had been knocked down. Five minutes later he spotted the smoking wreckage below. As he toyed with the idea of landing beside it he saw movement close by the wreckage. Sticking his ship straight down he saw a helmeted figure crawling slowly away from the blaze.

A minute later he set his Spad down and was racing the fifty or sixty yards toward the crawling figure. The pilot must have heard his footsteps for he stopped crawling, slumped down on one elbow and

began to fumble for the holstered automatic at his side. The Lone Eagle was on him, however, before he could unholster the gun. Eyes blazed up at Masters out of a blood smeared face. Then abruptly the blaze went out of them and quivering fingers clutched at the Lone Eagle's arm.

"You are American, yes?" came a hoarse whisper in French. "Quick, *mon ami*, you must help! In a moment I shall be dead."

Even as he spoke blood gushed from his mouth. Masters knelt beside him, gave support to the slim body.

"Yes, I am American," he replied in French. "I saw that Yank two-seater shoot you down. But you fired first. What was it all about? Who are you? Who was in the two-seater?"

The wounded man raised a hand.

"Do not ask questions," he said weakly. "Just listen. I have not long— You know of General Viaud, of the French Intelligence?"

"I have just left him," Masters said quickly.

The dying eyes lighted up.

"Ah," he breathed softly. "This is much luck! I am Agent Seven. You must take this message to the General. It is—"

The voice weakened, died out. After a brief rest the Frenchman spoke again.

"That ancient farm in the middle of the Beauvais marshes," he whispered. "It is occupied by German pilots who are being flown over from across the lines. I was captured by them, and I have seen. That devil I just tried to kill is the Baron Rintler, their leader. He—is responsible for—the murder of—pilots in American bombing squadrons."

Masters stiffened, his breath coming fast now. This was miraculous luck! This man would, he knew, be

one of the men Viaud had sent out to investigate the mysterious death of pilots in the W Plan area.

"Tell Viaud," the weak voice went on, "that I followed—strange plane—to Beauvais. My engine failed. Tried to land. Crashed. Peasants came to my rescue—but they were Germans. Took me prisoner—destroyed my plane. Reach Viaud! Tell him of Beauvais! Hurry! Leave me— It is best. Go to Viaud at once—tell him— Beauvais. Tell Viaud R-47 is working—there—"

The Frenchman's voice died and his eyes closed. Masters held the bullet riddled body a moment before lowering it gently to the ground. But his eyes had gone wide at the dying man's last words— R-47!

CHAPTER IV

Eagle Bait



THE mention of R-47, an electric shock seemed to streak through the Lone Eagle's body and put every nerve on edge. In all Germany there was no greater enemy of the Allied cause than the lovely woman spy known as R-47. A woman of magnetic, alluring beauty. A woman of mystery. A woman without a heart, and one of Germany's cleverest secret agents.

Thousands of brave men had gone to their death because of her. All those who worked with her feared her, obeyed her slightest order, for it was known even to the Allies that she was responsible to no one but the Imperial German Kaiser.

And R-47 was doubly a sworn enemy of the Lone Eagle. Dozens of times their paths had crossed, and each time she had failed in her frantic efforts to take the life of the most dangerous man on the Allies' side. For only the Lone Eagle had ever been able to thwart

R-47; time and again he had ruined her plots—and lived to tell about it.

For a moment Masters stared hard at the man in his arms. He could find no pulse, no sign of life. So he gently lowered him to the ground and rose to his feet. He would send for the brave Frenchman's body later—if he could.

As he took his bearings he thought over what Viaud's agent had told him— It was known to the Allies that the man officially known as Count von Gortz, the real brains of the dreaded *Nachrichtenamt*, the Imperial Intelligence Corps of Germany, was working with Baron Rintler. The Baron was well known to Masters and to most every other active flying pilot in the Allied ranks. Rintler was Germany's greatest ace. At least, he had been up to a little under a year ago. About that time Masters had had his one and only air battle with Rintler. It had been a draw, as other planes had joined in and a man-against-man scrap had developed into a general dog-fight. But after that day Rintler had not been seen in any air battle. Rumor had it that he had died, that he had been transferred to another Front, that he had been assigned to the Imperial German staff for special duty.

But evidently Rintler was back now. And it was he who was murdering W Plan bombing squadron pilots! Working off a secret drome located in the deserted Beauvais marshes, he was obviously plotting the downfall of the W Plan.

The W Plan! Foch's great plan that, if successful, would send Germany to her knees and bring peace to a war-weary world.

As he walked now the Lone Eagle tried to put those scraps of information in order. Rintler—German pilots being flown over into France from Germany. Rintler working out of Beauvais and murdering Ameri-

can bombing pilots, two at a time. R-47 at a villa, in on the plot, too—

It was useless to make sense out of it. But there was enough to convince Masters that a German plot of huge proportions was being fostered by the Kaiser's cleverest agents. The Allies had thought up the W Plan! to crush the Germans. And a German plot was brewing to crush the W Plan!

Were the Germans turning the deserted Beauvais section, over a hundred and fifty miles behind the Allied lines, into a great secret drome from which squadrons of German planes would take off and try to smash the W Plan from the rear?

"That's out!" he muttered aloud. "Beauvais is not big enough for more than a dozen planes at the most. With twice that number, they couldn't do it. They'd have to fly that hundred and fifty miles before they reached our rear. We'd spot them and stop them before they ever reached our W Plan sector. It can't be that— But what—"

WITH a savage shake of his head he stopped beside his plane. In the air was where he solved his problems. And the immediate one was whether to go up to Beauvais or first report the dead Frenchman's words to General Viaud.

But as he stood there Fate decided his next action for him!

Suddenly the heavens seemed to scream aloud. Jerking up his head he saw the Yank two-seater, with its black diamond marking, come streaking down toward him. Twin streams of flame spewed out of its nose as the yammer of Vickers bullets crackled past his ears and kicked up little spurts of dirt at his feet.

After losing him in the clouds the two-seater had circled back to make sure that his aerial victory had resulted in death. Apparently he had

seen Masters' ship beside the crashed plane. For fear that perhaps the French agent had revealed something, the German from Rintler's outfit meant to see that he did not get away now.

Masters broke into a zigzag run.

Bullets whined about him; a couple plucked at the sleeve of his tunic. One jerked at the heel of his flying boots. Somehow, though, he managed to escape the death that poured down and finally the German was forced to whip up out of his dive, or else plow his spinning prop right smack into the ground.

THE instant the two-seater leveled off Masters pounded the last few yards toward his plane, vaulted into the pit. In one sweeping movement he sent the throttle wide open and grabbed the stick. The engine sputtered once, then the plane leaped forward as though struck in the tail section by a comet. Holding the wheels on the ground until the last precious second, Masters then jerked them clear. The German had reached the peak of his zoom, cart-wheeled over on one wing and was roaring down again.

"The devil you will!" Masters yelled and heeled his own ship over.

The left wing tips brushed the grass. For one awful moment it seemed as though the tip would crash and send the ship roaring into the ground. However, the most skillful flyer in all France held that stick, and after split seconds the Lone Eagle yanked the plane over and went curving out from under a burst of leaden death that slithered down from above.

"Like that!" he shouted. "Now, it's my turn!"

It wasn't, however. The German had obviously decided to take no chances against a single seater. With a maneuver that must have made the wings groan in protest, the two-

seater roared out of its dive and cut around toward the northeast and the gathering shadows of dusk.

"No you don't!" Masters rapped out and started after him. "You started this thing, you and your damn dummy observer!"

He pulled the nose of his Spad up and gave furious chase to the fleeing plane. A few moments later, though, he realized that the two-seater had altitude on him. It also had a Liberty engine in the nose, which gave it about six to ten miles per hour over his own plane.

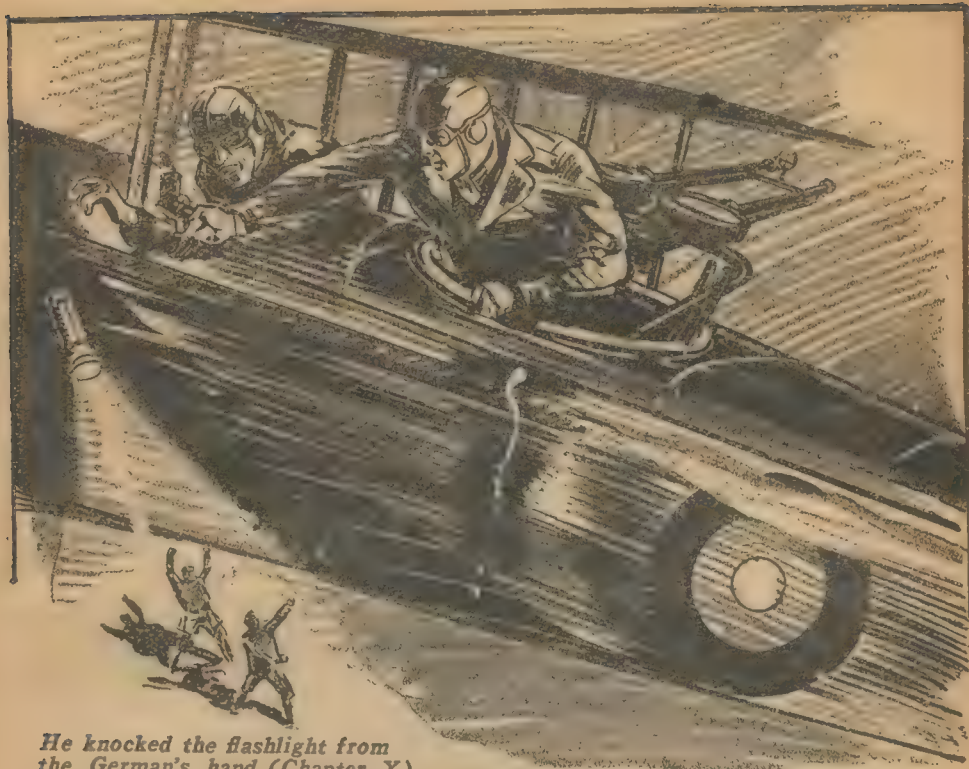
Hardly had that realization come to him than there came another, and perhaps even more interesting one. Rintler was heading crow-course toward the Beauvais marshlands! He was riding into gathering shadows of night in a frantic effort to lose himself before the Lone Eagle could catch up.

"Okay, by me!" Masters said. "Because I know where you're headed anyway, buddy!"

For the next half hour he flew steadily, his eyes strained to keep track of the two-seater that had become little more than a moving blur against the dark sky. At the end of that time, however, he sat up straight in the seat as he saw the two-seater heading down in a long flat dive toward the barren Beauvais marshlands with its ten acres of solid scrub-covered ground in the exact center. The light was too bad, and the distance still too great for him to pick out the old battered farm buildings he knew were there.

Glueing his eyes to the landing ship he suddenly saw two red flares arc out from the forward pit. Then, as the twin balls of red flame slithered earthward the two-seater banked sharply toward the east and headed for the lines again!

A tight grin split the Lone Eagle's lips. By cutting corners he could make up all kinds of air and reach



He knocked the flashlight from the German's hand (Chapter X)

the German long before he made the safety of his own lines; by losing altitude the Hun had also lost sufficient air lead to make that possible.

"You first," Masters muttered. "Then I'll go back for a squint at your home grounds."

Hunching forward he concentrated everything on getting the most out of his ship in an effort to overhaul the two-seater. Suddenly something appeared to go wrong with the two-seater's engine. Smoke and sparks belched out from its exhaust. The speed of the ship slowed down considerably, and instead of continuing on toward the east the German changed his course abruptly and headed north as though he intended to circle around to that side of the marshlands.

Changing his own course so as not to lose an inch of the air he had gained, Masters raised his free hand and checked the loading handles of

his guns, found that everything was in order, then put both thumbs against the trigger trips.

"It won't be long, now," he said, tight-lipped. "Just another couple of minutes or so—"

At that moment the skies above and behind him seemed to explode in one terrific crash of sound. His ship shook and shivered from prop to rudder post, and went flip-flopping crazily over on one wing. He got control of it, whipped back in the opposite direction, slammed into a full roll, and then boomed heavenward in a roaring zoom. Then and then only did he look around. And when he did his face froze in hard lines, and he clenched his free fist convulsively.

"One trick for you, Rintler!" he snapped. "Very neat. And I slammed right into it!"

A very neat trick had been pulled on him. So intent had he been on

trying to overhaul the German that he had not realized the real reason for the two flare signal. The German had signaled help from the ground below, then circled, faking trouble with his plane until ships from the secret drome below could take off and cut off the Lone Eagle's retreat from the rear.

They were in the air all around him now, planes of American, French, and British design. But as they whirled and darted in, spitting streams of jetting flame that poked holes in his wings and ripped off shreds of fabric he knew that German hands flew those planes, that German eyes were squinting through the ring-sights at him.

CHAPTER V

Clipped Wings



WHEN the two-seater banked around to attack him, the Lone Eagle cut off sharply toward the left at a French Spad. So sudden had his maneuver been that the pilot of the French ship was caught completely off guard. The German almost tore the wings off his ship in a vicious effort to slam off into the clear. However, he might just as well have tried to do an outside loop around the moon. The long, savage blast from Masters' guns ripped straight into the cockpit and virtually blew the German pilot out the other side. The man was dead before his plane keeled over on wing and started down.

"One!" Master muttered, and did not even give the falling plane a second glance.

It would probably have cost him his life if he had. A British Camel and an American Spad were roaring in at him from opposite sides to catch him cold in a perfect broad-

side box. Practically standing up on right rudder he belted the stick forward, and cut over and down just as death roared through that part of the sky where his ship had been a split second before.

Instantly the two charging planes tried to whip away and come in for a new blast. But the Lone Eagle didn't give either a chance. Hauling his ship out of its dive, he pulled the stick all the way back, hung onto his prop and jabbed both thumbs against the trigger trips.

In the murky air of early evening the belly of the Camel directly above him looked like a ghostly monster. Then suddenly it became a great sheet of flame and a roar of sound as Masters' guns chattered. Swiftly he whip-stalled his plane out from under the shower of flaming debris that poured down.

No sooner was he in the clear than he darted toward a Spad and drilled a long burst into the engine cowlings. Smoke poured out, the prop stopped spinning over and like a tired bird the plane nosed over and went floating downward.

In the glare that lighted the sky now from the flaming plane, he saw the German in the two-seater leaving the fight. He circled, keeping an eye on it as it went sliding down to a landing, below. There were still seven planes left in the sky to fight the lone Yank, however.

Sight of the German landing decided the issue as far as Masters was concerned. The seven planes still whirling and twisting about in the fast darkening skies had a pilot striving to pin him against a black cloud with hot lead. He could go on fighting them all night. Perhaps he might bag three or four more. But with Rintler out of the air there was little to be gained by pitting his guns against these Hun flyers.

Down there on those ten acres of solid ground was at least a part of

the answer to the mysterious menace that was scheduled to doom the Allied W Plan to bloody defeat. Down there was the Count von Gortz and Baron Rintler, two of the brains behind the plot. And perhaps down there, too, was R-47—

In the space of a split second the Lone Eagle summed all that up, and made his decision.

Slicing off to the left he kicked clear of two planes that were rushing in. Then he skirted a shower of slugs from a third plane, rocked his wings, went up in a crazy zigzag zoom, and pushed the compensator throttle wide open. The action made smoke pour out of his exhaust, made it look as though his engine had been hit by that last shower of slugs—

No sooner had he reached the peak of his zoom than he flattened out for a moment, skidded off to the side and whipped his ship over and down for a vicious power spin. Down he went with both thumbs pressed against the trigger trips to make the German pilots believe that he was fatally wounded and had slumped forward against his guns. The idea worked, for the other planes curved away from the path of his furious spin toward the night shadowed marshlands below.

A couple of hundred feet off the ground he yanked back the throttle, pulled the ship up out of its spin and went slanting down in a wobbly glide. A little under a hundred yards away was the edge of the area of solid ground and he was sorely tempted to make his crash landing there. But as he saw one or two lights moving toward the edge of the ground, realized that they were flashlights held by running men, he decided against it. If he was to have a fifty-fifty crack at success, he had to crash land in the marsh. That would at least give him a certain amount of time before

those on solid ground reached him. And time was what he needed most, now.

Fifty feet over the marsh he eased the throttle back as far as it would go and brought the nose up. Then, as he braced himself in the seat, the ship tilted over on wingtip. A split second later he landed. There was a soft crunch that hurled him forward, then the loud crack as a wing spar let go. Then there followed a jumble of sounds, and he felt like a man inside of a barrel bumping down a long flight of stairs. He buried his head in his arms and let himself go—

THEN abruptly all motion ceased. He was hanging, head down, on his safety belt, and there was black wreckage all about him. Above him in the darkness he heard the whine of the other ships diving down, as their pilots tried to pierce the darkness for a look at the wreckage. One or two of the pilots fired a short burst and the crashed plane jumped and jerked under the shower of bullets. Then the last plane zoomed up and no more guns spat at him.

Holding himself with one hand, he unsnapped the safety belt with the other, and slowly lowered himself down onto soggy, water-oozing ground that tried to suck him into its depths. Twisting over, he rested on his knees and fished a box of matches from his pockets. Taking one out, he stuck the open box forward under the overturned engine. Then he struck the match he held and tossed it at the box. Even before the match dropped beside the box he had twisted out from under the crash and was floundering quickly through the marsh ground, away from the wrecked Spad.

Fifty yards separated him from the wreck when the flames from the burning box of matches reached

dripping oil. He heard the warning hiss and threw himself flat. The lower part of him was half submerged in muddy water, as the flames of his burning plane rose high to light up the landscape for miles around.

HE remained motionless in the cold water until the flames died down and the shadows of night came creeping back. Moving slowly he rolled over until he was in the middle of a big clump of reed grass. Its snarled, tangled growth acted like a spring that kept him above the muddy water. Then he froze motionless as voices came to him—voices speaking German.

"Move, you fools!" said one. "It is *Herr Baron's* orders. We must examine the crash to see if the Yankee swine died in it."

"Ach!" spoke up still another voice. "If *Herr Baron* had not let that French swine live so long just to enjoy his sufferings, we would not be getting ourselves wet to the skin now on this foolish journey."

"Close your mouth!" the original voice rasped. "How the *Herr Baron* amuses himself is not our affair. You volunteered to come to this place, so stop grumbling."

"It will be hours before we can search that burning wreckage for charred bones," a voice complained.

"We can at least look!" came the answer. "Meanwhile the others are searching the entire area. *Herr Baron* must have proof that the pilot died before we can stop our searching, too."

The voices died down finally into a jumble of mumbled sounds. Bracing himself with his hands as best he could, Masters slowly raised his head and shoulders up above the reed grass. Half a dozen figures in peasant garb were silhouetted against the dying flames of the crash. They had not reached it yet, and were

slipping and floundering about as they struggled over the soggy, oozy ground.

Turning his head he looked toward the area of solid ground. Moving flashlights in the hands of searchers looked like so many fireflies. One good look told him that the search was to be a thorough one. Whatever the secret of those farm buildings was, it was important enough for the occupants to take no chances of being visited by someone who did not belong.

"You can't stay here, anyway," Masters grunted to himself. "But in this uniform you won't stand a chance if they spot you. So that just leaves one thing to do!"

Getting his feet under him he started to slowly make his way toward a point to the right of the section of solid ground. When he'd traveled fifty yards or more he heard the roar of a plane taking off, saw the sparks from the exhaust as the ship arced up into the night sky. It was gone in a moment and he continued his laborious journey across the marsh ground.

Suddenly, he froze stiff and peered intently ahead. A flashlight beam seemed so close that he could almost reach out and touch it! For a second his heart stuck in his throat as he waited for the beam to find him.

Masters didn't dare drop flat for there was muddy water all about, and the slightest sound would carry to whoever held the light.

But the light did not swing his way. It began to move to his right and the hulking figure of a man in peasant garb started to pass within arm's reach. It was almost too good to be true, and Masters' heart went down out of his throat and began to pound mightily against his ribs. Silently Masters braced himself as best he could, twisted a bit, then dived, arms outstretched, for that shadowy figure.

He hit the man a terrific thump, clawed his hands down and locked them about a leathery throat to choke off a cry of alarm. With much splashing, they fell flat into the muddy water.

Although strong hands grappled with the Lone Eagle, and sledge hammer fists were buried deep in his sides and stomach, he clung to that leathery throat with every ounce of his strength and dug his steel fingers deeper and deeper.

Suddenly the man went limp under him, gave one final wheezing gasp for air and became still. Relaxing his grip, Masters snatched up the flashlight that had fallen from the man's hand, snapped out the beam.

It was difficult work in that watery spot, but he finally managed to get the peasant's outer clothes off and pulled them on over his own soggy uniform. That done with he dragged the dead German deep into some reed grass where only the direct rays of a flash beam would reveal him. Then he stood up and snapped on the beam of the light again.

"So far, so good," he grunted. "Trick two for our side!"

CHAPTER VI

Hands of Death



HOLDING the flash out in front of him, Masters started sloshing across the marsh, continually veering toward his left and the area of solid ground. Three or four of the searchers passed close to him. And once a question was growled as to whether he had seen anything. He replied in the negative and cursed the dirty job.

Finally he reached solid ground, boldly mingled with the group of peasant garbed men who were watch-

ing the last flickering flames of his plane. He turned away from them finally and plodded toward a small group of buildings a few yards away. In the distance he heard a harsh voice repeating the order again that the entire area must be searched if nothing was found when the wreckage cooled.

Lady Luck was offering him a perfect opportunity on a silver platter, so to speak. With every one rushing around with flashlights it was not likely he would be given a second glance because he carried a flashlight too, and was sweeping it back and forth as he drew nearer the little group of buildings. Presently he was beside one and it was then he saw that there was light inside. The windows were heavily curtained so that the little light that did sneak out was not visible ten feet away.

Suddenly, he heard a muffled groan from the other side of the window outside which he stood. A second later he heard voices beyond the glass, but although he pressed close he could not make out any words. For a few moments longer he stood there, taking in his surroundings. There was one other window, but only one door, in the shack.

Some twelve yards away was a second and larger building that connected with the first by a narrow open bridge. And beyond the second building, almost merging into the side of a small knoll, was a huge building that seemed too big for an ordinary barn. Masters was about to head toward it when a door in the second building opened, and a blurred figure hurried out and crossed over into the first building. The man left the door open behind him, and through the crack of light Masters saw what seemed to be several piles of pictures.

Sight of them whetted his curiosity. Shifting his service automatic

to the baggy pocket of the peasant jacket, he gave a downward tug to his rough cloth cap and strode over to the door. Steeling himself for a second he then pulled it open and looked inside. He found himself staring at a room that was a cross between a photographer's office and a file room.

THERE was no one in the room so he stepped inside and pulled the door shut. A huge desk on the far side attracted his attention. There was a pile of photographer's proofs on the desk. The photo on top was the picture of a good-looking boy in a uniform of the American Air Service. There was a surprised look on the face, however, as though the boy had been snapped off-guard.

Hastily Masters thumbed through the pile. Half of them were pictures of American Air Service pilots, taken at various angles, and the other half were of German pilots! He recognized none of them, but in the case of the American pilots a part of the same building formed the background of every one.

And to the Lone Eagle there was something familiar about that building. He felt sure that he'd seen it at one time or another. Yet, at the moment, he couldn't place it to save his life.

Straightening up, he took further stock of the room. It was then he noticed that several American uniforms hung on the wall. There were also some German uniforms, all brand new as far as he could tell. But not one of them was fitted with rank insignia.

Then, suddenly he heard voices and footsteps. He darted over to a large closet built against the side wall. In a flash he opened the door and slipped inside, just as the outer room door was pulled open and two men entered.

One was dressed in hospital white

and his entrance brought in the smell of ether. The other was dressed in the uniform of a second lieutenant in the American Air Service! They began to converse in German.

"You had better examine me now, *Herr Doktor*," the officer said. "*Herr Baron* has given orders that I leave for the villa tonight."

"If I say it is right for you to go!" the medical man snarled. "*Herr Baron*, and yes, the count, too, think only of speed. I am the greatest surgeon in all the world but even I cannot create miracle at a snap of the fingers!"

"But, *Herr Doktor*! You said—"

"I know what I said! Be quiet. Here, let me look at you. *Ach!* It is perfect, perfect! Yes, you may go to the villa tonight. You will be at your post soon, eh? Yours will be a great work and perhaps the most dangerous too, eh?"

The Air Service officer beamed. He shrugged.

"The danger is nothing, *Herr Doktor*; it is for Germany. But your work—yours has been the greatest of all. Without you, it would be difficult, yes, impossible, for us to continue!"

"The Kaiser will not forget me when it is over," the medical man grunted. "But I would like to be going in your place tonight. Those parachutes, they interest me. You have never jumped by parachute, no?"

"My first time," the other said. "It will be an experience. Another one for us who volunteered, eh? *Gott*, I wonder how many of us would have volunteered, if we had known what was to happen ahead of time."

Through the hair line crack in the door Masters saw withering contempt flash across the medical man's face.

"There has been only one who refused when he found out," he said.

"I am to speak to him now. If he still refuses—"

The man paused to shrug and gesture with his hands.

"If he refuses then I am done with him," he snapped.

The Air Service officer laughed harshly.

"But *Herr Baron* will not be through with him," he said. "He has a way with cowards. A way that is very effective, too. Well, I go now, *Herr Doktor*. A glass of Schnapps when we meet again—in Paris, eh?"

"In Paris!" the medical man nodded violently. "Good luck, *Leutnant*. Ach, yes, that coward, Krutz, is outside. Kick him in here, will you?"

The Air Service man paused at the door, turned around and grinned. Then he did a surprising thing—he spoke in English, with an American accent!

"And how, Doc!" he said. Leave it to me, kid!"

THE medical man laughed and gave a trick salute with his hand as the other went out the door. Holding his breath for fear that even that sound might be heard, Masters stood motionless.

Then the door opened again and a man garbed in peasant clothes came inside. He fumbled with a flashlight he carried in his hands and his legs were soaked and stained with mud halfway to his knees, proving that he had been one of the searchers in the marsh.

He came in slowly, closed the door, and stared at the floor rather than into the brittle eyes the medical man focused upon him. Though Masters could only catch a side glimpse of the man he saw stark fear burning in the single eye within his vision. Then the medical man's voice cracked like a whip.

"So you are still a coward, eh? To do a great service to the Vater-



The butler plunged the spear for the Lone Eagle's chest (Chapter XI)

land means nothing? You dog! How did they let you into a uniform in the first place?"

The other's shoulders straightened a bit and his chin came out. For a moment Masters thought he was going to stride across the room and knock *Herr Doktor* down; he was twice big enough to do it. But he made no move.

"I am a man not afraid to die, *Herr Doktor*," he said. "My record proves that. But what you suggest—what you—"

"What I suggest?" the other cracked at him. "I have suggested nothing. You were the one who volunteered, Krutz. I am but performing my share of our glorious duty to the *Vaterland*."

"Give me a plane and guns, and I will fight for the *Vaterland* or die in the attempt," the man called Krutz said. "But this way? *Gott*, it is impossible for me to explain. But—I can't do it! I would rather be shot!"

"But supposing you had been shot down, seriously wounded?" the medical man said in a more soothing voice. "There would be doctors there, would there not? And I am a doctor, and a surgeon; the greatest in the world."

"A mad doctor," the other said shrilly. "Yes, mad as those who let you give them the ether. Yes, if I crashed there would be a doctor there. But he would be there to relieve me of pain, not to give me pain as you do. *Himmel!* Haven't I heard the others moaning in pain? I can imagine what it is like. I could not stand that, I tell you! Had I known, I would not be here, now!"

THERE was a moment of silence that seemed to charge the air of the room with electricity. Then the medical man spoke in a soft voice, a voice that carried a deadly undertone.

"It is too bad that you did not know, Krutz," he said. "It is much more pleasant to be alive in Germany, than dead in France. It is not my business to kill, Krutz, so you need not look at me like that. However, there is the baron to decide how you shall die!"

"*Herr Baron* has left," Krutz said. "I saw his plane take off."

The medical man shrugged.

"He will return," he said. Then with a smile, "If you were thinking of escaping back to Germany—"

The sentence wasn't finished. At that moment the door burst open and another man, dressed also in peasant garb, but with the typical bullet head and bull neck of a German soldier came striding inside.

"The wreckage has cooled but no part of a man's body was in the ruins!" he announced. "Nor can we find him anywhere about. And just now our wireless operator has received this message from von Gortz. You can read it yourself, *Herr Doktor*."

The bull-necked man handed over a sheet of paper and the doctor read it with widening eyes.

"*Himmel!*" he gasped. "We are to cease our work and return to Germany tomorrow? But, *Gott*, there are some who are not ready! By the day after tomorrow, they too will be ready to go to the Villa Cardiz. I do not understand, *Herr Hauptmann*."

"It is obvious!" the soldier snapped. "The baron is returning Count von Gortz to *Staffel* Ten. Then von Rintler will go to the Villa Cardiz to confer with R-47. What she decides will be final. Can you not see? There is too great a risk now. First that French dog and now some other swine has learned of this place. Who knows but what they may learn soon of the Villa Cardiz? If that happens we are—"

"Impossible if we catch the one

who was shot down tonight," the medical man said. "The secret of the Villa Cardiz is secure. Besides, a fly could not enter without their knowing it. Are not our own pilots dropped by parachute? Only *Herr* Baron and R-47, herself, use the two planes hidden there. And the patrol of course. But, catch the one who landed here tonight and we have nothing to fear."

"The men are still searching. But this is von Gortz' orders. The last pilot will be dropped at the villa tonight. And we are to prepare to leave for Germany when we receive word from the count tomorrow."

"Ja!" the doctor nodded. "But let us go to the wireless room and wait. Perhaps there will be another message from *Herr* Count. Or perhaps *Herr* Baron will return here after all. It will be a shame if I cannot finish my work!"

The medical man and the officer went outside. Before he closed the door, however, the doctor stuck his head back in and fixed glassy eyes upon the man named Krutz.

"You will remain here, coward," he spat out. "You can be a fool and try to escape but you will be shot if you do."

The door slammed shut as Krutz sank weakly into a chair, white spots of fear in his cheeks. The Lone Eagle, watching from the closet, felt a sort of pity for the man in spite of his cowardice.

CHAPTER VII

Coward's Courage



VILLA CARDIZ! As the Lone Eagle stood there in the closet that name pounded around inside his head. Had he not heard the Germans mention it several times he would have believed his ears had played him tricks. To hundreds of Allied officers the Villa

Cardiz was almost like a second home.

Located in the Tholbe foothills, it was surrounded by miles of grounds. And the villa itself boasted of over a hundred rooms, each one preserved just as it was when the estate had been constructed by the first Count Francois de Cardiz centuries ago.

At that time many subterranean chambers and passageways had been constructed to serve their purpose during feudal wars. But they had long since been blocked off or filled with the waters of the subterranean part of the Tholbe River.

R-47 and Rintler at the Villa Cardiz! Since the beginning of the war the charming and stately Countess Marie, the last survivor of a long royal line, had lived in the villa. And from one end of the Western Front to the other Frenchmen offered up prayers of gratefulness whenever the name Countess Marie was mentioned. For two years she had been a second Florence Nightingale to the French Army, and when in 1916 her own health had prevented her from going among her soldiers any longer she had opened her grounds and her villa to all enlisted in the Allied cause. Masters himself had once spent a glorious week at the villa.

But, R-47 *there*? Baron Rintler *there*? German pilots flown from Germany to Beauvais and then dropped by parachute at the Villa Cardiz?

Impossible! Yet it must be true. And this very night Baron Rintler was to confer with R-47 at the Villa Cardiz! What could it mean? Where was the old countess— The Lone Eagle's face went grim at the obvious answer to that.

Yank bombing pilots murdered by Rintler— The Beauvais farm now a hospital where a mad doctor did strange things to German pilots— And R-47 at the Villa Cardiz!

The cockeyed, seemingly unrelated facts made Masters' head swim. Yet through it all there began to penetrate a faint ray of understanding. Some of the tiny pieces of the crazy jig-saw puzzle started to drop into their rightful places.

At any rate, his next move was clear. A pilot was to be dropped by parachute at the Villa Cardiz tonight. God willing and Lady Luck helping, that pilot would be himself, the Lone Eagle. At the Villa Cardiz he felt sure he would find the answer, learn the truth about the diabolic German plot to wreck the Allied W Plan—

However, there was one big item to consider now. He had to get to the Villa Cardiz first. At the moment he was miles from the villa, in a German stronghold. And out in the room in which the closet stood was a German—

Masters stiffened and a hard light leaped into his eyes. Yes, a German, but a coward! A man who had obviously volunteered for special duty here at Beauvais but who had since refused when he'd learned that it included pain to be inflicted by the German doctor. The German wanted to escape, Masters knew, but he wasn't moving because he must seem to feel that escape was impossible. However, if he, Masters, could get this Krutz to lead him to the secret drome, promising to help him escape—

Gripping his gun, the Lone Eagle kicked open the closet door and stepped out into the room. At the sound, Krutz jumped out of his chair, backed against the opposite wall, his blue eyes wide with fear.

"Gott!" he croaked. "What were you doing in there? You arrived with those who came up this afternoon?"

Masters laughed harshly.

"Yes," he said. "And I am waiting to do what you would probably

like to do, but have not the courage—kill that swine *Doktor* who would make of me one of those groaning men I've heard of since I arrived!"

"Ach!" Krutz gasped in obvious relief. "Then you too have refused, eh?"

THE LONE EAGLE wanted to ask: "Refused what?" But having a vague idea as to what the answer would be, he decided not to chance rousing Krutz' suspicion.

"Of course," he growled. "I am, like you, a pilot, not a fool, eh?"

"That's true, that's true!" the other nodded, regaining confidence fast now that he felt he was not alone. "But you would gain nothing by killing *Herr Doktor*. You must have heard. His work here is finished now. The last pilot will be dropped at the villa tonight."

"And then?" Masters asked, and held his breath. But it was the wrong answer that Krutz gave.

"And then the German Army will sweep on to Paris," Krutz said. "And I shall be glad even if I do not have a part in it. But, I couldn't let them do that to me— You understand, don't you?"

"I understand this," Masters said. "We have refused to allow *Herr Doktor* to fill our bodies with pain. But we are fools to remain, awaiting the *Herr Baron's* return! You know the way to the planes, eh?"

"Of course!" Krutz said in surprise, and Masters' heart skipped a beat. "But they are well guarded. I dare not— *Ach!* I see what you mean! Perhaps the two of us—perhaps together we could hold them off long enough to get a plane in the air, eh?"

"What else do you think I mean, you stupid cow?" Masters grated. "Of course, the two of us, together. I did not see much when I arrived this afternoon. I do not fancy to get lost or to run into someone I

wouldn't want to meet. *Herr Hauptmann* thinks I'm still out there hunting for that Yank dog we shot down. Well, are you willing to try and get away with me?"

"But the baron!" the German murmured in awe. "Where could we go? If we return to Germany he will find us. You must not know much of *Herr Baron*. I do. I served in his *Staffel* on the French Front. He would search us out for his own vengeance."

The hope that had been mounting in Masters started to die down. He weighed the idea now of knocking out the cowardly Krutz and taking his chances on finding the secret drome himself, and of getting a ship. Then a better idea came to him, a bit of logic that even the thick-headed, cringing German could not fumble.

"With our armies marching to Paris for the glorious triumph, fool?" he snapped. "Would *Herr Baron* or the count or R-47, or even *Herr Doktor* give a seconds thought to us now. Fool that you are, they are too busy now and after the triumphant drive they will probably not even remember our names again!"

Light sprang up in the German's eyes; hopeful light.

"*Gott!* Perhaps you are right!" he said. "Besides, it is only *Herr Doktor* who could say we refused to go under his cursed knife. *Herr Baron* and the count do not know yet."

"Then lead the way!" Masters growled. "A lot of them are out searching the marshes. There could not be a better time than this—Well?"

The German hesitated the fraction of a second. Then he nodded slowly and moved toward the door.

A wave of relief swept over John Masters.

"No, there could be no better time

than this," Krutz said. "The planes are in the hill hangar. But we do not have to enter through the front way. There is an entrance on the side. But we may have to wait until one of the planes is needed and warmed up. By now the engines are cold after that take-off to help *Herr Baron*."

Masters said nothing, but he watched the German closely. For no apparent reason a feeling of impending danger had come over him—one of his rare hunches that he never ignored. He kept his hand close to his pocketed gun as he followed Krutz through a door, and out into pitch darkness—

CHAPTER VIII

The Devil Laughs



THE door led into a long hallway with the right side of it forming one side of the building. On the other side were several rooms. One or two of the doors were partially open, and Masters glanced into them as he passed. He saw that they were make-shift living quarters. Obviously this part of the building was very much like a hutment row at any Front line squadron.

At the far end, however, there was a room considerably larger than any of the others, and when the Lone Eagle took a quick glance through the partly open door he saw an operating table, ether masks, and one or two white shelves covered with medical instruments. The German gestured with a nod of his head toward the room.

"That's what you and I are escaping," he said through stiff lips. "*Herr Doktor* calls himself the greatest surgeon in the world, but I heard yesterday that there were at least three of our men who did not come

out of there alive— We turn to the left here," he added in a whisper.

Masters was tense now, for as Krutz talked he had seen something in the crude operating room that narrowed his eyes and drew his lips together in a thin grim line. Beyond the foot of the operating table was a metal arrangement somewhat similar to a music stand. There was no sheet of music upon it, however. Instead, there was an enlarged photograph of the face of the Air Service lieutenant whom Masters had seen and heard talking with the doctor—a picture of the man who was to be dropped by parachute at Villa Cardiz tonight.

THE short hall to the left led to a door at the end. It opened out into the night and Masters stepped through, close upon the heels of Krutz. The German passed around some heavy shrub growth at the base of a small knoll and came to a huge rough board barn, the rear part of which was formed by the hill itself. Though it was dark Masters was able to see that the place had been so cleverly camouflaged that from the air the building would look like a small ordinary barn, battered by the winds and rain and bleached by the sun.

One quick glance was all he had time for. Krutz was pushing open a small door, letting out the pale glow of yellow light. Then they were inside the hangar.

There were eight planes lined up in two rows, arrow feather style with their noses pointed part way toward the open end of the hangar. About half of the planes were single-seaters and of Allied design. Obviously captured planes. The rest were two-seaters, also Allied ships. A barrel type parachute pack, used by balloon observers, was fitted to the rear cockpit of each ship.

Near the front of the hangar were several men in mechanics' garb work-

ing on two of the planes. One was a Spad and Masters' heart gave a hop as he saw its prop ticking over. The other was a D.H., fitted with a parachute. Its engine was still, however. Excitement began to fill Masters— Obviously part of this plot against the W Plan consisted of landing German pilots, masquerading as Allied flyers, from these captured Allied planes, at the Villa! But why?

Suddenly, Masters snapped his attention away from the planes. Krutz had let out a grunt and touched his arm.

He saw an eager look flash into the German's eyes.

"*Himmel*, we are in luck!" Krutz muttered. "You see that one standing on the wheel of the Spad? That is Frantz, a mechanic who was with me in *Staffel* Twelve. Many times have I done that dog a favor. He shall do us one, now. Wait here. I shall tell Frantz that I am to test the engine of that two-seater. You work down this side toward it. When the fool starts the engine, you rush for the plane. Now Frantz shall return some of those favors I did for him! Remember, when the engine starts—"

With that the German walked around the wing of a plane and called to the mechanic working on the Spad. Masters waited tense, watchful for a doublecross. Afraid, too, of the reception Krutz would receive. But when he saw the mechanic greet the pilot with a stiff bow and a beaming face he felt considerably better. It was very evident that the two knew each other.

However, the Lone Eagle did not start sliding down that side of the hangar. If by any chance this was a trap he was not going to walk into it with his eyes shut. Krutz was a coward, he knew that. He also realized that the German was somewhat thick in the head.

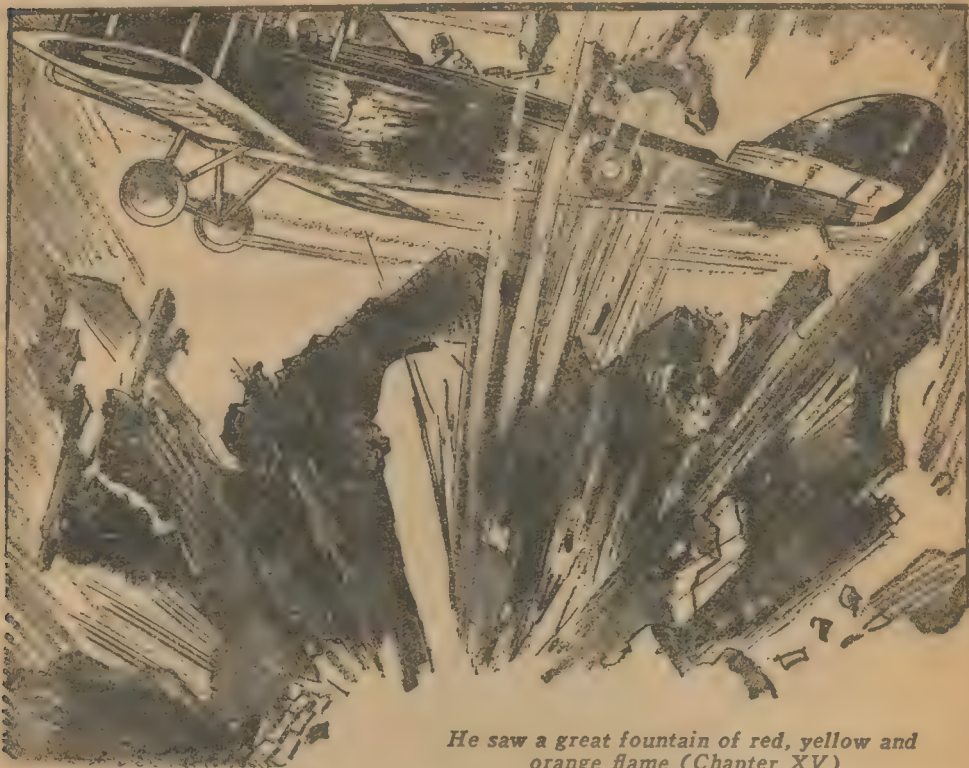
But, just how thick? Even a

dummy can be cunning at times. If Krutz suspected him, Masters, of being a spy, there was no telling what the next few minutes would bring. But if Krutz didn't guess, and really meant for the two of them to escape in the two-seater, there was a good chance—Masters stopped the thought, took hold of the gun in his pocket. If that was to be the case, Krutz was due for an experience in

and shouted something in German. The Lone Eagle did not catch it, but he didn't have to. His fears had been right. Krutz had played him for a sucker, led him where there was help and given his presence away!

"In the hope that capturing me will save his hide with Rintler, the rat!" Masters breathed.

He sped around the planes at the end of the hangar and sprinted si-



He saw a great fountain of red, yellow and orange flame (Chapter XV)

the air he'd undoubtedly never encountered before.

Drawing well back into the shadows, Masters started moving slowly toward the two-seater. But with every step he took he kept his eyes glued to Krutz and the mechanic. His hopes went up a notch or two when he saw Krutz pointing to the two-seater, saw the mechanic nod.

Then, suddenly it happened. Krutz whirled, pointed at the door through which he and Masters had entered

lently down the left side. Krutz had sent him down the right side so that would give him a little time until they discovered their error. The hangar was full of voices, now, and several mechanics, with drawn Lugers were rushing toward the door. A two-seater hid Masters from them as they tore by, and for a fleeting instant he had the mad impulse to use his own gun and drill Krutz who had remained alone inside the Spad.

He killed the impulse, however, and used up the precious seconds instead to his own advantage. Stepping up to the wing stub of the two-seater, he slid quickly over the cockpit rim and dropped down into the observer's pit. No sooner had he dropped from sight than all bedlam broke loose in the hangar. For a split second his heart stopped cold, and he gripped his gun and waited for the rush he expected.

There was a rush, but not toward him. Footsteps pounded past, and guns cracked. Slowly he raised his head, eye level, up above the rim of his hiding place, took a look. His guess about Krutz had been wrong! The cowardly pilot had not betrayed him after all. He had, it was obvious now, sent the mechanics on a wild goose chase to get them away from the Spad.

Even as Masters peered from his hiding place, the Spad's Hisso roared up and the plane started to roll out of the hangar. The mechanics turned, began shooting at it as they ran back. But Krutz, in the pit, seemed to bear a charmed life. At least the Spad kept on going, picking up speed with every revolution of the prop. When it reached the open end of the hangar and started streaking out onto night shadowed flat ground, a group of men, each armed with a rifle, dashed out into view, one-half from each side of the hangar. Up went their guns and streams of flame filled the darkness.

KRUTZ tried frantically to speed the Spad through that deadly cross-fire, but before the plane had traveled twenty feet, three times that number of bullets had been pumped into the German's body.

A split second later a tire burst. Down went the wings on that side. The tips crabbed and yanked the ship around in a crazy ground loop. The propeller chewed into the

ground, and then flew apart. For a few seconds momentum carried the plane in a sweeping curve to the left.

Then, as though an unseen hand had grabbed it by the tail, the plane reared up on the nose, wavered for a moment in a vertical position, then fell over on its back. Then, and then only did the rifle guards at the entrance of the hangar stop shooting.

"Well, you're meat for that medico now, Krutz!" Masters breathed crouching low in the pit.

He heard more voices and more pounding footsteps. Two of them he recognized instantly. One was the voice of *Herr Doktor*, and the other was that of the bull-necked captain.

"What is this?" the doctor roared as he raced past the plane where Masters was hiding. "The swine tried to escape by air, eh? Fools, you let him even get into the plane?"

"But, *nein*, *Herr Doktor*!" a voice cried back. It was not the one who crashed early this evening. It was *Leutnant Krutz. Himmel!* He must have been mad. For what reason should he want to leave here by plane?"

"So!" came the doctor's voice. "That coward! He knew that it was death to try and leave here without permission. But, how did he get into that plane, Frantz?"

"He came in a few minutes ago, *Herr Doktor*," the mechanic replied, "and said that *Herr Hauptmann* had ordered him to test the engine of the plane that leaves for the villa, tonight. Then suddenly he pointed over there, toward the door, and shouted that an *Amerikaner* had just peered through the door. We thought of the one who was shot down, rushed over to investigate.

"And when we did, Krutz tried to take off in the Spad. Even though he had taken it up he would not

have gone far. I was checking the engine and there was less than a cup of gasoline in the tank—A coward, you call him, *Herr Doktor?*”

“A coward is brave compared to that snivelling dog!” the rasping voice of the bull-necked captain broke in. “*Ja, Herr Baron* was right. There are a few Germans, too, who have swine blood in their veins. Well, clear that wreckage away, Frantz. As for Krutz, throw his body into the marsh. That will be a fitting grave for him.”

“*Ja, Herr Hauptmann,*” the mechanic mumbled. “*Ach*, it is hard to understand. He did fine work at the *Staffel*.”

“He turned coward,” the doctor growled. “But that plane that leaves in an hour—its engine need testing?”

“*Nein, nein,*” the mechanic said. “It could leave this very minute. I thought *Herr Leutnant Krutz*’ words strange, but he was a former officer of mine—”

“Enough!” the doctor snapped. “Clear away the wreckage and have the two-seater ready to leave within the hour. The escort signal is ready?”

“*Ja, Herr Doktor.*”

“Very well, then. Get to your work!”

THE voices ceased. Masters listened to the footsteps that passed close by his hiding place, heard them fade out at the rear of the hangar. A great sense of thankfulness welled up in him. He had had a lucky escape. It was evident that the Germans believed that Krutz’ wolf-wolf cry had been nothing but a trick by the pilot to send the others racing away from the Spad. Evidently they still believe him to be out there in the marshes.

But the situation didn’t look so good. True, he was not a prisoner. But he was convinced now that no

ship could get through the hangar guard without permission of the doctor or the captain. The thick-headed Krutz had saved his life by showing what would happen if he had tried to escape that way.

Yet, he had to leave Beauvais tonight and leave it by air. To do that, and get into the grounds of the Villa Cardiz, he had to get one of the two-seaters equipped with a parachute.

One of those ships was leaving within the hour. It would carry two men—a pilot and the Air Service lieutenant who would jump with the parachute.

“You’ve got to do it!” the Lone Eagle breathed fiercely. “It’s your only chance. Get that rat in the Yank uniform!”

Determination surging through him, he slowly lifted his head and peered cautiously around. The mechanics were all out on the field hauling the wrecked plane out of the way. The rifle guards, however, were not helping. They had returned to their post at either side of the open end of the hangar, and were leaning on their guns, watching the mechanics listlessly.

Masters slowly wiggled out of the cockpit and down onto the ground again. Then, keeping well back in the shadows, he retraced his steps around the planes at the rear end of the hangar, past the door through which he had originally entered, and down the other side to within two planes of the two-seater. There he found a pile of gas drums with a huge tarpaulin thrown over them. He crawled under the tarpaulin and wiggled around into a position where he could see the door at the rear and, by turning, the two-seater scheduled to take off within the hour.

Within the hour? A hundred times Masters thought of those three words as he crouched in his hiding

place. Within the hour could mean anywheres from one minute to sixty. Each minute ticked by, each in itself was of a hour's length to Masters. Countless times, grim fear gripped him. A grim fear that perhaps plans had been changed, that the pilot would not be dropped at Villa Cardiz tonight.

But finally there was sound at the rear of the hangar. He brushed a hand across his aching eyes and saw two men dressed in pilot's clothes coming through the side door. One he had never seen before; the other was the pilot scheduled to take the parachute jump. They were obviously laughing and joking with each other as they walked around one of the planes and down the center of the hangar.

Masters lost sight of them for a moment, but heard one of them say:

"Frantz, you loafer! Why hasn't the engine been started? Do so at once. We want to be on our way as soon as possible."

Masters peered out from under the other side of the tarpaulin. The two pilots had joined the group of mechanics, and were talking in low tones. If only the pilots would separate! If only one of them would walk off, leave the sight of the other for a moment!

Masters repeated the wish over and over in his mind as though in so doing he might transfer his thoughts, and have his hope come true. But when the group remained at the prop end of the ship he decided to take a chance. He couldn't risk being left behind!

A moment or so later he was crouching in the shadows a few feet from the tail of the ship. The pilot had climbed in front and was snapping on the ignition. Frantz, the mechanic, swung the prop and the Liberty roared into life, then died down to an even murmur. Propwash whipped back at Masters and

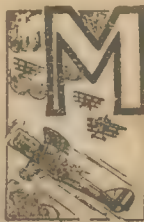
he was forced to bend his head and squint through narrowed lids.

Then suddenly, his heart began to pound. The German in a Yankee Air Service lieutenant's uniform was walking around the wing, moving toward the tail of the D.H., shielding his face from the prop-wash with one hand. Masters crouched, steeled himself for the spring forward. He would drag the man into the shadows, knock him out and leap into the observer's pit, himself.

And then, without warning, the Lone Eagle's hopes blew up. The Air Service officer stopped, turned suddenly, put a foot up on the fuselage step and swung himself into the observer's cockpit. Instantly, the pilot started to rev up his engine!

CHAPTER IX

Pilot's Luck



MASTERS stood rooted to the spot while the harsh laugh of Fate rattled in his ears. Then he shook himself, squared his jaw and ran over to the plane. Holding his right hand against his face as though to shield it from the propwash, but really to cast a shadow, he reached up with his other hand and tapped the Air Service lieutenant on the shoulder.

"One moment, *Herr Leutnant!*" he called. "*Herr Doktor* has a message he wants you to take to *Herr Baron* at the villa. And there is a package, too— In *Herr Doktor's* office."

For that next split second the whole world stood still for the Lone Eagle. Wide eyes peered down at him.

"Well, tell me the message and give me the package!" the German barked.

Masters shook his head.

"*Herr Doktor* will give you both in his office," he said. "He simply sent me for you."

Taking the bull by the horns, Masters deliberately turned and started back up the side of the hangar toward the door. His heart was in his mouth until he snapped a glance back over his shoulder. The German had climbed from the observer's pit and was following him!

Quickening his pace, Masters stepped through the door and let it swing shut behind him. The instant he was in the night air he darted to the right of the door and whirled, gun upraised.

THREE seconds later the door swung open and the German came through, muttering curses under his breath. In that instant the Lone Eagle brought down the gun with one hand, and thrust out his other to catch the body as it slumped to the ground.

Using both hands he hauled the senseless German away from the doorway and tore off the U.S. flying clothes. Then he tore off his own soggy peasant garb and put on the flying clothes. Two minutes later he stepped back into the hangar and ran back to the plane. Goggles pulled down, as any man would have them when stepping into the prop-wash, he legged up into the observer's pit.

"To wish me luck and a present for R-47!" he growled in a muffled voice as he saw the pilot turn. "Let's be off before he thinks of something else."

The pilot shrugged and turned front. A year long minute dragged by for Masters while the pilot blew his engine. But finally the wheel chocks were pulled clear and the plane moved forward. A mechanic on each wing helped guide it around until it was pointing straight out at the level ground. Then they stepped back and waved their hands in cheery salute. Masters waved back—

A split second later the engine roared full out, and like a giant bird

suddenly released from captivity, the D.H. streaked out into the night.

However, no sooner had the plane cleared the ground, reached a three hundred foot altitude, and was banking around toward the south, when red flares came swirling up from the ground. Masters took one glance downward and realized what had happened. The Air Service lieutenant had been found! Those on the ground were signaling to the pilot to return.

Masters snapped his eyes front at the same moment the pilot turned. A flashlight blinked on and white light caught the Lone Eagle square in the face. Masters whipped up his left hand, knocked the flash to the side, and brought up his right hand gripping the gun.

"Keep going!" he roared in German. "Keep going, or you're a dead man."

The German pilot hesitated for a second, then suddenly he tried to swing the flash back so its light would blind Masters. He didn't even come close to succeeding, however. The Lone Eagle smacked down with his gun and felt rather than heard the bones crunch as the barrel hit the German's wrist. The man howled with pain, and the flashlight went spinning out into the air and down.

"You've got some guts, anyway!" Masters roared at him. "But that won't save you if you don't do as I tell you. Get going!"

The pilot spat out a curse, then turned front and righted the ship that had gone sliding over on one wing. Keeping the man covered with his gun, Masters glanced down over the side.

Exhaust flames of planes taking off were streaking across the dark field below. He could tell that four planes had already cleared and were zooming up toward the night sky. Then suddenly the engine of the D.H. started to miss. He leaned for-

ward and jammed the gun muzzle hard against the back of the German's neck.

"Cut it!" he bellowed. "Get this crate to rolling! Haul back that compensator throttle!"

The German reached out with his left hand to haul back the compensator throttle and thus cut off the excessive air supply that was being sucked into the cylinders. But his fingers never touched it. In a movement almost faster than light the man suddenly lurched his body to the side, twisted and brought up a Luger in his other hand.

"By God, you *have* guts!" Masters snapped, and squeezed the trigger of his own gun.

AS HE did so he let his own body fall to the side. Flame and sound burst in his face and something white hot whispered past his cheek. When he straightened up, the German was rigid in the front seat, his body screwed all the way around. The gun in his hand was pointing toward the sky and there was a stream of blood oozing out from a hole in his forehead just above the top center of the fur piece of his goggles.

Masters had been forced to shoot to save his own life and there was no time to think further of that. The dead German was leaning against the stick and the D.H. was roaring full out toward the ground. Also, planes were roaring up at him from below and one or two of them had already begun to open fire.

"The hell they don't shoot at their own kind!" he grunted, as he hauled the dead pilot away from the stick.

Holding the German clear of the stick, he reached the other hand around and pulled the stick back. Up came the nose and the D.H. went zooming heavenward. Letting go the stick he grabbed hold of the pilot with both hands, braced his body

against the front of the cockpit rim, and then heaved upward with all his might.

For a fleeting moment the prop-wash tugged at the falling body and turned it completely over. Then it fell away and disappeared into the darkness below.

Masters dived headlong into the front pit, squirmed into a sitting position just as the D.H. started to fall off its power zoom and go slipping into a slow spin.

Catching it, he dove for speed, then came up to level, heading hell bent to the south. A moment later he glanced back to see a Spad come sweeping in at him from the side with both guns blazing.

Slugs tore through his center section and slivers flew off the struts to go whistling past his ears. Banging left rudder he started to fake a split arc to the right, then whipped back on his original course.

The Spad pilot fell for the trick and tried to follow through with the maneuver. The result was that the German tore straight across in front of Masters' nose. With his thumbs already on the trigger trips it was a shot the Lone Eagle couldn't miss.

The Spad virtually blew apart in midair and its flaming pieces went showering earthward like many colored lights from a Fourth of July sky-rocket.

Masters cut the D.H. sharply to the left, gave it full gun on the level and then went zooming up for altitude. Guns crackled after him and he heard the twang of a wing wire letting go. But no shudder went through the plane and he knew that it was not a wire that counted a lot.

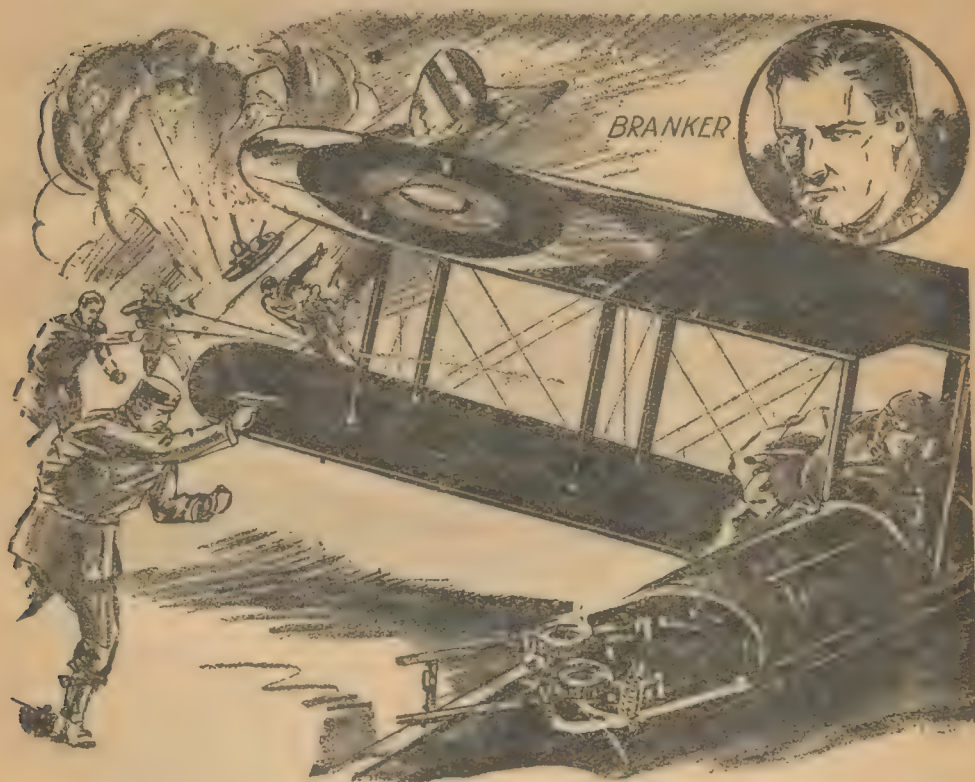
At the peak of his zoom, however, hell came racing down at him from above and behind. Two of the planes that had taken off in pursuit had climbed up above him and were now trying to nail him cold. In daylight,

he could understand that. But that his ship could be spotted against the black ground below brought a puzzled frown to his brows. The instrument cowl light was off and there were no sparks belching out from his exhausts, now.

"Must have seen my last burst at that Spad and guessed right," he grunted. "The only way I can figure it."

Too late the German pilot tried to pull out of his dive. The D.H. went roaring down the back half of its loop and the Lone Eagle jabbed the trigger trips home. The pilot of the other plane probably never knew what hit him as a burst of Vickers slugs nestled in his brain, chewing right straight down through the top of his helmet.

But the other plane's pilot failed



Behind him shots rang out (Chapter XV)

He shoved the D.H.'s nose straight toward the ground, cork-screwed it around in two full turns of a spin, and brought it out in the opposite direction. Twisting in the seat he saw the trail of exhaust sparks from one plane as it came curving down and around after him.

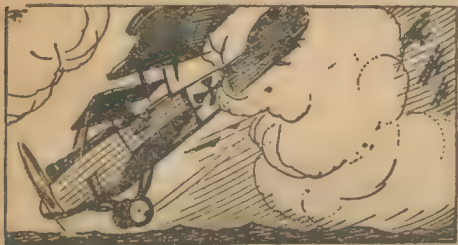
"They're suckers for that maneuver," Masters grinned, and hauled all the way back on the stick.

to fall into the same trap, and as Masters pulled up out of his loop and went slanting off to the side, twin streams of flame cut across the dark sky toward him and bullets drummed along the cowlings of the D.H.'s engine. A split arc to the right failed to get him into the clear. Tiny flames continued to spit at him and he could feel Death creeping closer and closer.

Risking a burst square in the face, he suddenly dipped the D.H.'s nose again, started down in a roaring dive then rolled over on his back in a half roll. Letting the ship float crazily in its upside down position for a few seconds he pushed the stick forward and came down the rear half of a loop, then up in a long power zoom. To the right and behind him he saw a flash of exhaust flames from the other plane.

Standing up on right rudder he brought the D.H. around and down. The exhaust trail started to curve quickly off to the left, but Masters' guns were already chattering out their message of certain death for the other.

The other plane swerved crazily. Then a tongue of fire shot out from its engine and the entire plane was



enveloped instantly in a seething hell as it went plunging down out of the night.

Masters kicked the D.H. toward the south, started climbing. As the plane climbed he continually peered in all directions, seeking other ships trying to sneak up on him.

But no death came rushing out of that black sky, and no yammer of machine gun fire came to him above the roar of the Liberty. He was in the clear, and he had a D.H. equipped with a barrel 'chute! In the clear, and the Villa Cardiz was but an hour's flight to the south.

Leveling off, he turned in the seat and stared down back at the darkness below. Far off he could see the dot of light that was the fallen, burning plane. But there was no sign of pursuers—

CHAPTER X

Vulture Nest



FIFTY-FIVE minutes hurtling through black space. Then Masters saw the lights of Tholbe come sweeping up over the horizon ahead. Cutting the throttle slightly he sent the D.H. into a

long, flat glide and stared hard down at the shadowy ground on this side of those lights. The D.H. had come all the way down to six thousand before he was able to pick out the Tholbe foothills and determine his position exactly. A moment after that he spotted the lights in the Villa Cardiz.

Suddenly he went rigid in the seat. From out of nowhere two planes had rushed down, one on either side of him. Instinctively his thumbs slid up to the trigger trips. Then he remembered the Beauvais doctor speaking of the villa patrol. At that moment a tiny light blinked out from the plane to his right. It went on and off several times. He knew that some sort of a signal was being sent to him and he inwardly cursed the fact that he'd sent the dead pilot's flashlight over the side.

As those thoughts and regrets raced through his head, he suddenly realized that the two planes had picked him out of the black sky. Picked him out so accurately that they'd been able to slide right down to his wing tips. There must be some light showing on his ship! Signal lights? But where?

He turned front and stared at the darkness ahead. For a second he thought he saw exhaust flames ahead and to his right. More ships of the villa patrol? Impulsively he stood up in the seat to get a clear view over the top wing. But as he did so his heart leaped and a grunt of surprise flew from his lips.

No wonder his ship had been picked out so easily in the night sky! So that was what the doctor had meant when he'd asked if the escort signal was ready? There was a narrow band of phosphorescent paint along the tips of the top wings!

He dropped back into the seat. The lights that were blinking furiously at him from the other planes must be signals telling him where there was level ground upon which the jumping pilot could land. If only he had a flash with which he could signal back!

"You don't need one, stupid!" he grunted aloud. "Get up above them and let them wonder."

He gunned the engine wide open and pulled the D.H. up in a sweeping zoom. Halfway up he flat banked to the right until he knew he was clear of the planes below. Then he reached back into the rear pit, grabbed the 'chute harness and wiggled into it. He reached over the side and unhooked the shroud line clamp of the 'chute itself and fastened it to the buckle of the harness about him.

Then, nosing the D.H. up even higher, he climbed up on the cockpit rim and made sure that the harness lead would not foul on the barrel container. He dived head first over the side and a trifle to the rear. The instant he was clear, the wind and prop-wash clutched at him, tried to tear his clothes from his back. Then suddenly he was floating spread eagle, sinking gently downward.

Heaving a sigh of relief, he tilted his head back and stared up at the billowed 'chute silk just barely visible against the stars. Exhaust flames were nowhere in sight.

"Thanks!" he murmured. "Now, just stay that way until I light."

He looked down at the darkness below. To the left he could see the

lights of the villa, but below him there might be level ground, a cliff, a hillside, or even a buzz-saw for all he knew. Drawing up his knees to lessen the surprise shock of landing, he waited breathlessly. But suddenly his attention was drawn far ahead of him as the pilotless D.H. crashed far beyond the ground's walls and roared into a seething mass of flame.

"Let them find out who *that* pilot was!" he grunted.

A BRANCH brushed against his feet, then came sweeping up his side. He hid his face in his arms, let his whole body go limp. In the next few seconds he experienced the crazy sensation of plowing feet first through a stiff wire brush. Then without warning there came the jarring sensation of being clouted on the soles of his feet with a baseball bat.

Right after that he was rolling over and over on solid ground.

Stopping the roll, he stretched out motionless for a few moments to let the air get back into his lungs. Waited for the stars and comets to stop playing tag in front of his eyes. Eventually he got to his feet, stripped off the parachute harness, and dragged down the silk 'chute that had caught in the lower branches of the tree. Gathering it all together he moved around until he came upon a clump of heavy undergrowth. Five minutes later the 'chute and harness were hidden in the bushes and he turned toward the villa.

He pulled the service automatic from his pocket, checked it and found it to be okay. Sticking it back in his pocket he turned in the direction of the villa and started moving slowly forward.

Part of the villa was hidden behind a hillside, and when he had traveled a quarter of a mile or so he suddenly stopped dead. The strains of a piano playing war songs came

drifting through the night to him from the villa!

For a moment or two he listened, then quietly moved forward again. He was within a hundred yards of the house when the music broke into *Madelon* and a voice boomed out lustily in song. Masters frowned.

"If that singer isn't from Brooklyn, then I'm crazy!" he grunted. "That accent is Brooklyn, U.S.A.! Damn, this certainly doesn't make sense!"

Then he saw a figure walking along a pathway that skirted some flower beds. In the light cast through the windows of the villa, Masters saw the OD uniform, the Sam Browne, and the silver wings over the upper left tunic pocket. The pilot was smoking a cigarette and humming to himself. For a moment Masters watched him, then made up his mind. Moving his hand nearer the gun in his pocket he stepped out of the shadows where he stood and walked toward the officer.

"Got a cigarette, buzzard?" he asked.

The other whirled. When he saw Masters he relaxed and grinned.

"Boy, did you scare me!" he said and stared hard at the Lone Eagle. "What was it you wanted?"

"A cigarette," Masters grinned, and nodded toward the villa. "Who's the Flatbush voice? I'll bet he's giving the countess a headache. My name's Kirkland, Sixty-five Squadron."

"I'm Smith, Twenty-seven," the other replied. "A cigarette, eh? Sure."

The pilot fished a hand into his pocket and pulled it out. Masters reached to take a cigarette and froze. It was no cigarette case that the other held in his hand. It was a Luger and the snub-nosed barrel was pointing straight at the Lone Eagle's belly. As Masters tensed, a harsh voice said:

"Stand still! One move and you die!"

Circling carefully, the man moved around in back of Masters. A hand patted his pockets. There was a grunt as the hand took his gun away.

"So?" the voice grated. "You come to the villa uninvited and with a gun, eh? March forward and don't be foolish. It would not make me sad to pull this trigger."

Masters moved forward as the Luger muzzle dug into the small of his back. After a few steps his brain began hitting on all six again. When he had met the man who held the gun on him, heard him speak, he



would have sworn on a stack of bibles that he was a Yank pilot. But now he knew better—this man, despite his Yank Air Service uniform, was a German!

FOR some fifteen minutes the German led him a winding course through the darkness. Then suddenly the German punched him with the gun, and hit his left shoulder with his other fist.

"To the left and down!" he ordered. "Go slow. It would be a pity if you died of a broken neck."

Masters stumbled down a steep drop in the hillside, reached a flat place and came smack up against some tall bushes. He stopped, only to be prodded with the gun.

"Go on through them, swine!" came the order.

He started through the bushes, helped along by a foot thudding against the small of his back. The next thing he knew he was flat on

his face on hard level ground. The place was the opening of a huge tunnel and in the distance he saw the faint glow of a light. Then a foot smashed into his ribs.

"Get up, swine! We still have a ways to travel!"

The German helped Masters to his feet with vicious kicks then prodded him forward toward the faint glow of light. Presently the tunnel widened out considerably and as Master drew nearer the light he sucked in his breath sharply. Ahead of him, standing, wing to wing were two American D.H. two-seater observation ships!

Sight of them caused him to slow up. Immediately the Luger barrel against his aching back speeded up his pace.

"A surprise, eh?" the German sneered. "Well we have a lot of little surprises here at the villa. Perhaps you will see some of the others. March!"

Beyond the two planes the tunnel terminated in a wide door. The German flung the door open. The smell of wet stone and earth blasted against the Lone Eagle's nostrils as he was shoved through into a long stone corridor. With a tightening in his throat he realized that he was walking along one of the ancient villa's subterranean passageways that were supposed to be shut off or filled with water.

At the far end they passed into an intersecting corridor, then eventually turned into another and went along it until they reached a heavy door. The German behind Masters reached past him and knocked. Almost instantly the door was opened and a man in butler's livery squinted out at them. His eyes bored into Masters' face for a moment, then passed on to the man behind.

"Who is this?" the butler demanded in German.

"A swine I found near the gardens," Masters' captor replied. "He is not the one we expect from Beauvais, and I have not seen him before. As you know, a plane just crashed and the escort planes have not landed. I brought him in here at once, anyway."

"You did right," the butler nodded. "Put him in the water cell. I will go and see what the *Fräulein* has to say about this."

WITH a grunt the butler stepped aside while the other German smashed the gun against Masters' back and sent him stumbling inside. But the Lone Eagle hardly felt the pain. His heart was heavy and for the moment his brain was numb. Right within sight of his goal utter defeat was staring him in the face. Captured! A prisoner and the solution of the mystery within his grasp!

[Turn Page]



"DICK" MERRILL'S STAR PERFORMANCE

Eastern Air Lines' ace pilot made the first non-stop flight from London to Floyd Bennett Field in 24 hours, 20 minutes! Another Star Performance is the way whiskers fly with Star Single-edge Blades! Star Blade Division, Bklyn., N. Y.



**STAR SINGLE-EDGE
BLADES 4 FOR 10¢**
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

CHAPTER XI

Satan's Daughter

THE LONE EAGLE was led through one underground passageway after another. But his brain was filled with too many other thoughts to give his journey much attention. Suddenly he was brought up short before a heavily barred door. His captor opened it, shoved him into a musky smelling room barely illuminated by a single lamp that was suspended from the ceiling.

The German gave him an abrupt shove.

As he went hurling down onto his knees he threw out both arms for support, but his hands slid off slippery stone and he went skidding down a slanting floor into a pool of evil smelling water. Painfully he crawled back and stood up just as the door slammed shut. The room was completely walled by stone and the floor slanted downward toward the back to disappear under swishing water.

Then he noticed a wooden platform to the left of the door. There were a couple of chairs placed on it. On the platform, over in a far corner was a huddled, still figure in American OD. Masters stared at it a moment, then made his way over to the platform and climbed up on it.

For a moment he rested on the edge to get his breath, then moved across the platform and knelt down beside the huddled figure. The man's head was buried in his arms, and when Masters took him by the shoulder and rolled him over he saw that he was looking down into the face of the Air Service lieutenant he'd knocked cold at Beauvais!

At least he thought so for a second, then as his brain cleared he

knew that it was not possible. And he also knew why.

"Go ahead, kill me, you lousy Hun!" the man on the platform hissed up at him. "Put that damn spear through my heart and go to hell. You'll get yours someday, don't worry. You and all the others here. By God, I'll—"

The man tried to swing up a fist, but Masters caught it easily, and forced the hand down.

"Take it easy, buzzard!" he said. "I'm not German. I'm a Yank, just as you are. Hell, didn't you just hear them toss me in here? Try and sit up, fellow. You've got to tell me some things."

A look of relief changed to a snarl on the man's face.

"Just like the rest, you damn liar!" he grated. "I will tell you nothing! You go to hell! And you can tell that damn phony Countess de Cardiz that goes for her too."

"Phony countess, eh?" Masters breathed. "R-47, of course! That she-devil is masquerading as Countess Marie! And that means—that means the real countess is dead!"

He looked down at the lieutenant.

"You've never been to the front, have you?" he snapped.

"No!" the other said. "And they know that, damn them. They know that I'm on leave from the pilots' pool at Meaux. That's why—"

"The Meaux Pool!" Masters exclaimed. "Then you're a bombing pilot, aren't you?"

"Yes. But I haven't reached the Front yet. My assignment papers arrived here only yesterday. I came to say good-by to the countess and they threw me in here. They've been yelling questions at me as I stood up to my neck in that rotten water. When I refused to answer, a louse with a spear would shove me under."

"Did they take a lot of pictures of you while you were here?" Masters demanded.

"Yes," the other nodded. "And there was a Captain Barrows, a gunnery officer at Meaux who took pictures of me, too. And of some of the other lads. It was he who told me he could get me an invite to this place while I was waiting assignment to a front line squadron. Who doesn't want to visit the Villa Cardiz? I jumped at it. What is it all about? Why are the Germans here? Where—"

"ANSWER me this first!" Masters said. "To what squadron were you assigned?"

"To the Fifty-first Bombers," the other replied.

"Fifty-one," Masters muttered. "The devils. So that's it!"

"That's what?" the other cried.

"A German plot to get Hun pilots into ten mighty important Yank bombing squadrons," Masters said through clenched teeth. "Fledglings, like yourself, who are waiting assignment to the Front are invited to this place to spend their leave. German spies take pictures of you; shots from different angles. A German pilot who comes close to resembling you is flown from Germany to a place called Beauvais. There a German doctor, using plastic surgery, fixes up that Hun pilot until he is a dead ringer for you; he has dozens of pictures of you to work from. Meantime they've pumped you about yourself, and—"

"Even from the day I arrived!" the other broke in. "Everybody I met—well, most of them asked me my home town, who I knew in France, did I have any other pals in certain squadrons—bombing squadrons, I mean—did I write to any other pilots; if so, who. Hell, I was asked every question you could think up. But it was all friendly until my assignment papers came through. Then I was brought down here and that was the end of their

little act. You say they make a Hun look like me by plastic surgery? But why?"

"Don't you get it?" Masters grunted. "When your assignment to the Front came through, the Hun who now looks like you will take your place in Fifty-one!"

The other's eyes widened.

"Good God!" he gasped. "A Hun pilot in a Yank squadron? But—but wouldn't he be spotted? Could he do much harm?"

The Lone Eagle didn't answer. He didn't because he was asking himself that question. What harm could one German in each of the ten W Plan bombing squadrons do? What harm could even two or three in a squadron do? What harm? Hell, it didn't make sense! Even three Huns in each squadron—three out of twenty pilots. There would still be seventeen Yanks to carry on in each outfit. Seventeen in each outfit to blast a way for Foch's troops.

"Too weak," Masters grunted. "They wouldn't go to all this trouble just to stick a Hun or two in our squadrons. Hell, even if they wrecked our ships when Foch's troops went over the top, we've got other bombing outfits we could rush in within twelve hours. No, there's still something else—"

Questions! Hundreds of them rushed and whirled around inside Masters' head. And for each he could find no logical answer; no reason that made sense or gave him a clear picture of the true secret buried deep in R-47's murdering brain.

He got to his feet and began to pace restlessly up and down the length of the wooden platform. One-half of the plan he knew.

But the other half, the *reason* for the first—

Suddenly, he stopped short. The bolt on the door had been slammed back. Then the door was pulled

open to reveal three persons. One was the butler. He carried a spear in one hand and a Luger in the other.

The second person he noticed was a good-looking pilot in the uniform of a captain of the Yank Air Service. There was hate in his eyes, however, and a Luger in his hand, too, so that made him a German.

It was the third person who caught and held Masters' attention. She was a woman, tall and stately. For a split second Masters thought he was looking at the beloved Countess de Cardiz. But suddenly the woman's eyes flew open wide and all the hate of a striking snake blazed deep in her dark eyes. For a split second she stared at Masters, then words hissed off her lips:

"You! The Lone Eagle! Here in our little net!"

The Air Service captain looked startled, glanced at Masters who was staring at the woman who was R-47 wearing makeup that made her resemble the old countess.

"What's that *Fräulein*?" the captain gasped with a faint note of awe in his voice. "The Lone Eagle, you say?"

Soft, low laughter came from between the woman spy's lips.

"None other," she said. "The Lone Eagle, himself. This is perfect! Yes, Baron Rintler, this is the swine. This is the Lone Eagle. Hermann, push the pigs into the pool where they belong. Give the so brave Lone Eagle a taste of what is to come!"

The butler moved like a flash of light. The spear in his hand darted out, its bloody tip plunging for the Lone Eagle's chest. Masters plunged to the side just as the spear ripped through his left sleeve. Then his foot slipped on the edge of the platform. Desperately he tried to catch his balance, but the grinning butler swung the spear like a club. It caught Masters on the side of the neck. He stumbled and plunged

headlong into the evil smelling waters of the pool. And as they closed over him the shrill laughter of the woman spy echoed in his ears.

Holding his breath he struck upward with his hands and broke the surface. He could touch bottom but it was all he could do to keep his feet from sliding on the mucky stones, and keep his head above water. Hardly had he settled himself than there was more wild laughter and the young bombing fledgling came flying down on top of him to drive him down under those gurgling waters for the second time.

CHAPTER XII

The Cobra's Message



WHEN Masters again broke surface and found his footing, R-47 and Rintler had mounted the platform and seated themselves in the chairs. The butler was by the door, spear clutched in his two hands, a sadistic gleam in his eyes. To Masters' left the young bombing fledgling was struggling to save himself from going under. Reaching out, Masters grabbed hold of his arm and steadied the man. R-47 laughed.

"The great Lone Eagle!" she sneered. "But soon now you will be no more. And very soon, my elusive friend, thousands and thousands of your comrades will be no more. It is a pity that you will not be there to see it! A pity that you will not be alive to witness the triumph of our Victory Armada!"

"All accomplished by sticking two or three of your rats in each of our bombing squadrons in the front lines, R-47?" Masters tossed at her, grinning. "I gave you more brains than trying to pull a thing like that. Or didn't you know we've got other squadrons, behind the lines?"

[Turn to Page 54]



Special to Readers!
YOUR
HOROSCOPE
FREE!

Wouldn't you like to know why you are as you are—understand your characteristics, your capabilities, your strongest points, your weaknesses?

SPECIAL OFFER!

Your Solar Horoscope—which is being offered FREE to our readers, for a limited time—will tell you all these, and many more interesting, helpful things you should know. Because it is based on the position of the Sun at the

time you were born . . . which, together with the Planets, is influencing you every day of your life!

Written in simple, clear, easily-understood language, your Solar Horoscope may reveal things you never dreamed possible! *It may be the very means of opening up a new life of happiness to you.*

Know Your Real Self!

Find out more about yourself! Take advantage of this Special Offer today! All you need do is fill in the coupon below and enclose 20c (two dimes) in cash or stamps to cover handling and mailing. Send for your Horoscope today!

SEND FOR YOUR HOROSCOPE TODAY!

ELLEN R. McKEON,
EVERYDAY ASTROLOGY,
22 West 48th St., New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

Please send me my Solar Horoscope on your Special Offer. I enclose 20c to cover the cost of handling and mailing.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

I WAS BORN

Month

Date (1 to 31)

Year

* EACH ADDITIONAL SOLAR HOROSCOPE 15c cash or stamps! WHY NOT GET YOUR HUSBAND'S, WIFE'S OR SWEETHEART'S HOROSCOPE?

THIS COUPON GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 1, 1938

LE-3

The woman's eyes gleamed and for a moment her expertly made-up face lost its look of age and illness, and the fury of a she-devil burned through.

"R-47 knows everything!" she cried. "Yes, three pilots in one or two of your bombing squadrons, but not in all of them. I see you have found out a little. But there is more! We could not hope that your swine would send for all the fools we invited to this place. Of course not. But, if we got one of our men in each squadron—one is all we need!"

MASTERS kept the grin on his face but his heart was cold. So they didn't care so long as they put just one of their men in each bombing squadron? Why? What in hell could one lousy German pilot do—ten German pilots against Foch's mighty army?

"You're right, I don't know all," Masters suddenly said. "Only what I found out at Beauvais and relayed to American Headquarters. By the way, the pilot who was to take this poor devil's place won't be along tonight. I left him floating on a cloud and came in his place."

"Beauvais!" Rintler suddenly exploded. "*Mein Gott!* Then it was you who—"

"Who had to chase after you and beg for a scrap?" Masters cracked at him. "Right. You're as yellow as ever, Rintler. More so, I guess, now that you go around murdering pilots on the ground when you couldn't get them in the air. Do you get medals for that, too?"

The German ace's eyes blazed with blind fury and his hand holding the gun quivered. Suddenly, though, he relaxed and a harsh laugh spilled from his lips.

"You would like a sudden death, wouldn't you, swine?" he sneered. "You would have me use this Luger?

But no. We wish to enjoy your death. So you were the dog at Beauvais? Perhaps you learned much there, but what does it matter? If you had learned the *real* secret at Beauvais, you would not be here, now. You would be at your American Headquarters. And we would have known of it, too. But as for leaving you for my other pilots to deal with—I had more important things to do than fight with a fool. But right now I would like nothing better than to meet you in the air!"

"Any time," Masters grinned, "you'd be willing to meet a man in a fair scrap it would mean you'd been doped."

"Swine!" the other spat at him.

"At least you shall never again have another chance, Lone Eagle," R-47 broke in. "And in a way I am saddened by your defeat. Our many battles of wits have been interesting. However, this hour was inevitable. The gods of luck do not follow one man forever."

"Or one woman, either," Masters replied evenly. "I suppose you killed the real countess?"

The woman smiled, nodded.

"But of course," she said. "Over three months ago when we first decided that this villa was what we needed. And I saw her body tossed into the water where you now stand. Watched it as it was swept away into the tunnel that is behind you, into the river. I took her place here. It was so easy to act as she acted. It has helped a lot that she was confined to her room so much. That made it possible for me to refuse to see those whom I did not wish to see."

R-47 suddenly laughed.

"So luck does not follow me, forever?" she echoed. "How wrong your words are. After this day I shall not need luck on my side. I shall need nothing for all will be over. Your stupid W. Plan will be

a failure. Your silly Foch and all your other generals will be begging for peace as the Imperial Kaiser's army marches into Paris and then on to the sea. And we who conceived the idea of this Victory Armada will live forever in the history of the world."

She turned to von Rintler.

"That gives me a thought, Baron," she said. "Later we must erect some sort of monument at the drome of *Staffel* Ten to mark the starting point of your glorious Victory Armada. You like the idea, eh?"

The German ace beamed and bowed.

"It is perfect, *Fräulein*," he said. "And upon the tablet we shall have inscribed the names of all who took part. The name of every son and daughter of the *Vaterland* who helped plan and carry out our great triumph."

Masters laughed.

"With your name heading the list of those who could only murder on the ground, Rintler," he said. "Don't list it with the fighting pilots. Or were there some other rats who helped you blow up ships and kill pilots in estaminet brawls?"

INSTEAD of becoming angry von Rintler laughed loudly.

"So you believed there was more than one of me, eh?" he jeered. "No, swine, that was a task I had to perform alone. I was best suited, you see? Not only am I a great pilot but I am great in other things. For one, languages. I can speak yours as well as you can. For another, voice imitation. For another, character acting. *Himmel*, I have passed among your swine for an American so often that it is sometimes hard to realize that I really am a son of the *Vaterland*."

Masters said, "So you did it all by your little self? My, my! Tell me how."

As Masters spoke he edged forward an inch or two. But the beady eyes of the butler were on the alert. The spear in his hands slashed out. Masters ducked to the side, stopped his forward progress, blazing anger in his heart.

"You wish to hear of one case?" Rintler's taunting laugh drew his attention. "Very well. Take those first three deaths in your Ninety-sixth Squadron. I found that a peasant sells candy to the pilots, so I took his place one day. The afternoon of the day, in fact. The swine were so eager to eat my wares that they did not mind, nor even notice my slipping into the "A" Flight hangar.

"There I fitted time bombs to the ignition of three ships. Later, I called on the armament office phone. I have met their wing colonel, and I knew where he was to be that night. Well, I told you I am an expert voice imitator, and it's nothing where a phone is concerned. The fools thought they were carrying out orders, and died. Of the three replacements sent to Ninety-six, one of them was a pilot of mine. You see, dog? In each case it was so very simple. But the stakes, so great."

"And what do you think one of your rats in a squadron of ours will be able to do?" Masters snorted, and held his breath, waiting for the answer.

"Everything!" von Rintler cried. "At dawn some morning, when they all sit down to—"

"Ach, let him wonder for awhile, Baron," R-47 broke in. "In fact, I rather like the idea of his dying not knowing the real truth. He has proven to us that he does not know, so he must have learned very little at Beauvais."

"Ja, you are right," Rintler nodded. "We will let him wonder."

R-47 fixed burning eyes on Masters and her alluring figure seemed

to virtually radiate savage triumph.

"A sorry end for one who was supposed to be so great," she sneered. "Yet perhaps swine should die in a swine's surroundings. Lone Eagle, our battle has been a bitter one, but it is over now. A thousand times I have dreamed of the moment when you would die. And because your death has been what I've wanted most for the *Vaterland*, I am not going to do you the honor of ending your misery quickly."

The woman paused. Even in this hour of death the Lone Eagle could not deny her pulse-quickenng beauty. If she had but been born with a human heart, R-47 would have been the most divine woman in the world.

She began again when she saw no sign of weakening on Masters' face.

"No, you shall live for just twelve more hours," she said. "But every second of every minute of every hour you will beg us to take your life. Every hour, beginning with this one, the spear you see in that man's hands will be driven into your body, driving you back into that filthy pool. Every hour you will lose more of your cursed blood. Every hour you will be a bit weaker, until the last plunge of the spear will snap your life's line. Then you will fall back in those waters and be carried through the tunnel to a final rotting place where many of your swine comrades await you. So, what do you think of that, my stupid Lone Eagle?"

MASTERS didn't let his cold stare waver for an instant.

"I'll let you know," he said evenly, "sometime, somewhere."

R-47's lips twitched in an ugly smile; then she laughed.

"So?" she echoed. "At least brave words while you still live, eh? That is like you, perhaps. I've never regarded you as a coward. Only a

stupid fool. But you speak empty words. This is the end!

"I leave you now for another hour. During that time, Lone Eagle, think of your failure and our triumph. Think of American troops blown from the face of France, and of the German troops marching into Paris, onward to the sea, to England!"

The woman whirled angrily as the door burst open and a soldier came rushing into the room.

"Dog!" she cried. "How dare—"

"But, *Fräulein*!" the man panted and waved a paper. "I knew you would want this at once. It is from Count von Gortz."

"Give it to me!" She snatched the paper, bent over it a moment, then she raised her head and her eyes were filled with triumph.

"Foch plans to strike the day after tomorrow!" she cried. "So we will strike at dawn, within four hours!"

"But *Fräulein*," von Rintler gasped, "there is still one American squadron untouched! This very day, as I told you, I plan to—"

"No matter!" she cut him off with a wild wave of her hand. "The other nine will be enough. The count says that the risk increases and he is right. All is ready at *Staffel Ten*, and some swine American patrol might discover it. *Nein!* All this has served its purpose. We would be fools to wait longer. We will leave at once for *Staffel Ten*!"

The spy stopped suddenly, stabbed a finger at von Rintler.

"One moment!" she cried. "Our pilots in those squadrons—they are prepared? They are supplied with enough—"

"All attended to," von Rintler nodded. "Enough poison to wipe out ten times the number. Every night one of them watches the sky. Five red flares as I pass over will be the signal. At dawn tomorrow! You will come in my plane, *Fräulein*?"

"No," she said. "No, we will not take the risk of your signal being missed. You take Nussle with you. Von Berndt can fly me. We will follow behind you and repeat your signal with the red flares."

"The Lone Eagle!" the butler said, and held his spear poised. "Shall I kill him now?"

R-47 turned toward the pool as though suddenly remembering. She looked at Masters, hatred in her eyes. She seemed to hesitate before she spoke, and in that moment Masters braced himself to dodge that lunging spear when it came, and knew that his life and the lives of thousand of others hung in the balance.

"No!" the woman suddenly said. "No, Hermann, it will be the other way. Leave him here. Bring the other Yankee swine here, also. Then summon all of our men. Tell them to leave within the hour and make their way back to Germany by the usual channels. The others must not see them. Then set the timing for the explosion to occur in exactly one hour from now. That will take care of the Lone Eagle and he will live an hour longer to suffer!"

The butler shrugged, lowered his spear and passed out through the door with the man who had brought the message. R-47 stepped down off the platform started to follow von Rintler through the door but paused and looked back at Masters.

"One hour, instead of twelve," she said with a mock sigh. "Ach, that is a pity. But, I shall be listening. And when this cursed place blows up, and you with it, to me it will be the sweetest sound of the whole war. Good-by, Lone Eagle!"

She then followed the Baron out. As the door began to close behind them, Masters put every ounce of strength into his legs and plunged upward at the closing door. But even as his outstretched hand

WHY MEN PREFER BIG BEN



BETTER TOBACCO

plus VALUABLE COUPONS

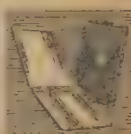
IT'S DOUBLE VALUE—this union-made BIG BEN! Jammed with two full ounces of super-mild, sweet burley—crimp-cut for slow-burning "coolth"! Fresh? YES! See that air-tight Cellophane seal? AND—pipe the free B & W coupon! (One in each 2-ounce tin—8 in the pound air-tight canister!) Save 'em—for 46 knockout premiums! Try BIG BEN today! Look for the red tin with the thoroughbred horse on it. If you roll your own, ask for free cigarette papers. (Premium offer good in U.S. only.)

FREE PREMIUMS B & W COUPON IN EVERY TIN

Send for complete illustrated catalog No. 15. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky. Write now!



Razor Blades
25 coupons



Cigarette Case
10 coupons

touched it, the Baron looked back, saw him and laughed harshly. The door was ripped from his half grasp and was swung shut with a crash. The clank of a heavy bolt sliding into place on the other side was like the toll of doom in his ears. Furiously he hurled himself at the door but it did not so much as budge a hair's breadth.

"I've tried that, Lone Eagle," the bombing fledgling groaned and pulled himself out of the water. "Even dynamite wouldn't help. Hell, it's a lot of good I've done my country!"

Standing with his back to the door Masters searched the room for a window, some opening, a possible means of escape. But the dripping walls seemed to wink back at him in derisive mockery. He was in a stone tomb with death waiting, from which there was no escape.

And outside the enemy were making ready to take part in some mysterious Victory Armada that would crush the W Plan, crush Europe, and in time crush the world.

STANDING trapped like a rat in a blockaded sewer, a million snap thoughts flew through his brain. At least one fledgling in nine of the W Plan bombing squadrons was a German pilot. Rats who were waiting for a five flare signal to do their part? What part, in God name? Poison, Rintler had said? And beyond the German lines on *Staffel* Ten, an aerial armada was waiting for Baron Rintler to arrive and take charge. An aerial armada that would blast a way for the German hordes straight through to Paris. Straight—Masters stopped and caught his breath as a sudden realization came to him. United as one great army, the British, the Americans, and the French formed a solid wall against the enemy. But if the Americans, holding the middle of the Allied line, were smashed through and

hurled back on the flanks, French and British troops would be completely cut off from each other. A German wedge, the Teutonic Military Command dream since 1924, would be an accomplished fact!

As the horrible possibility raced through Masters' brain the door against which he leaned was suddenly flung open. The motion sent him slipping and sliding toward the water's edge. Frantically he checked himself and twisted around.

Hermann, in his butler's livery, stood framed in the doorway. His ugly face was twisted and purplish black with madness, but the snub-nosed Luger in his hand was held steady as a rock.

"The *Fräulein* will hear the explosion, yes!" he hissed. "And that will satisfy her. But, me! I shall know that it was by my hand, my finger on this trigger, that the Lone Eagle really died!"

Masters saw the finger crooked about the trigger go white at the knuckle, and in that split second he ducked down and dived for the man's legs with outstretched hands. For an eternity, it seemed, his heart stood still. Then he heard the muffled explosion of the gun.

A low moan was drowned out by a curse. Then Masters hit those legs. As two figures came crashing down on top of him, he saw the blur of the Luger as it sailed through the air. He tried desperately to fling up one hand and knock it down, but the gun brushed his fingertips and plopped down into the dirty water and disappeared from sight.

Twisting and jerking his body this way and that, he fought out from under the weight on top of him, struggled up onto his knees. The butler bounced like a rubber ball, but the fledgling lay still. A snarl rasping from his lips the German flashed a knife from his pocket and leaped.

Masters weaved to one side, then

pivoted back in under the knife arcing down and drove his clenched fist upward with every ounce of his strength.

White pain shot clear up to the back of his neck as his knuckles banged against jawbone. But the German's eyes closed, and his body curved upwards then back. With a sickening thud his head smashed against the corner of a projecting wall stone. Then the man rolled down into the pool, and as his body went under, a streak of red blood rippled on the surface.

Masters didn't give him a second look. He dropped to his knees beside the fledgling and gently rolled the pilot over. An ever widening crimson stain covered most of the Yank's tunic front.

"That took a man's guts, throwing yourself on that gun," the Lone Eagle said. "That saved my life, buzzard."

Death glazed eyes looked up into his. Pale lips slowly spread back in a smile.

"Well, I did do something in this cockeyed war after all, didn't I?" he whispered. "So long, Lone Eagle. Give them hell, kid!"

Masters took his hand from the still body, rose to his feet and saluted.

"That's a promise, old man," he said grimly, and whirled toward the open door.

CHAPTER XIII

Passage of Doom



SOON as he had dashed out the door, Masters skidded to a halt and glanced wildly about him. He was tense and anxious, keenly conscious of the crying need for haste. Three separate subterranean passages lead off from the one in which he stood. The

black mouths of the tunnels mocked him as he stood trying to decide which one to take. He knew that R-47 and von Rintler had gone to the two planes hidden in the tunnel that opened out onto the flat take-off strip through the cleverly camouflaged side of the hill.

But there was no dim glimpse of light in the distance, nothing in the black darkness beyond the mouths of the passageways that told him which was the right tunnel. He realized that he would have to make a blind guess, try and work his way through one of the tunnels in the hope that the passageway he selected would be the one he was seeking.

Masters started toward the opening on his left and then stopped abruptly, listening. From back in the passageway came the clumping of heavy boots and the sound of guttural voices. Someone was coming. They would find the body of the fledgling at the edge of the pool and know that the Lone Eagle had escaped. He ducked into one of the other tunnels, made his way swiftly through the gloom.

He had no desire to stay back there and fight it out with the men who approached. There was nothing to be gained by his doing so. The vital thing was to get out of this place and warn the Allies of the mysterious Victory Armada that was part of the gigantic plot against their forces.

Seconds became hours and minutes seemed like days to Masters as he tried to move faster, but it was impossible in the black darkness that shrouded him like some all engulfing cloak. More than once he was flung back as he bumped against the damp slimy walls of the tunnel. He moved more slowly, but always advancing. And as he went he grew more and more certain that he had selected the wrong passageway.

"Fool!" he muttered angrily. "This

can't be the right tunnel. I should have realized it when I heard those men coming. R-47 probably sent them back to see what had happened to Hermann. They may have heard the shot."

He turned back, feeling it was useless to go any further back through this tunnel. Again he grew conscious of the time element. In just an hour this whole place would be blown up as the ruthless woman spy had gloatingly told him before she had left. How much time had passed now—how long had he been wandering through the dark? He did not know—it had been a few minutes. Five or ten at least, perhaps longer.

Water dripped down from the wall at his left. The sound as steadily spaced as the ticking of a clock. To the Lone Eagle it was as though the noise was telling him that he had one less minute to live and accomplish his mission.

He ran on through the dark. Ahead, the entrance of the tunnel, was a pale patch of light. There was no longer time for caution, his feet echoed loudly as they came down on the tunnel floor and he did not care if the sound was heard. He was going to fight his way out. If the men were still near the pool he would find some way to force them to tell him which was the right tunnel, make at least one of them talk.

Masters reached the tunnel entrance. Ahead loomed the door of the room where he had been held prisoner with the fledgling pilot who had so bravely met his own death that the Lone Eagle might live.

"Still working for you, buzzard," he said softly as he saw the boy's motionless form still lying where he had died.

From behind Masters came a German oath. He whirled to see a Hun sentry lunging toward him, a bayoneted rifle in his hands. The soldier had appeared from one of the tun-

nels and his face was contorted into a fierce mask of hatred.

The Lone Eagle leaped to one side as the bayonet flicked the sleeve of his uniform. His fist lashed out—caught the Hun square on the jaw. As the man reeled back from the force of the blow strong hands grasped the rifle and wrenched it from his grasp.

The soldier squealed with fright as Masters reversed the gun, and jabbed the bayonet into the Hun's ribs. The touch of the blade had been a light one that did no more than rip the cloth of the sentry's tunic, but as he gazed into the stern face of the man behind the gun the Hun was sure he was close to death.

"DO NOT kill me," he pleaded in German.

"I'll spare your life if you show me the way out to the place where the planes take off," said Masters in German.

"Ja," the sentry nodded and turned toward the tunnel from which he had appeared. "I do it."

He started along the passageway with Masters close behind him. The rifle held ready in the strong hands of the Lone Eagle. The sentry produced a pocket flashlight and guided them along with the aid of the tiny beam of light.

Masters knew that the Hun thought he was leading the man who had captured him into a trap. At the end of the tunnel the sentry expected to find his comrades. Perhaps he knew that the man who followed close behind him was the same one that had been the prisoner of von Rintler and R-47. How pleased they would be when they learned that he had found their escaped foe and brought him back to them.

On through the tunnel went the two men. Masters constantly urged the Hun to greater speed by poking him in the back with the bayonet.

He had not forgotten the need for haste. Once he caught a glimpse of the wrist watch on the soldier's arm as the flashlight gleamed on it, but he could not make out the time. He felt it was useless to try and judge by the Hun's watch, for Masters did not know exactly what hour it had been when R-47 had issued her orders.

He remembered that she had told Hermann to summon the men and tell them to leave within the hour—to make their way back to Germany by the usual channels. How long had it been since R-47 had said that? To the Lone Eagle it seemed hours and yet it had probably been little more than a few minutes.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply, touching the man ahead of him with the bayonet. "Halt."

From somewhere ahead came the rumble of voices, sinister and eerie in the darkness. Masters grew tense as he heard them. He had been right, he was sure of it now. The sentry was leading him into a trap. That was why the soldier had been so willing to advance along the passageway beneath the villa. The man's motives were exactly what the Lone Eagle had suspected.

"Help!" shouted the Hun in German at the top of his lungs. "This way, men. The prisoner is here in the tunnel!"

Masters cursed as there came an echoing shout from the far end of the passage. The Germans up ahead had heard the sentry's wild cry, and it had snapped them into action. They would be coming in a moment like a pack of hungry wolves ready for the kill.

The soldier swung around and flung his flashlight at the man behind him. It caught Masters on the forehead, but the electric torch was so light that there was little force to the blow.

Masters feet slid on the damp floor

as he instinctively ducked, realizing that the Hun was lunging toward him. The butt of the rifle hit against the side of the wall of the tunnel with such force that it jarred the weapon out of his hands. It clattered to the floor of the passageway and the Lone Eagle had no time to try and find it in the darkness.

The sentry flung himself at him with fists flying. Grimly the two men battled in the black darkness, raining blows at each other, trying to hit an opponent that they could not even see. Again and again Masters lashed out with right and left. Once he heard a grunt from the Hun as a blow caught him in the chest—knocked his wind out for an instant.

DOWN at the far end of the passageway tiny lights were like the glow of fireflies in the dark, but they grew steadily larger. The Lone Eagle heard the sound of voices, shouted commands. The men who had been attracted by the shouts of the sentry were coming, moving swiftly back through the tunnel.

Masters smashed a fist into the face of the Jerry and heard his body thump against the wall as the force of the blow knocked the man back. Then there was a slithering sound and then a clatter as the Hun dropped to the floor, evidently knocked out.

Masters dropped to his knees, fumbling around in search of the sentry's rifle. He finally found it and leaped to his feet, the weapon in his hands. The lights were coming closer. He had to stop the approaching men and drive them back so that he might find an opportunity to escape. There was far more than his own life at stake.

He raised the rifle, snapped back the lever and fired. Flame lanced the darkness as the gun roared, the sound echoing and re-echoing loudly in the tunnel.

From the advancing men came a shout of surprise and consternation. This was not the type of reception that they had expected. It had never dawned on them that the Yank prisoner might have a gun.

Again the Lone Eagle worked the lever and then pressed the trigger. A second bullet went tearing through space, whining like the wail of a banshee. The advancing men cursed as it just missed one of them and struck the flashlight in another's hand.

From the group near the entrance of the tunnel came the bark of a Luger. Masters felt the wind from the bullet as it sped by, dangerously close to his head. For the third time he fired. There was a howl of pain as his bullet struck one of the Huns.

With curses and shouts they began a hasty retreat. They were at a disadvantage because of the lights they carried, for they presented far more visible targets than did the Lone Yank who battled so valiantly against them. One by one the lights went out—but the Germans were still retreating.

Masters started to advance, hoping that he might be able to drive the retreating men ahead of him so that he could get out of the passageway. Abruptly strong fingers caught his right ankle and tightened. The sentry had regained consciousness and was trying to pull him down. The man might have been smart enough to have faked being knocked out, and had been awaiting his chance to get the prisoner.

Masters kicked out with his left foot as the sentry clung to his right. He felt the crunch of leather against flesh and bone and knew that his toe had caught the Hun on the chin. The hand released its tight clutch on his ankle and he was free.

The Huns near the tunnel entrance had paused in their retreat when they discovered that he was no longer

firing at them. Again the Lone Eagle went into action. If the rifle had been fully loaded there had been at least nine bullets in the magazine, ten if there had been one in the firing chamber. This was his fourth shot—he still had six bullets left. Six bullets to battle the grim band ahead of him.

He worked the lever and fired. The roar of the gun brought surprising results. From the men near the tunnel entrance came a sudden fusillade. They were using their own rifles. Bullets whistled all about the Lone Eagle, rattled against the walls of the passageway. One of the slugs seared his left arm.

MASTERS heard a cry of pain from the sentry and realized the man had been hit. The Lone Eagle started back—with only six bullets left in the rifle there was nothing to be gained by this shooting in the dark. He had to save what little ammunition that he had, for there was no way of his getting any more. No chance to search the wounded sentry in the hope of finding more shells.

There was nothing that he could do but retreat. He finally turned and ran back toward the other entrance of the tunnel. Behind him came the Germans, firing at intervals as they advanced. Since there was no return fire they were sure that they had their enemy on the run.

"We've got him, men!" shouted one of them in German. "He cannot escape!"

It was not fear that made Masters retreat, but the realization of the vital information that he had in his possession. He had to warn the Allies of the coup that the Germans had planned, find some way to get word to Tremaine and the rest before dawn. If he failed the War might be lost, and the W plan would prove a failure.

As he reached the entrance of the tunnel he was again keenly conscious of the passing of time. Had the Hun's Victory Armada taken off. Were von Rintler and R-47 already soaring high in the skies, ready to release those flares that would be the fatal signal that might mean defeat to the Allies?

The questions seemed etched in the brain of the Lone Eagle in letters of



fire. He was forced to admit to himself that he did not know the answers. There was only one thing that gave him the slightest hope. The Germans who were after him had lingered in the subterranean passageways beneath the Villa Cardiz, it seemed hardly likely that they would be doing so if the danger from the explosion that R-47 had mentioned was impending.

Masters found himself again in front of the open door of the water cell. He could dimly see the body of the fledgling lying on the damp floor, just as he had seen it a little while ago when he had encountered the Hun sentry. But now he could hear the voices of the approaching men as they steadily advanced through the tunnel.

He glanced at the gaping black mouths of the two other passageways, wondering if there was anything to be gained by dashing into one of them. There was no way of his being certain that they would lead him to freedom—and there was no time for useless exploring of the passageways.

"I've got to get out of here quick!" he muttered.

From the tunnel came the roar of gunfire. He uttered the wild cry of

a mortally wounded man and then ducked into the water cell. Hastily he knelt down beside the body of the dead fledgling. He found that the blood that stained the Yank's tunic was still wet. Hurriedly the Lone Eagle placed his hand in it and smeared some of it across his own face.

Then he swiftly picked up the body and advanced toward the pool. There was a loud splash as the body dropped into the dank water and disappeared. From the advancing men came a shout as they heard the sound. They were close and coming nearer every second.

Masters flung himself down on the damp floor. He hoped that they would think he was dead. As he sprawled there with his blood-smeared face upturned he looked like a corpse.

Men pounded into the water cell room. Six of them. One of them uttered a curse as he saw the still figure.

"It is one of the prisoners," he said. "But the other swine has escaped!"

THE CASUALLY kicked the Lone Eagle, apparently sure that he was dead.

"He is dead, *Herr Leutnant*?" said one of the other men.

"Ja," said the officer. "Search the other passageways—the other man must not escape."

The men turned to do his bidding, and the officer followed them out of the cell room. He hesitated at the door, while Masters watched him anxiously. Finally, the lieutenant seemed to reach a sudden decision. He stepped outside and flung the door closed behind him. The heavy bolt rasped as it was shot home. The Lone Eagle was again trapped in the water cell from which he had escaped but a short time ago. All of his efforts had been futile.

CHAPTER XIV

Signals of Death

BITTER thoughts raced through John Masters' brain as he leaped to his feet. He had been trapped so easily that it made him feel foolish. He knew that it was useless to try and break down the door, he had attempted to get out that way just before Hermann had appeared. He went to the edge of the pool and stood gazing down at the dirty water. R-47 had said there was a tunnel beyond the pool that carried the overflow of the river.

He had found that he could touch bottom when he had been forced into the pool, but it had been difficult for him to keep his head above water because of the slimy surface, the rolling stones beneath his feet.

Yet as he stood there he was again considering entering the pool. Both the bodies of Hermann and the fledgling had disappeared. Of course there was always the possibility that they were somewhere just beneath the surface of that filthy water, but the Lone Eagle did not believe that was actually the case.

He was sure that they had been drawn out through the outlet. If so, was it humanly possible for a living man to accomplish the same feat? Masters did not know, but he was willing to risk the attempt.

He discovered that one of the Jerries had picked up the rifle that he had dropped when he had played dead. It did not matter—he had no use for the weapon at present.

Deliberately he slid down and plunged into the dank water of the pool. He came to the surface sputtering, but he had found that it was deep enough for him to swim about. He felt a pull of the current, and realized it was drawing him toward

the opposite side of the pool. Then the outlet was somewhere in the direction that he was now going.

As the water carried him close to the back wall of the cell-like room where the pool was located he saw that there was a low tunnel. It was through this that the water flowed, but where did it lead from here? That was what worried Masters. It might be that he was letting himself be drawn into something from which there was no escape. How ironical it would be if the Lone Eagle should be drowned in this stream after he had faced death in so many other ways.

But Masters gave little thought to his own welfare—it was merely because he was still worrying about warning the Allies, that he even considered the risk that he was undertaking.

"Here goes," he said raising his head above the water for an instant as he felt himself being drawn into the tunnel by the rush of the current. "I'll make it some way."

The dark water whirled about him—and it was only because he was a strong swimmer that he was able to remain above the surface. He found himself traveling faster and faster—being flung against the walls of the black tunnel like a cork in a bottle—but he managed to keep going, to keep from swallowing too much water.

Gradually the flow of the current grew sluggish as the tunnel opened into two smaller ones. The Lone Eagle managed to get into the one on the right, sure that the other tunnel led to the river. Masters found that there were places where it was not more than two or three feet deep. He was able to stand with the water around his legs, though his head barely scraped the top of the tunnel.

Ahead he caught a gleam of light and his heart leaped. He might be able to escape after all!

The water about him was seeping through small holes in the stone walls of the tunnel. Jammed up against the wall were the bodies of the two men. Masters knew that he had been right—the outlet from the pool had carried them here.

"Too bad we didn't know about this when the fledgling was with me and we had a chance to escape," he said aloud. "Too late for regrets now, though."

He continued wading through the water. Soon it was down around his ankles and then finally he was walking along the dry surface of the tunnel. This eventually brought him to an open space in the weird series of passageways under the villa. Once again he found himself confronted by the entrances to two more tunnels. He realized that he had wasted far too much time already. He did not know which passageway to select.

Then suddenly he sucked in his breath sharply, stood rigid and strained his ears. From a long way off, somewhere to his left, came the faint muffled roar of airplane engines. He turned and raced along the passage to the left. Fifty yards along it he came to an intersecting passage that led again to the left. The beat of the engines came louder to him up that tunnel and he swerved into it. At the far end there was another lead off to the right, and as he raced along at top speed the roar grew louder and louder. And then without warning, a figure dressed in flying garb came swinging out of the lead off to the right.

The figure started to turn in the direction Masters was headed, but hearing the Yank's pounding footsteps pulled up short and looked back. The man was a stranger to Masters. He gaped for a moment, then seemed to sense that all was not as it should be. He fell back a step and turned to face the Lone Eagle.

Masters' charging body hit him

with running force and drove the German against the wall. The other's body cushioning his dive, Masters was able to smash up with his fist and drive a terrific blow to the man's jaw.

Before the man could slump to the floor, Masters was ripping off his jacket, helmet and goggles. Less than a minute later he had them on himself, and was racing along the lead-off passage to a door at the end. As he reached it he jerked up short, pulled the goggles over his eyes, and then pulled the door open.

He found himself staring at the activity of the widened section of the hill tunnel. The props of both planes were turning over, and a handful of men in American OD stood by the wings of each ship. Masters took one look and knew that with his Luger he'd gain nothing at all. Already the head plane with Baron Rintler at the cockpit was rolling toward the far end of the tunnel. From the observer's cockpit of the rear ship R-47 gestured at him angrily. That gesture decided him and set his heart to looping. He ran over to the ship and leaped into the pilot's pit.

"Slow fool!" he heard R-47's voice cry at the back of his neck. "Another second and I would have let Heinrich take your place, and left you behind."

MASTERS made an apologetic gesture with one hand, kept his head bent and opened up the throttle slowly and taxied after the Baron's plane.

Eventually the lead plane reached the opening. Two men standing there pushed back a double section of lattice work to which the tall shrubs were fastened and then stepped out of the way.

Flames leaped from Rintler's exhaust, and the plane went tearing out over the flat take-off strip between

the hills. Masters waited until the swirling dust cleared some, then rammed forward the throttle of his own plane. Seconds later he lifted the wheels clear and nosed the plane up into the sky, following the thin stream of sparks that spewed out from the exhausts of Rintler's ship above them.

At five thousand the Baron stopped climbing, flattened out and banked due east. When he reached that same altitude Masters did the same thing, practically flying through the air tunnel formed by the other ship.

Sitting rigid in the seat he stared ahead at the first tiny thread of dawn low down in the east. From the look of the sky he knew that it was a good four hours yet before the shadows of night would lift, and as he thought of the end of those four hours his heart became a lump of ice in his chest.

At dawn the Victory Armada would take off! For where and for what purpose? The question stabbed his brain and a great sense of indecision took hold of him. In a way, he was between the devil and the deep sea. One thing he did know. The fledglings in the W Plan bombing squadrons were Germans. He could land and try to get word to Tremaine. Yet, would that accomplish enough? Could anything be done before the Victory Armada took off on its mystery raid? There was a chance it might.

There was also another chance. R-47 in the rear cockpit. The instant he nosed the ship down she would suspect something. He knew she would have a Luger, and he was unarmed. There was too much chance of failure. And he could not fail the Yanks this time! This was the last flight for him. Any decision he made would have to be final. It was make or break. Win or lose. There was no turning back, no retracing his steps to a new starting point. In

four hours all hell was to break loose on the Western Front and only he, the Lone Eagle, had even a fighting chance to stop it!

Then suddenly a dull rumbling came to his ears above the roar of the engine. Half turning he glanced down. A great fountain of red, yellow and orange flame spewed upward out of the earth where the Villa Cardiz had stood for centuries. A second later he heard R-47's voice proclaim his own death.

"He is dead! At last I have defeated the Lone Eagle!"

There were more words but Masters didn't hear them. A wild hope had suddenly come to him. There was a colored message dropper in the pocket beside him and a pad of paper and pencil. For a few seconds he stared at it, hardly daring to reach out his hand for fear it was a mirage and would dissolve before his eyes.

Then, he shook himself and snaked the pad and pencil out of the box. Balancing the pad on his knee he wrote rapidly. Then tearing off the sheet he slipped it into the message dropper pocket and buttoned the flap while he held the stick between his knees. That done, he let the dropper rest on his lap and breathed a fervent prayer of hope.

"A one in a million chance!" he murmured softly. "But please God, let it work!"

HHE SEARCHED the skies ahead, picked up von Rintler's exhaust sparks, and watched them grimly. It seemed hours that he sat at the stick watching the tiny spurts of sparks ahead. Then, suddenly, five balls of red fire arced from the plane ahead and sank slowly earthward. His whole body tightening, he glanced over the side, picked out the faint outline of the Aisne River below and knew that both ships were over the W Plan attack area. Another five minutes and they would

be over the American front lines! And after that they would go on over German ground to the drome of *Staffel Ten*.

A hissing sound in back of Masters caused him to half-turn. Out the corner of his eye he saw the five red signals that R-47 had fired. Below there, on the ground, German eyes would see those signals and do their work. What work? The single question was like a white flame burning in the Lone Eagle's head. But as the faint outline of the American front lines, and the western rim of No Man's Land came sliding under the leading edges of his wings he stiffened and drove all other thoughts from his mind.

He picked up the message dropper with his left hand. Then gripping the stick between his knees he flung up his other hand and pointed off to the right toward R-47's flare signals.

"Five signals of death for the swine, *ja*?" he shouted in muffled German, and as she turned automatically to follow the pointing finger he let the message dropper go zipping down on the left side of the fuselage.

For the next moment, he held his breath. Had R-47 seen that message dropper go over the side?

THEN her voice came, and blessed relief flooded through Masters like a tidal wave.

"*Ja*!" she screamed. "Signals of death for the swine!"

Masters followed Rintler's ship across No Man's Land and into German controlled air. He expected to see German Archie shells light up the air, but when none did he realized that the gunners had seen those red flares, too, and knew their significance, knew that although the planes above them were Allied ships they were not piloted by the enemy.

Two miles inside German lines, he saw von Rintler's plane veer slightly southeast. For a full half hour he

followed it, making a thousand different guesses as to what he'd find at *Staffel Ten*. Then von Rintler went into a long, flat glide. A split second later a green flare arced out from the leading plane. And five seconds after that a triangle of flares sprang into being on the ground behind a range of foothills that ran north and south parallel to the Front.

Hunching forward, every nerve taut, Masters stared down at the ground flares and automatically eased back the throttle of his own ship and went into a glide. At first he could see nothing clearly. All was a mass of ever changing shadows below. But when he reached a thousand foot altitude, and was banking around after von Rintler's ship into the wind, a scene of breath-taking proportions leaped up at him.

All four sides the huge field was lined three deep with German bombing planes! A rough guess placed the number at close to three hundred at the most. Beside the hangars there were piles of gas drums that reached clear above the roofs. And off to one side was a bomb dump covering half an acre or more. The props of all the planes were idling over, and their low throbbing beat seemed to shake the very air. The wings of Masters' plane quivered as he flattened out for a landing. Save for the area where he and von Rintler were landing the entire place was alive with Germans. It was as though the entire German Air Service was gathered together on that field.

Suddenly, just as his wheels touched, the truth struck home to Masters like a bolt of lightning. Pilots were climbing into the pits of the planes. But bombing observers weren't climbing into the bombing compartments. *More pilots* were climbing into the bombing compartments! Three and four to a ship!

German pilots in the W Plan squadrons! Poison! The Victory

Armada! Three hundred or more German bombers being loaded with their cargoes of death! Pilots climbing into their pits! And more pilots climbing into the bombing compartments!

The meaning of it flashed across Masters' brain, and like the pieces of a puzzle they all fell into place to at last reveal to him in detail the complete picture of death and destruction that hovered over the Allied cause!

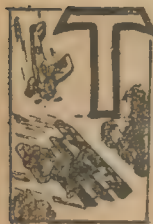
Automatically he taxied the plane up beside von Rintler's. Then bending over as though he was working with something in the cockpit, but in reality to hide his face, he waited for R-47 to climb out. A mad plan had taken form in his head. Mad, yes, but this was no time for sane reasoning!

The world's civilization was at stake. It was now or never!

"Stick with me, Lady Luck!" Masters breathed and waited with stilled heart while R-47 climbed to the ground.

CHAPTER XV

Satan's Graveyard



TIME stood still for the Lone Eagle. R-47 was on the fuselage step when she paused and called to von Rintler. The German ace came running over from his plane to come to a halt on the opposite side of the fuselage from where R-47 stood!

"Get Count von Gortz at once!" the woman said and jumped lightly to the ground. "I will speak to him in—Gott! You! Turn your face this way!"

Masters' heart seemed to explode in his chest. R-47 had stepped close and was peering over the rim of the cockpit. In that split second he realized that the dim reflection of the

instrument cowl light had revealed his profile.

"It is the Lone Eagle!"

R-47's voice was a wild scream. Her hand flashed up and the muzzle of a Luger came over the cockpit rim. Rintler leaped from the opposite side of the fuselage. A split second before the Luger spat flame Masters jerked up his elbow. There was no time to twist and grab for the gun with his hand. His elbow hit the gun. The Luger barked and a bullet split the leather of his helmet. At the same time he smashed out with his left fist and caught Rintler in the face. The German roared and fell backwards, tugging for his holstered Luger.

But Masters did not wait for that. He twisted front, rammed the throttle wide open and kicked hard on right rudder. The plane skidded around on one wheel and wing tip. The instant it was headed for the hangars, Masters checked the swerve and held the ship steady for a moment. Then he let go the stick, un-snapped his safety belt and hurled himself clear out of the cockpit. He landed on the ground with his feet already in furious motion. The runaway plane blocked him off from where von Rintler was scrambling up onto his feet and bellowing at the top of his voice.

In those split seconds the Lone Eagle burned the ground over to the Baron's deserted plane. Behind him shots rang out and death whined past his ears. Then wild screams of alarm blotted out the bark of the guns, and a grin twisted his lips as he dived into the pilot's pit of von Rintler's ship. No sooner had his feet touched the rudder bar, and his left hand grabbed the stick, than he belted the throttle wide with his right.

For one moment the Liberty coughed and sputtered. Then it roared out its full-throated song of

power and the plane lurched forward. Twisting in the seat Masters looked back to see that his mad plan had worked.

As Germans raced at its side, the other D.H., its engine roaring full out, streaked toward the hangars and crashed dead on into one of the huge piles of portable gasoline tanks. There was a terrific explosion. A gigantic sheet of flame leaped skyward and earth and sky became buried in roaring fire.

Masters hauled all the way back on the stick. By the grace of God the D.H.'s wings gripped the air and the plane zoomed heavenward, missing a bomber wing by scant inches. Zooming straight up to three hundred feet, the Lone Eagle flattened out, whipped around in a wing groaning turn and went slicing down at the hangars.

"Have some more, you vultures!" he roared. "Charity begins at home!"

THE Vickers guns mounted forward answered to his jabbing of the trigger trips, and he poured a long deadly burst in another pile of gasoline drums. The instant the first show of flame appeared he banked off and went hedge hopping along the row of bombers, blasting them with furious fire one after another.

Then he zoomed for altitude, cartwheeled over and came roaring down again. The whole sky was now a brilliant crimson, and the fleeing Germans on the ground below looked like so many red ants scurrying for shelter.

Suddenly, though, Masters checked his fire and kicked, left rudder hard. Beyond the far bomber row four Fokkers were racing along the ground to take off. In fact, the ships were clear and zooming up even as he completed the turn.

Kicking opposite rudder to steady the ship, Masters got his sights on the nearest Fokker and went pound-

ing down, hot lead zipping out of his guns. With screaming wires and snarling motor he hit close to the three other Fokkers.

He yanked the stick back and kicked on rudder. The Lone Eagle's fingers hit the trips. The Vickers broke into a stuttering chatter, throwing a fan of hot lead along the wing tip of the Fokker on his left.

The German ship whirled to get away from the clawing fangs of smoking death. Masters kicked on more rudder, keeping those vicious lines of grey gnawing at the wing tip. The Fokker banked and tried to head east. Masters sent another staccato burst and turned his attention to the three other Hun ships.

Tracer hoses the sky around him. A Fokker cut across his path but the Lone Eagle's gun opened up for a brief moment, cutting a swath of fabric from its wings, then biting into the vitals of the black-crossed crate. It went down, plummeting to earth, leaving a tail like a pail of soot thrown from a cloud.

The acrid smoke of the burning ship cut into Masters' nostrils as he whirled through the pall of black. His left foot hit the rudder, slewing the bus around and cutting inside of the third Fokker which was trying to bank away on a new course.

The air was torn to shreds by screaming props and crackling tracer. Ships whirled and danced to the giddy piping of death. Black crosses danced in front of the Lone Eagle's eyes as one after another the three remaining Hun ships sought to bring him down.

Again Masters' fingers hit the trips as one of the Hun crates loomed up in front of him. The Vickers vibrated, spitting with flaming tongue. The Fokker crumpled as if melting under an invisible heat. Its fuselage buckled, spilling out the pilot who dropped like a stone through space. The rest of the plane fluttered down in out-

slinging wreckage, parts of which rained past Masters' D.H.

Grim-faced, the Lone Eagle was already trying to catch one of the other two Huns in his sights, for the man he had driven away had re-entered the fray. His Vickers breech vomiting smoking cordite, reeking brass empties.

The other two Huns suddenly closed in from two sides on the two-seater. As if enraged by the falls of their comrades, their Spandaus blazed in thunderous unison, blasting out two mighty bursts of cross-fire which were aimed skillfully to catch the D.H. between them.

But the Lone Eagle skillfully managed to edge the big awkward crate out of the trap. The burst of fire from the two Fokkers grazed the tail-fins of the D.H. without doing serious damage. Then again the Huns were in front of him as they zoomed ahead, then wheeled about to renew the attack.

The pilot of the nearest Fokker tried frantically to veer in under him and come up for a belly blast, while the other Fokker pilot swerved sharply away and went corkscrewing upward out of the line of Masters' fire.

The Lone Eagle steepened his dive and concentrated on the near Fokker. Too late the German realized he was fighting a veteran pilot. For his mistake he took a burst of bullets straight down through the top of his flying helmet, and was dead even before his plane dropped its nose and roared down into half a dozen bombers.

Masters didn't wait to see it strike. The other Fokker was now above him and arcing about to come slicing down on his tail. As he kicked the D.H. into a vicious skid to the side he glanced back up over his shoulder and shouted aloud. The glow of the fire that had now engulfed all five hangars, and was licking at the

nearest bombers, brought out the insignia of the diving Fokker in clear relief. It was crossed white swords with a skull in the upper V!

"Rintler's old markings!" Masters cried. "Rintler!"

BELTING opposite rudder he faked a split arc to the right as the German's Spandau slugs began to nick his wing tip, then hurled the ship into a half roll, and came booming out in the opposite direction just as the Fokker went howling down past him. In that split second he glanced across the air space that separated the two ships and saw the fury twisted face of the Baron, himself, in the pit.

"Suits me, Baron!" he howled as the Fokker streaked by. "I'll nail you even with this two-seater. Here I come!"

The D.H.'s wings moaned in protest as Masters wheeled over and dropped down on the Baron's tail. But he had time only for a burst of five shots or less, all of which went wide. Though the German ace had turned his abilities into other channels of late, he had not lost any of his old skill. Like a phantom shadow he sliced out from under Masters' fire, whipped back in little more than the distance of his own plane and came booming up, his furious fire blasting sections of the Lone Eagle's elevators to ribbons.

"Still good, eh?" Masters muttered.

Banging out of the other's line of fire, he whammed the D.H. over on wing tip, then made as though to dive down on the bomber at the south side of the field. Rintler cut off that way himself and then tried to zoom up and in. The instant the nose of the Baron's Fokker started up, Masters bore down on right rudder with every ounce of his strength.

The D.H. quivered and bucked as though unseen giants were trying to

tear the wings off. Masters felt the faint shock as one of the wing bracing wires let go. But with face grim with determination he held the D.H. in its crazy half roll and half skid to the left.

Then he took off left rudder, and jammed the stick all the way forward.

The motion of the ship as it went over the "hump" almost hurled him clear out of the seat. But he held on for dear life and waited the

his plane into a screaming power dive for the ground.

"Got you!" Masters bellowed. "Take this, and— *Look out!*"

Impulsively, he yelled the last, and at the same instant cut his fire and pulled the stick all the way back. In his frantic haste to get out from under that shower of certain death spraying down upon him, Baron Rintler had not realized how close he was to the ground. And too late he found out.

*Muley Spink and Ambrose Hoolcy, Sky Buccaneers, Go
After Big Bertha's Niece—A Hell-Blasting Krupp
Popgun—in an Uproariously Funny Air Yarn*



SPANDAU RE MI

By

JOE ARCHIBALD

—in the Next Issue of THE LONE EAGLE

next couple of seconds for the plane to get down to the vertical. When it did, there was Baron Rintler's Fokker directly below him in the act of banking to the left.

"But not *too* good!" Masters roared and jabbed both trigger trips.

CAUGHT cold, the German didn't have a chance in the world. In berserk panic he hurled his Fokker this way and that, in a desperate effort to break away from the Lone Eagle's relentless fire that raked the Fokker from prop to tail and from wing tip to wing tip. And then finally, in one last mighty effort the German threw

Zooming high up toward the flame tinted heavens, Masters saw the Baron's plane plow straight down into the bomb dump. There was a small flash of flame as the plane struck. A second later the very earth seemed to split apart and belch oceans of fire up from its depths. Roar upon roar filled the heavens until it seemed to Masters, watching in fascinated awe, that the very stars themselves would be shaken down upon the earth.

The Lone Eagle banked toward the west, too sick for the moment to feel triumphant. The destruction they had meant for others had been visited upon themselves.

One more look he took down at what had once been the drome of *Staffel* Ten. It was a sea of flame now, like the spitting molten mass of some gigantic volcano; each new bursting bomb adding its bit to the roaring seething mass that licked out in all directions to challenge the dawn that was racing up out of the east.

Then Masters belted the throttle wide open and went thundering west.

The major part of his job was done. The Victory Armada would never take off in this war. But death still remained in the W Plan Area. Death by poison stalking through American bombing squadrons. Perhaps even taking its toll this very minute. Unless his message landed right—

The instant he reached the American lines, he peered down through the grey of early dawn searching for familiar landmarks. He spotted some he knew, realized his exact position on the American Front, then veered southeast slightly and tore hell bent for 51 Squadron, the nearest of the ten bombing units assigned to the W Plan attack.

And as he drew near the drome, his heart tightened fearfully. He circled, lowered. Then he saw a group of OD clad figures in front of the squadron office, and heaved a long sigh of relief.

"In time for 51, at least!" he thought.

Two minutes later he swooped down to a landing, taxied tail up toward the group. He leaped from the ship while it was still moving.

"Where's the C.O.?" he barked as startled faces were turned toward him. "It's urgent!"

THE STOPPED short as two figures burst from the group and ran over. One was Colonel Tremaine, and the other was General Viaud!

Tremaine grabbed him by the shoulders and practically hugged him.

"Thank God you were able to drop that message telling me to arrest every fledgling in the bombing squadrons!" he cried.

"You got it?" Masters shouted.

"It hit the Forty-fifth Infantry trenches," Tremaine nodded. "Their Battalion Colonel phoned me at once. Then I got busy. Every one of the fledglings in our bombing outfits were Germans! We found enough poison on them to kill two army corps. So that was their secret! They were going to wipe out our bombing squadrons so that the W Plan attack would be without aerial offense!"

"That was just part of it," Masters said, and pointed toward a dull red glow low down in the east. "See that? It's the end of the Victory Armada, the biggest part of their plan. Three hundred bombers that won't ever take off!"

"Three hundred!" Viaud echoed. "*Mon Dieu!* A great counter raid against our defenseless squadrons!"

"You're still not close," Masters grinned thinly. "Their plan was this! At dawn mess, this morning, the German fledglings were to poison every man and officer at our bombing dromes. Then the three hundred German bombers would come over, loaded with bombs, and extra pilots!"

"Extra pilots?" Tremaine cried.

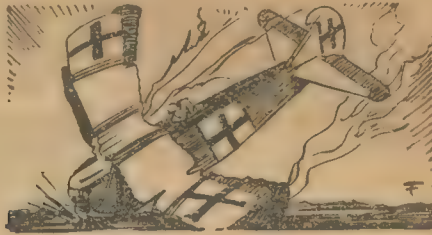
"Yes!" the Lone Eagle nodded and waved a hand at the line of Yank bombers waiting on the line. "To fly those ships, and the ships of every other bombing unit in this area. Three hundred Hun bombers, plus two hundred Yank ships, all flown by Germans, and operating off of nine American dromes they had taken over!"

"Before we'd realized what they were doing, those devils would have blasted through Allied lines and be

in Paris and London. A damn neat idea to split France right through to the sea! A mad idea—a German idea!"

Masters fell silent, staring toward the glow in the east. R-47! She was

in that raging vortex of hell's fires. Had it got her too? Or was she still alive plotting new vengeance against her sworn enemies? And would he meet her again, before the war was over?



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WAR DOOM

An Exciting Complete Air-War Novel

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

FEATURING JOHN MASTERS, WORLD'S GREATEST ACE,
AT HIS FIGHTING BEST!

IN THE SPOTLIGHT FOR REAL SHAVING COMFORT!

For clean, smooth shaves that stand spotlight inspection, try a package of Probak Jr. Razor Blades! Four blades for 10¢ give you eight of the keenest edges you ever used. Try them next time. Learn how comfortable the world's most economical shaves can be!

PROBAK JUNIOR

World War Model Planes

A Department of Accurate Brand-New Plans

HOW TO BUILD THE NIEUPORT 17 C.1

THE Nieuport 17 C.1 was a famous World War airplane which did much to keep the German ships from overwhelming the Allies.

In building this plane you will find that the lower plane is much smaller than the top one. The lower plane really was put there as a bracing member to give girder strength for the larger top plane. So keep this in mind if you feel it should look wider than the plans indicate. Some of the Nieuport single-seaters carried a Lewis gun on the top wing that fired over the propeller arc.

In this way the Nieuport helped the pushers combat the German synchronized Spandau gun when it began to blaze a bloody trail across the European war skies. When you

this stunt serious consideration. We think that after trying out the system you will approve and will carry on with it in building your future models.

LET'S LOOK AT THE PLANS

Getting down to the business at hand let's take a quick look at the plans. First consider the side view. Notice that the general line of the top of the fuselage is straight and parallel to the center line. Now notice that the bottom line has a general gentle curve from the nose right on through into the rudder.

The other things that happen between these two lines are incidentals and will easily fit into their places if the first two big lines are nailed correctly.

MATERIALS

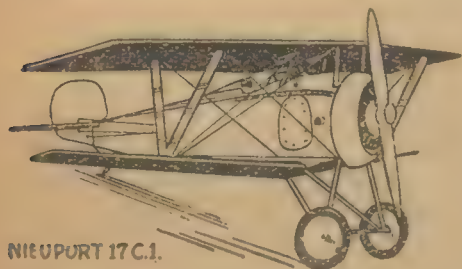
Balsa wood is the material usually used in model building. It is easy to shape, is light and is, for its weight, strong. The harder the wood the harder the job, so if you are not a past master in the art of shaping wood, stick to balsa. Piano wire for the wiring, which can be purchased at your model supply store, is far ahead of thread. It is rigid, doesn't collect dust and a light coat of varnish or airplane dope over wires keeps them from rusting.

An ordinary safety razor blade or a sharp knife will do your cutting. Fine sandpaper will finish the job. Coarse sandpaper can be used for some of the bigger shaping and for some builders will possibly be easier to handle than a knife or razor blade. Ambroid cement will hold the different parts together rigidly.

FUSELAGE

Already we have talked of the side view of the fuselage. Again we emphasize the importance of the top straight line and the bottom curved one. On the forward section of the fuselage notice the bulbous effect. This swelling is there to give sufficient space to house the engine.

Start at cross-section A with circular



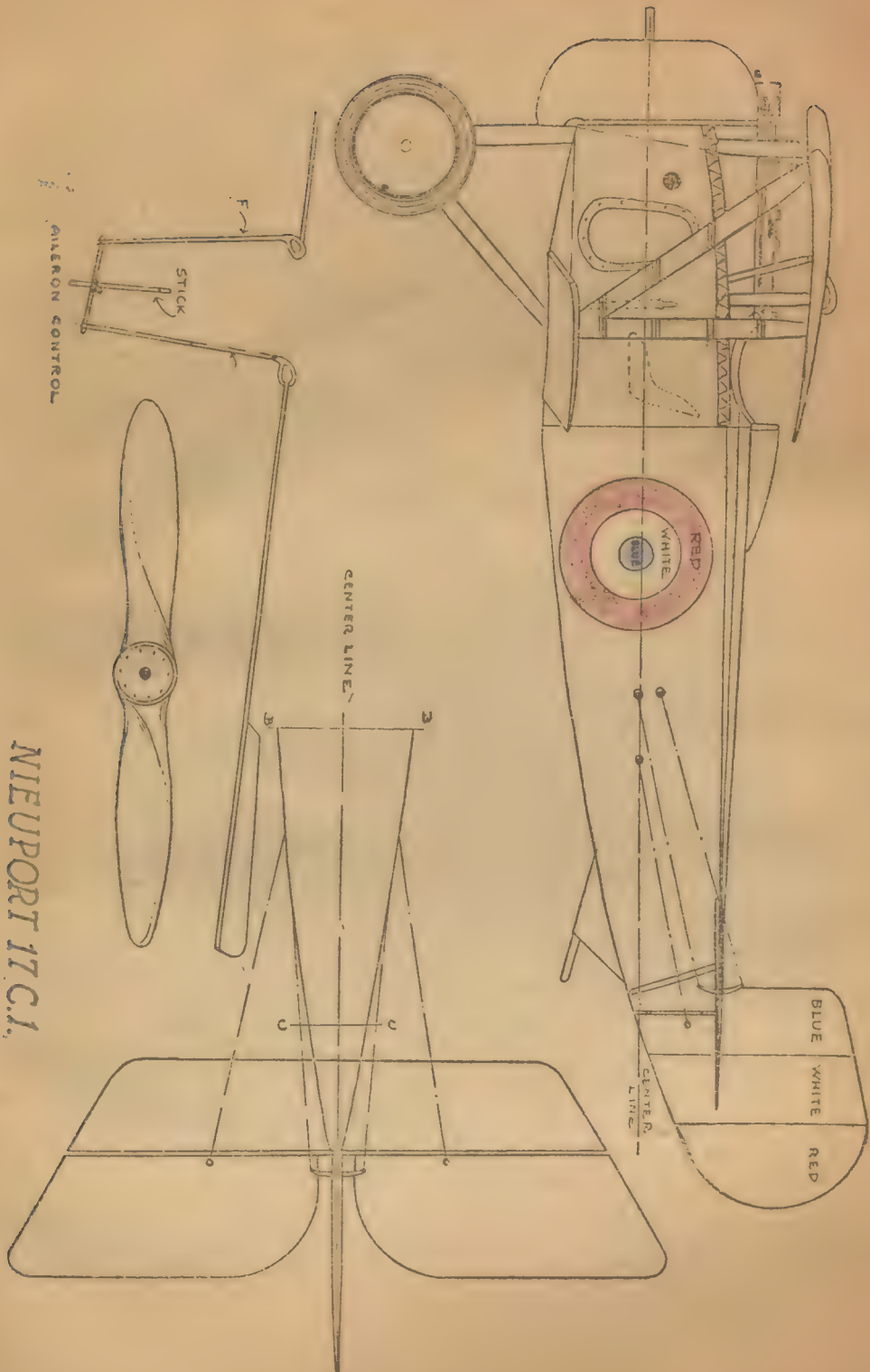
NIEUPORT 17 C.1.

build the Nieuport single-seater you are putting a plane in your hangar which can well be given a place of honor. It would still be a good little ship if a modern light-weight engine were installed.

SPECIFICATIONS—NIEUPORT 17 C.1

Span.....27 ft. 3 in.
Length.....18 ft. 9 in.
Engine.....110 h.p. Clerget

In the last issue of **THE LONE EAGLE** we held forth on center lines in hope that it would help you model builders who already had not given



NIEUPORT 17C1.

shape. As you shape back toward cockpit gradually flatten sides until just in front of cockpit they become flat, and continue so all the rest of the way back. The top of the fuselage is rounded from the nose to the tail gradually getting less of a curve as it nears tail. Cross-sections A, B, and C put this idea over. In rounding the top of the fuselage it is a good trick to make three flat surfaces, then go between them cutting off the ridges until a nearly rounded shape is formed.

Sandpaper will take off the last high ridges and give you the rounded shape you desire. In doing the job this way you have more chance of getting it correct and not digging in too deep at any place with your knife or razor blade. Templates may be made for several points along the top. Cut from thin cardboard the shape of cross-section B and C. Make these shapes so they will fit down snugly on top of the fuselage when you have the curved top correct. Other templates may be made by guessing the curve at points between B and C.

In this way you can gradually cut down to the shape you want and have guides to fit down over the shape from time to time to show you the high and low spots and to warn you when you are approaching the end of your job.

The head rest behind the cockpit is easiest made in a separate piece and cemented to the finished fuselage before painting.

ENGINE

The power plant is a cylinder 110 h.p. rotary Clerget motor. Dowel wood used in furniture construction makes ideal cylinders. It is quite a job to put together this motor but if you want to try it the detail drawing of the nose gives all measurements. In making the round nose it is a good plan to make it separate from the main fuselage and cement it on.

If you make a motor it will be necessary to hollow out inside the nose. If you don't make separate motor paint cylinders on flat front of nose.

COCKPIT

Hollow out section for cockpit and place small seat and stick in position. Windshield is indicated in small perspective drawing only.

WINGS

The top wing can easily be made of one piece of wood. First, cut an oversized piece of wood plenty thick and wide enough to get in the two back wing tips, then cut the front angle and next the back or trailing edges of the wing. In making the wing in one piece you get out of a glue job at the center section and your wing will be flat.

Shape the curve on top of wing from

leading edge to trailing edge with coarse sandpaper wrapped around a small flat block of wood, finish with fine paper. The lower wings are made in two separate sections and cemented to the fuselage. Two pins with the heads clipped off, at each wing butt sinking half of each pin into wing butt and half into fuselage, makes for a firmer joint.

STRUTS

The end "V" struts are thick and husky. The center section struts quite thin. The two uprights at center section marked "F" are the rods running from cockpit up to cranks operating rods that run along inside of wings to actuate ailerons (see diagram). This crank arrangement is characteristic of many Nieuport planes both single and two-seaters.

It gave a definite fixed control of ailerons and a chance Boche bullet hitting any part of it couldn't sever it as a wire can be when hit.

UNDERCARRIAGE

This part is simple. Use black thread to simulate rubber band shock absorbers. The undercarriage struts can be made of pine or any other hard or semi-hard wood. Do not use balsa for any struts. It is too soft.

TAIL SURFACES

There is no fin to worry about on this model, only the rudder made in one piece. The stabilizer may be made separate from the elevator or both may be made in one piece and a line marked with black paint to indicate separation.

TAIL SKID

A match cemented to a triangular shaped piece of balsa will be good for the skid. Bore a small hole up into the fuselage into which the match may be forced as it is cemented in place.

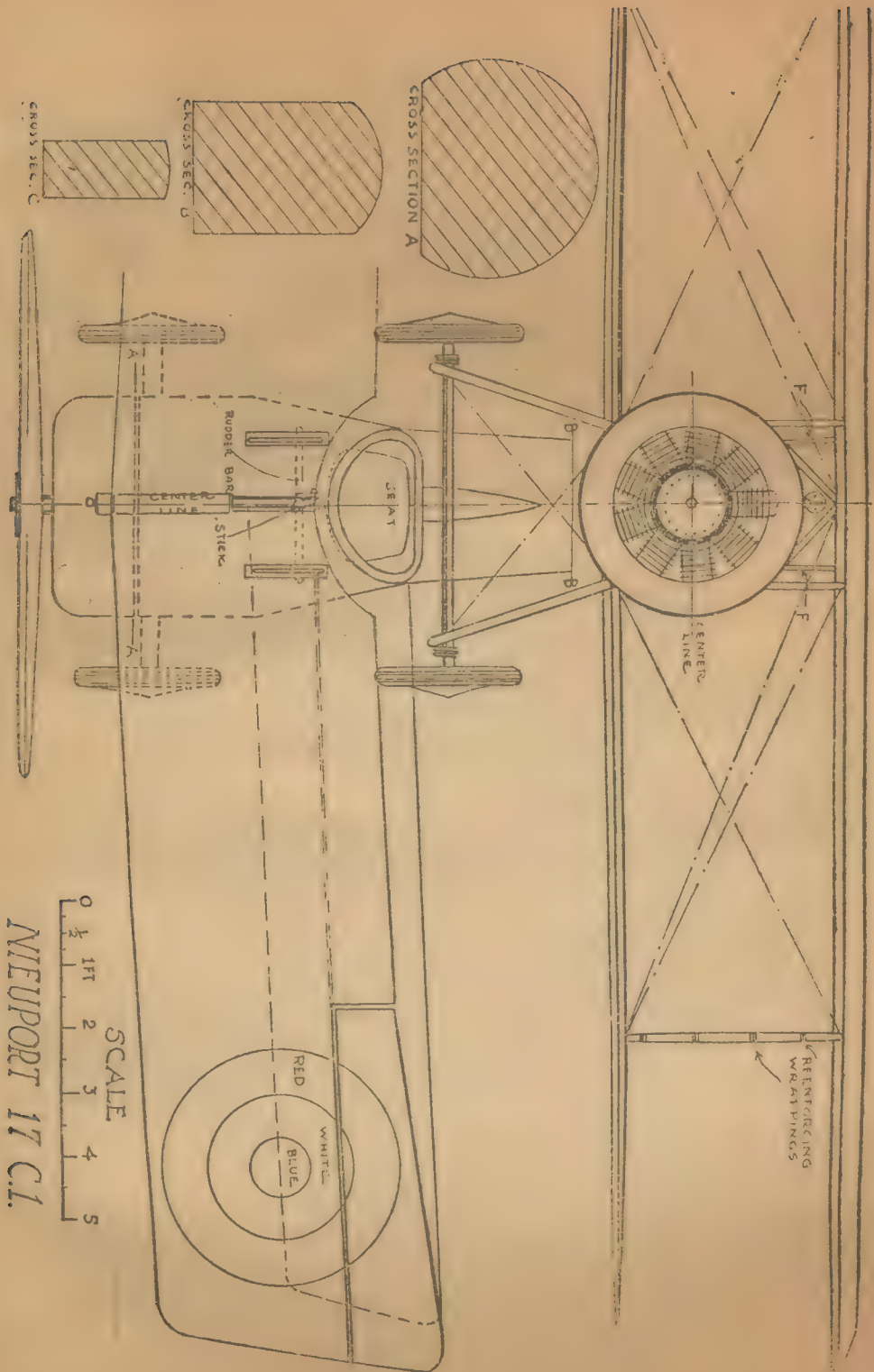
MACHINE GUN

One gun in the center is used. In an earlier issue of THE LONE EAGLE details on this gun were given. However, the dimensions of the gun shown in this set of plans for the Nieuport 17 C. 1 is to scale and you can get the big dimensions correct from it.

ASSEMBLY

If you have the last few issues of THE LONE EAGLE you can get lots of tips on assembling your model. If you haven't or are a newcomer here are a few for you:

Lay the fuselage flat on a board with pins and anchor it down solidly. Attach with ambroid cement bottom wings placing small temporary blocks under extreme ends to get exact dihedral. Let cement set until thoroughly dry. Make two sets of



NEUPORT 17 CL.

scaffolding out of odds and ends to rest the top wing tips on so top wing is in exact position over fuselage. Now you can measure and make all struts to just slip in between top and bottom wings.

When you are sure of the strut's length and shape cement the center section struts into place. Let them set, then get the larger "V" struts on outer ends of wing in place. When all joints are dry lock up the entire plane as you did top wing and attach undercarriage parts to fuselage in same manner wing struts were anchored into place. Tail assembly may now be cemented into place, also skid.

PAINTING

Never paint or enamel a model until all pores in the wood have been filled. Dope or shellac painted on in several coats will accomplish this. This filling keeps paint from sinking in and becoming dead-looking and lusterless. Sand lightly between each coat. Special airplane model paint, lacquer or enamel are good for the finished color job. Ordinary house paint will

do, but it will take much longer to dry.

As to colors we like you to use your own judgment. If you go for gaudy colors, fly at it with a vivid can of paint. If you want to stick to grey or slate color, that will be fine, too.

USE YOUR INITIATIVE!

The main joy of model building is the satisfaction of making something with your own hands, of using your inventive initiative when you come up against the small details—of saying: "I built it myself. I used my judgment here and there and I did a good job." So, more power to you!

If you have good ways of constructing parts of your models other than the way we suggest, by all means use them, for after all, it is the finished model that counts, and not the procedure of construction. The help we try to give is for those who need it or for those who get a kick out of trying different methods. So, you old-timers, bear with us when unavoidable repetition occurs in these articles.

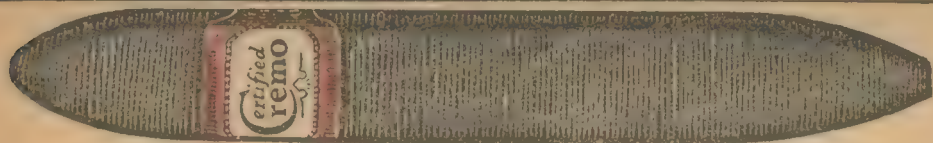
Good luck on the Nieuport 17 C. 11



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

HOW TO BUILD THE SPAD 13 C. 1

*A Famous World-War Plane Built in France and Used by
Most of America's Great Aces, Including Rickenbacker*



*You don't have to pay 5¢
for a fine long-filler cigar...*

SMOKE **Cremono** NOW 3 FOR 10¢

JUST PLANE NUTS



The sidecar plows right at the firing squad

*Facing Firing Squads is All in the Day's Work for These
Two Mischievous Madcaps of the Sky Lanes!*

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Author of "Flying Fishy," "Rumpler Stakes," etc.

THERE is a reason, they say, for everything being in the world, including vermin and Ambrose Hooley. I can understand about exterminating companies not being able to make a living if it were not for vermin, but I will never be convinced that Ambrose is anything but a threat to civilization.

I bunk with the little tomato on

the drome of Major Bertram Bagby's 93rd Squadron near Commercy because nobody else will, and I guess it is because the Spinks were always kind to dumb animals. Lieutenant Ambrose Hooley has a map that is as homely as a dented tar bucket and he would rather get into a fight than into a Folies Bergere dame's dressing room.

AN AMBROSE HOOLEY HOWL

Let us start in at the mess one night in May. Any story that has Ambrose in it usually starts with a mess and ends up in one. "Bug-Eye" Boomer, flight leader, comes in late and tells us that a brass hat or two are in a huddle with the Old Man over in the Operations shack and that something is up.

"We are," Ambrose chirps. "Up a tree, heh, heh! I knowed I'd never git to see that nurse in Commercy tonight. And there's an M.P. I want to git in an alley for just about a minute. Muley, pass the ketchup, and I'm askin' you for the last time. Else I will crawl all over your frame gittin' it."

"Shut up, Lame Brain," Bug-Eye snaps at Ambrose, "and move over. You take up more room in a chair than an octopus."

"Maybe you would want to try movin' me, huh?" Ambrose glowers, dropping his knife. If he ever lost it, he would starve to death.

NOW Bug-eye had had a tough day upstairs and was in no mood to pull taffy with nobody. He grabs Ambrose by the neck and flips the little crackpot over backward. Ambrose comes up from the floor like he was on springs and he hits Bug-Eye right on the prop boss.

The skipper of "A" Flight goes into a clinch and he worries Ambrose right off his feet just as Bagby and a pair of brass hats come into the mess shack. Bug-Eye immediately says:

"That's it, Ambrose! Open a little wider as I am sure I am gettin' it." He yanks up the little tomato's eyelid and looks toward me and asks for a handkerchief.

"Uh—er—what's going on here?" Bagby roars. "Get up off the floor, Boomer!"

"Yessir! But Hooley has somethin' in his eye an' I was gettin' it out. How do you feel, Ambr—"

"I will knock your—er— Fine, Bug-Eye. It feels like I have an eight ball in my glimmer. Why—er—it's gone! Thanks, ol' man."

The brass hats look doubtful and one of them says the eight ball must have bounced out and hit Bug-Eye Boomer in the nose as it's not cranberry juice that is dripping from the flight leader's schnozzle.

"Ha," I says, "it was a painful operation and Ambrose struggled. His elbow—"

"Get up—both of you!" the C.O. yips. "Be brisk!"

In a couple of minutes we find out that the biggest of the swivel chair rough riders is called Colonel LeRoy Muffit. He is a big gink with chops like an English bull pup and eyes that could look through a cement block. Bagby is standing behind the brass hat and says something to him but Muffit does not answer him. I see the other big boy from Chaumont move up a little and look at Muffit before he speaks.

"I'd suggest, Muffit," he pipes up, "that we—er—tell these men about that job that has to be done. Unless Major Bagby—er—would rather—"

"I'll tell 'em," Muffit rips out. "Why beat around the bush? They didn't come over here to attend a church supper."

"I am sure," Bagby starts in, still standing behind Muffit, "that it is my place to—"

The colonel don't even let the Old Man finish. I look at Ambrose and the little halfwit has a funny expression around his peepers. I don't like the grin on his pan either. Before anybody says a word he says right out:

"Somebody tell us quick! I can't wait. Look at me shake."

Muffit inflates like a big bullfrog and explodes at Ambrose:

"I know one wiseacre who won't have to volunteer to get himself rubbed out!" Then he whirls on the

Old Man. "You don't teach much discipline on this drome, do you Bagby? Huh, it was a painful duty at first. Now it is a pleasure! Somebody's got to go out across the lines and get some important papers we left behind after the Krauts drove the Yanks out of the Thiaucourt salient. It might as well be you guys!"

"Yeah," Bagby snorts. "It generally is, Colonel. What's the matter with the rest of the dromes? Gone into the hands of receivers?"

MUFFIT does not even turn around to glare at the Old Man. He says to the brass hat with him: "Go out and get that map that's in the car, Major. I'll want to show these men just where those papers should be."

Ambrose Hooley gets behind Muffit when the other officer goes out and before we know what he is up to he says:

"If I had your mug, Muffit, I would go out and make a lot of dough sourin' dill pickles. Why, you big fathead, you! I'd—"

Major Bagby tries to speak but he is too close to a stroke and I could not have tore a cigarette paper in half I am that weak. But Colonel LeRoy Muffit does not bat an eye and keeps on talking.

"The papers are in a small *abri* in a leather case," he said. "My name is on the case. There is a place where a plane could land around dusk and a pilot could rush to that *abri* and get the paper before the Krauts got him. Of course there is a chance of getting killed. This job needs a fast runner."

"That lets me out," Ambrose pipes up. "The best I could do back in that Kansas High School hundred-yard dash was a minute and a half. The track coach told me—"

"Shut your face, Hooley!" Bagby chokes out. "Er—not you, sir. I mean that lieutenant behind—"

Ambrose looks very innocent when the brass hat turns around and glares at him. The little tomato pushes something around on the floor with his foot but there is nothing there as far as anybody can see. Muffit swears and takes up where he left off. The other Chaumont politician comes in with a map and spreads it out on the table and Muffit leans over it. He stabs a forefinger as big as a banana at a certain spot and looks up.

"There's the place," he says.

"Let's look," Ambrose says. "I want to see where we will all get buried. Come on, Muley."

"Listen," I hiss at the trouble brewer, "don't you dare drag me into this! I will have nothing to do with you for the next two weeks."

"Ha? That nurse in Commercy has a friend, Muley," he reminds me. "Did you forget?"

"I intend to," I says testily. "I will never forget the last dame you dug up for me. She had a nose like an old bicycle seat and she was cock-eyed to boot. Stay away from me, you—"

In about twenty more minutes the brass hats are gone and we are very sure all of us will be inside of a week. The Old Man picks up a biscuit and starts nibbling at it and looking at Ambrose very queerly.

"I don't know how you got away with insultin' that officer," he says. "I only wish I knew, as I have some nice names to call him." His voice starts rising the more he thinks of things. "It is suicide—this job they have dished out and—"

"No job around here," Ambrose interrupts, "could get insured. Didn't you guys notice? That brass hat is as deaf as a railroad spike and he's trying to kid the public so he can stay in the *guerre*. He has to read a guy's lips to get what he says. What fun we'll have, huh, Muley?"

"I told you not even to speak to

me," I snap at him. "Er—yeah! Ha ha! Wait until he comes back again. I hope he's alone."

"Shut up, you two," Bagby bellows. "I'm talking, in case you hadn't noticed it. Tomorrow night we will draw lots to see who takes the first crack at getting the papers back. They sure must be important, men. Now we've got twenty-four hours to—er—get ready. Let's just stop thinking about it until then. We will take it easy tomorrow against the Boche."

"Sure," Ambrose hoots, "once I knew a guy who was goin' to git hung. They took his suspenders away from him so he could not hang himself ahead of time. It's awful nice of you, sir."

"Keep your mouth buttoned up or we won't have to draw lots!" the Old Man hollers.

"Yeah," I gulp, "stop askin' for it, you fathead!"

TROUBLE never comes to the 93rd unless it is in bunches like grapes and Chaumont, and all the other front offices of the Allies are also worried about the Jerry troops that are supposed to have been dragged off the Italian front and tossed back of St. Mihiel to back up the Kraut forward wall. The coaches at Chaumont think that Hindenburg might try an end-around play or a crack through the Yankee left tackle and keep on going right into the end zone which is the Rue de la Paix in Paris.

All kinds of raids have been made on Kraut trenches but the doughs do not seem able to grab a couple of Heinies so they can cut the shoulder straps off their coats or the buttons off their pantaloons. Chaumont wants proof that a certain Prussian second team has been brought over to the Western front and they can't wait too long. It has been rumored that the Air Force will be asked to

help in any way they can figure it out, too.

"What could we do in our spare time to help out the Navy?" Ambrose asks the C.O. "Hah! I got an idea about the shoulder straps. We could hedgehop over the Kraut trenches with grappling hooks an' might even snag a couple of Dutch bums out of the trenches. Or if we had magnets strong enough, we could get the buttons off their panties. Well, I am goin' into Commercy. C'mon, Muley!"

The C.O. is a little groggy and does not seem to hear what Ambrose says. I look hopefully at him and when he does not forbid the little crackpot to leave the drome, I snap:

"Butterflies will all be wearin' mackinaws when I go anywheres with you again, Ambrose Hooley! I wash my hands of you and comb you out of my hair. I would only get into a fight or the *bastille*."

"You must be gittin' old, Muley. Listen—" The tomato gets up close and whispers in my ear. "You have been squawkin' about bein' broke since I took you over in that last crap game, ain't you? Well, I will show you how to make a ccuple of francs. Didn't Muffit say he was goin' into Commercy for awhile, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Well, then, foller me, Muley Spink."

I guess I am just a weak character because I follow the little pouter pigeon into Commercy. Who do we meet when we are about to ankle into our third grog shop but a very tough looking dough who has an M.P.'s brassard draped over his biceps. Ambrose quickly bunches his fists and brays:

"So it's you, is it, McGurk? I been lookin' for you! If you're man enough, you will come into an alley an'—"

"Threatenin' an M.P., are ya?"

McGurk snorts. "Don't forgit I had you in a *bastile* over night oncet, Lootenant, an'—"

Ambrose's attention has already wandered. He is looking at a boiler that is just pulling up to the curb. Out of it steps Colonel LeRoy Muffit and the brass hat is all by himself like a leper.

Ambrose turns back to the M.P. and brags:

"I will insult the colonel an' git away with it!"

"Oh yeah?" McGurk says, licking his chops. "I'll bet ya fifty bucks, ya won't! I'll have ya in a klink before ya kin spit."

"I'll take that bet," Ambrose says. "How about gittin' a piece of it, Muley?"

"I'll take twenty bucks," I says promptly.

"Okay," McGurk says. "Here he comes."

Muffit walks by and nods to us very brusquely. When his back is turned, Ambrose cracks: "Hello, Muffit, you big hunk of tripe! I bet your grandfather stole sheep. Go soak your dome!"

McGurk's lower jaw almost falls off when the brass hat does not even turn his dome. Muffit just keeps on walking into the *estaminet* with Ambrose still calling him names.

"Well, McGurk," he chirps after the brass hat has disappeared, "gimme the dough."

"Why—er—how—what in— I—I'm dreamin'! I—er—Lootenant, I only got twenty-five bucks but I'll pay ya nex' payday. How did ya— I'm seein' things. I—"

"I don't want to be seen takin' money from an inferior right on the street," Ambrose interrupts him. "Let's go into the alley an' square up. Wait here, Muley."

McGurk, like a weak-minded dope, goes into the alley with Ambrose and then I hear a sound like a pick-ax handle hitting a sack of cement.

I am already running when whistles begin to blow and am halfway home before Ambrose overtakes me with the motorcycle.

"Git in, Muley," the crackpot hollers at me. "You should be picked to git the papers tomorrow night as— what a runner! Boy, I am sorry we had to stand up the dames, though."

"Is that all that's worryin' you, you wall-eyed bull thrower? Don't you know you'll git arrested an' so will I? You did not have to slug that M.P.! What good is *argent* to me if I am in Blois? Of all the crackpots I ever saw, you—"

"We will not git arrested as McGurk cannot prove it was me," Ambrose argues. "It was dark in the alley and nobody saw us out in front of the barroom. Shut up an' don't always be beefin', Muley!"

THE next night we do not draw lots, as a very sad-looking pilot goes to the C.O. and volunteers to go over to Thiaucourt in a Spad. We find out that Lieutenant Bilkey—that is his moniker—has just got a letter from his dame back home saying she got married to a dollar-a-year man and the Spad pusher wants to end it all.

"I hope a lot of other dames git tired of waitin', too," I says. "We might git out of this alive, huh, Ambrose?"

"Always thinkin' of yourself, ain't you, Muley?" he comes back at me, the fathead. "You ain't a patriot. Bilkey can't run fast and will never make it."

Just before the jilted Romeo goes out to where his Spad is waiting, Colonel Muffit comes driving in again. He is biting his nails when he climbs out of the A.E.F. chariot. He shakes hands with Bilkey and says he will give the love-sick swain a hundred bucks out of his own pocket if he will bring back the leather case.

"It's very important to the Allies, Lieutenant, for the papers to be recovered. If they fall into the hands of the generals—er—Germans, I am ruined. I'm sure you will come back with th-them, B-Bilkey. Y-you're a brave man."

"Nuts!" Ambrose cracks behind Muffit's back. "You big hypocrite!"

"Hooley!" bays the Old Man, grinding his teeth. "Maybe he doesn't know you are insulting a superior officer, but I do. I will have discipline around here, Hooley, or know the reason why. Understand? You, too, Spink!"

"Now what did I say?" I explode. "I was just standin' here mindin' my own busi—"

"Oh, so you're disrespectful to your superior officers, too, are you?" Bagby yelps. "You—"

"I—I—" I look at Ambrose and if I had a knife I would have cut his throat. The homely little tomato grins at me.

We all wish Bilkey a lot of luck but not as much as he needed. Half an hour later he comes back with a Heinie rifle butt sticking out of his Spad right behind where he sits and his tail fin is almost a washout as he slides onto the drome. Bilkey seems to be flying from memory as he heads right for the ammo shack and does not try to miss it.

WE DRAG him out of the wreck later and he shows us where a Kraut bayonet took off part of his right ear. One of his boot heels has been shot right off and I can smell sulphur.

He reaches into a pocket and brings out a spent tracer bullet.

"I'm through," he says. "I resign. I quit. Forty Krauts chased me and almost got me."

Colonel Muffit looks more gaga than Bilkey. He pulls the Spad pusher up on his feet and asks did he get the papers.

"To hell with the papers!" Bilkey snaps at him. "I've had my try. Let me get to a mirror as I bet I look like an albino. Even my eyebrows are scared white. Let me go, or I will bust you one, Muf—"

"I got to have that leather case," the brass hat yelps at Bagby. "Send somebody else out. Why are you standing there doing nothing?"

"I haven't a chair," Bagby sniffs. "It is too dark now to send another Spad out, Muffit. Keep your skivvies on!"

"Huh," Ambrose Hooley horns in, "you'd think there was nothing in the world more important than them papers. What was in 'em?"

"How do I know?" I snap at him. "They must be pictures of the whole Front an' the plans of all the U.S. battleships. He sure takes it to heart, don't he?"

Colonel Muffit goes back to Commercency shaking like a man with St. Vitus dance caught at the North Pole without any clothes on. Ambrose turns to Bagby and asks why the Yanks don't try a counter attack if the papers are so important. The C.O. comes back with a question that stops even Ambrose for awhile.

"Have you forgotten about the Dutchmen who have been moved off the Italian front, Mr. Hooley? The Yanks have got to make sure about those reinforcements so they can bring some up, too. They can't attack until they know. And anyway, who are you to ask questions like that, Hooley?"

Me and Ambrose go to our hut and I tell the homely little crackpot about my dame back home.

"When she gits that last letter I sent her about how many Krauts I have shot down, Ambrose," I says, "she won't never waste no time on other guys."

Suddenly I don't like the look on the little ape's face and I says: "Say,

you mailed that letter, didn't you, Ambrose?"

"What letter?" he says, very innocent.

"You know what letter! The one I give you to mail just before I took off on my stint over the lines the other A.M."

"Oh that!" Ambrose says like he suddenly saw a light. "Why—er—ah—I fergot. It's in my trenchcoat pocket. You wait here. I will look." He starts over to where his coat is hanging and starts pulling things out of the pockets, but no letter shows up.

"I will bat you dizzy if you've went an'—" I squawk at him.

I take a swing at him and then he chases me halfway to Commercy. But I outran him and hid in a ditch half filled with water and I have to wait until it is late and the crackpot is asleep before I go back to the hut. I tie his hands so I will be safe until the next day and then I turn in, half hoping and half afraid I will have pneumonia in the morning.

IT WAS after the noon patrol that some very tough-looking Yanks come into the drome and demand that Lieutenant Spink be turned over to them. One of the Yanks is McGurk, the M.P., and another is a Yankee captain who is chief of the A.E.F. doughboys in the neighborhood.

"Why I ain't done nothin'!" I protest.

"What has he done?" Bagby wants to know.

McGurk pulls out a letter that he picked up near the grog shop in Commercy and it is addressed to my dame, Millie Dusenberry, and up in the left hand corner of the dirty creased envelope is my own name, Muley Spink.

"He slugged me!" McGurk hollers. "Assault an' battery an' it's the

second time. I'm sick of gittin' slugged by—"

"Oh, you snake in the grass, Ambrose Hooley!" I howl. "I will git hunk with you for this. I will—"

"Listen," Ambrose stops me, "how did I know I—you—would lose that letter there, Muley? Listen, I'm your pal. I—"

"Awright," I says, "I will go quietly but—er—ha ha, I was goin' to volunteer to go out an' git the papers. Now I'm safe, huh?"

Major Bagby shoves his lower jaw out and starts thinking. After a minute he says he will be responsible for Lieutenant Spink. He tells McGurk that he will turn me over to the D.A. of the A.E.F. in due time.

"I have use for him right now," the C.O. says and I begin to get chills. "I am sure Lieutenant Spink would rather—er—be a dead hero than a live third-class private. If he is here tomorrow at this time, come and get him!"

"He'd better be here!" McGurk roars. "Look at my nose! Last time it was three teeth I swallowed. That little bloke with him done that. I got a right to pertection in this *guerre*. I'm sick of gittin' slugged by them mugs!"

"He is very delicate for an M.P., ain't he Muley?" Ambrose says to me. "Well, give them your word of honor you will be here in the A.M. if the Boche let you. Adoo, McGurk, and why don't you wear a catcher's mask? Ha ha!"

"Get to your hut, Spink!" Bagby bellows at me. "Don't you dare leave it until I say so. You are officially under arrest."

Ambrose comes in an hour later and tries to make up with me. But I says it is all off between him and me and he will be sorry when they blow taps over me.

"Aw, you give up easy," the little tomato says. "Is it a panic about that letter, huh?"

"I could die from laughin'," I snort. "Ambrose Hooley, why couldn't I have caught leprosy instead of meetin' you? You coward, not ownin' up you smacked McGurk! You dirty doublecrossin'—"

"Now, now, Muley," he interrupts me, like he was arguing over the right time, "it would have been my second offense an' they would have sent me to Blois. I says to myself, 'Muley will go to bat for me this time an' I will make up—'"

"You just wait, Ambrose Hooley! I will git you in a sling like an arm that was broke in eight places! If I ever git back—"

JUST two hours later we get a jolt on the 93rd that is worse than a Gotha attack. A brass hat comes in and says he heard that Colonel Muffit had decided he could not depend on the Air Corps to get the papers he had left behind after the Kraut drive. So Colonel Muffit had got himself dressed up in a Boche *Oberleutnant's* scenery and had gone to try and squirm through the Heinie lines.

"He's nuts!" Bagby exclaims. "He will get shot!"

"I'm for it," I says. "Well, that lets us out, huh?"

"Yes, Spink," the C.O. laughs a nasty laugh. "Us. Not you!"

"If that is funny," Ambrose cuts in, "then I am a canary with spats on. Awright, send Muley out to git killed. It is easy to dish it out but I bet you couldn't take it any more than a Limey heavyweight. He is my pal an'—"

"Hooley," Bagby trumpets, "that is enough! If Spink doesn't come back with those papers, you go out right after him. How do you like that for apples, you homely runt?"

"That is just what I will do," the little crackpot comes back. "Without Muley I would feel like a slice of ham without an egg."

"Shut up!" I says. "I don't want no more to do with you, Ambrose Hooley, as you cannot be trusted."

He swings at me but I duck and Bug-Eye Boomer catches a shiner and the Old Man looks like he is going to develop epilepsy.

That night it is too soupy upstairs for even a bird to take a constitutional so I have to wait until the next night to go over to Thiaucourt. Ambrose comes out with all the flyers and he has a wreath of artificial flowers and a prayer book.

"I always claim it's a shame that people don't see how much they are missed, Muley," the little crackpot tells me. "How can they appreciate what their friends think of them after they have been corned with embalmin' fluid, huh? So I will read a burial service now, Muley. 'Ashes to ashes an' dust to dust, if the Heinies don't git ya, the M.P.'s must!' Ha ha!"

I throw a wrench at him but it misses and grazes the Old Man's scalp. Major Bagby is still being walked around in a circle when I take off and I yell back at Ambrose that I will come back and get hunk even if I am wearing an angel's nightshirt. Then I put all my attention to my flying.

The map they give me before I started out I have got strapped on my knee and when I get close to the spot where the Heinies took over, I take a gander at the map. There is a drawing of some woods and at one end of them is a ruined French town with a church steeple that did not get hit even once.

"Maybe it's got a garter ad on it—the one that says no metal can touch you," I says to myself.

No vons are upstairs but they are thicker down on the linoleum than egg stains on a truck driver's vest. Pretty soon I go down with the Hisso cut and pick out a field near the ruins of the town which is

named Bluey. The Frenchies who tagged it must have been psychic, I thought, as a guy named Muley Spink wasn't coming to no good end on that spot. But I get down all right and taxi across the bumpy real estate to the edge of Bluey.

On the other side of Bluey is the *abri* where the papers are and I leave the Spad ticking over and climb out. It is no Hepworth League picnic grounds I find myself in as not more than a mile away is a sound like riveters working, but there is no building boom going on in France. For a minute I stand there figuring out how far Switzerland is from Bluey, but then the Muley Spink who rallied to his country's call nudged me and says:

"Why, you dirty bum, you! You are a coward right in the enemy's face!"

So I start walking on legs that feel like the bones in them all melted away.

It is when I am close to the wall of a shellacked Frenchie business block that I know doughs are coming who don't sing Yankee Doodle. The Kraut army smells like a garbage dump in the middle of August. I climb into what used to be a pig pen and that is no orchid bed neither.

Five squareheads go by a minute later and they are scalded to the ears and are singing the Heinie version of Sweet Adeline. After what seems like ten years I crawl out of the pig pen and walk into what is left of the town. I am just about to turn a corner when I see four more pretzel eaters come out of a doorway and I duck inside a house fast.

I feel like a balloon with all the air out of it because right there in front of me is a big Jerry brass hat. But even Ambrose Hooley could not have smacked him any prettier than yours truly. The Jerry says, "Ugh"

and sits right down on his padder seat. His hat goes off and the shape of his noggin looks very familiar.

Right away I yelp: "Muffit!"

The colonel gets up and starts tossing out words but the wallop I gave him in the larynx must have numbed his voice. I keep on talking to him.

"Here, let me help you, Colonel, ha ha! I didn't know you with that suit on. Did you get the papers? Did—"

AT LAST he finds his voice and cracks: "Shut up, Lieutenant. The Heinies think I am a real— Oh-h-h, it's too late. Look behind you, you big mouth, and you won't see elves."

"*Zo! Der Amerikaner Offizier du bist, hein?*" a bellow drives an awful draft against my neck. "*Der shpy yedt und der shpy dropper cooms for der Herr Oberst. Vorwaerts, Dummkopfs! Gedt der verdammt Yangkees! Oberleutnant von Brockwurst, hein? Idt giffs der shoodinks by der Morgen.*"

"There, see what you've done, you fathead!" Muffit snaps at me. "Sa-ay, you're that Lieutenant Spink, huh? Well, your folks'll be reading your obit in a couple of days."

"An' what do you think your folks'll be readin', Colonel? A sweep-stake ticket?"

"*Raus mit!*" growls the Heinies and they nudge our empennages with pig stickers and push us across town to where a *Herr Oberst* can make our death certificates.

If a little fairy come right then with a wand and says, "Muley Spink, you can have your choice right now—a Folies Bergere dame, or Ambrose Hooley—which will it be?" I would have asked for the little tomato even if I was mad at him.

The Krauts take us over to a house where there are some Heinie brass hats and they only use up two minutes finding us guilty. The *Herr*

Oberst says a lot of things in German but I guess I looked dumb because he tells us in good U.S. English that we are to be shot at midnight.

"All other armies shoot spies at dawn," I says. "I know my rights. I—"

I think I hear something but I am not sure. It sounds like a sky buggy overhead. Muffit is as deaf as two posts and could not hear an owl screech if it was perched on his shoulder, so he is no help. Just then two more Heinies come in and tell the Kraut foreman that they have found my Spad and put a guard around it.

"Tooken der brizoners oudt und lock oop dem undtil der eggzecootion," says the *Herr Oberst* and I can already feel a spade patting the dirt down on my chest.

THEY lock us up in a cellar next door and put a Boche dough on guard. Colonel Muffit says to me it is all my fault as why did I have to give him away.

"You was wearin' the scenery of one of the Kaiser's boys, wasn't you?" I says so he can read my lips. "Why didn't you give me a lodge sign or somethin'? And say, did you git the papers?"

"No," he groaned. "I would have had them in another hour, but it doesn't make any difference now as if I'm shot, nobody can do—er—maybe they won't find 'em. I had those Krauts fooled. I can speak German as I studied it in college. Ohh-h-h-h, why didn't you buzzards stay where you were! I was getting along all right. Now we're going to get shot! Well, Lieutenant Spink, we at least can show 'em how brave we are. We will not accept the blindfolds and—"

"Heh heh," I laughs weakly, "that will make 'em mad, huh?"

The *Herr Oberst* is an awful

doublecrosser as he sends the firing squad after us an hour before midnight. The bums take us out to a kind of courtyard and stand us up against a wall. There is quite a moon in the ceiling and I know the Heinies will get a good aim at us. Muffit says to shake hands and we will die like men.

"Adoo," I says, and my teeth make sounds like woodpeckers holding a convention on the biggest branch of a giant oak tree. "I—will come back and h-haunt y-you, Ambrose, y-y-you doublec-c-c-rosser!"

It is just as the Heinies are aiming their lead poisoners at our pumps that something comes tearing down the street. It is a Boche motorcycle and a bosco wearing a coal scuttle derby is riding it like he was being chased by Dracula. The Heinie in charge of the murder signals hollers to the doughs to drop their guns.

"Look, Muffit," I yelp, "what is that Heinie doin'? He's headin' right at the Krauts an'— Oh-h-h-h!"

The mechanical bug with the sidecar lifted right off the dirt ploughs right at the firing squad, and the Kaiser's suckers throw their rifles away, let out a blood-curdling yell and start running. The sidecar side-swipes the big sausage eater who is the boss and he does a triple somersault and vanishes in a shell hole. I have never seen anybody make a motorcycle do tricks like that bum was doing. The machine is roaring at top speed and he throws it around like an Apache dancer tosses his dame.

"Run, Colonel," I holler. "Run! We are saved—for awhile. Ha ha! Lo-o-o-ok o-o-o-out! That—"

The motorcycle misses me by a whisker but as it whizzes by I hear a familiar voice that could belong to nobody but Ambrose Hooley.

"He-e-ey, Muley! Beat it for the Spad! Run, you—"

"It is Ambrose," I holler and start after Colonel Muffit.

I catch up with him five minutes later and he is just worming his big torso in through a cellar window. I kick him in the seat and he backs out and puts up his hands and sighs, "Kamerad!" I turn him around so he can see my lips move and holler.

"Listen, you fathead, it's Ambrose Hooley come to our succor!"

"Sure I'm a sucker," Muffit answers, "I never should have left those papers. What say? Ambrose who—"

"Yeah, Hooley! We got to git to the Spad as I think Ambrose has got his crate some place an'— Duck down, Muffit! Krauts are comin' again."

Me and the brass hat hide in some ruins until we hear the Spad growling up over our domes. It goes over us, then dips down and starts opening up with its Vickers. I peek up over a pile of stone and see the Krauts over by my Spad scattering like mice that have been ambushed by a tomcat.

"Come on, Muffit," I yip, "Ambrose is coverin' for us. It is only a hundred yards or two, ha ha!"

I HAVE read about the gauntlets that the old Indian fighters had to run at times but the one that me and the colonel ran made them all look like sissies. A dozen Heinies took pot shots at us from a church steeple as we zigzagged toward the crate. Muffit zigs once instead of zagging and a Boche slug burns his ear half off.

Ambrose keeps pouring lead all over Bluey as we get to the Spad. I show Muffit that he has to grab a wing if he wants to save his neck and I leap into the office and start rolling. We are upstairs when we see Boche air wagons coming at us and I reach for a load of altitude but Ambrose has pumped plenty of

holes in the crate chasing the square-heads away from it, and it is as lively as terrapin with arthritis. But we get up to eight thousand before the Heinies do and I head for the Yanks' backyard.

A Tripe gets in close and bats us in the short ribs and the Spad shivers like it had the grippe. I see Ambrose putting up his dukes to a von over to the left and the little tomato beats him to the punch and staggers him with right and left Vickers.

It is quite a time Muffit is having and once he streams out from the strut like a pennon when I have to backstick. His hair is straight up and stays that way like it was starched and his mouth is open as wide as a gold rush town saloon on pay night. It is just over the lines that I have to go into a dive as two Tripes are getting behind me for a *coup de grace*. The Spad goes for the dirt in a hurry, like a duck diving for fish and I bet I dropped four thousand feet in ten seconds.

The wing is coming off the Spad when I skim over the heads of a lot of doughs who are resting alongside a road. The ship kisses terra firma with an awful smack and goes up in the air again like it had antelope glands and comes down again. This time me and the brass hat are lucky as we land in a haystack. When I shut off the merry-go-round inside my dome, I look for Muffit and see him crawling out of the wreck with his mouth full of hay. There is a lot of over-ripe hen fruit shampooing his scalp and he does not smell too good.

"Wh-why hello—er—Spink," he beams at me. "Something happened, what?"

"I am sure of it," I says. "We wasn't at no revival meetin'!"

"I—I mean my ears," Muffit says. "That dive you made, Spink. Why I can hear things just as plain. Lis-

ten to my watch tick. Ha ha, Spink, I can hear. I—"

"Wha-a-a?" I says and then start laughing. "You can? Well, don't tell anybody as it will be a nice surprise. You know, like 'They laughed when I picked up the pianner, but they didn't know I was from the finance company,' ha ha!"

"Why—er—sure, Spink," Muffit says. "It's a good idea, very good. Now let's try an' get a ride on that truck coming down the road. If I can limp that far."

AS WE ride to Commercy I says to myself I will get hunk with everybody. I only hope Ambrose Hooley was not killed in the dog-fight as that would spoil the fun.

Major Bagby and the buzzards are surprised to see me and Muffit limping into the Operations shack like a pair of geese with corns. The Old Man reaches out and touches me to be sure he is not seeing things.

"Well, well, this is a surprise," he says. "Did you get the papers? Glad to see you, Muffit. Look a little done up, eh? Spink, wh—"

"I'll tell you," Muffit rips out, "if it wasn't for this fathead, I would have got the papers. He tipped the Heinies off to who I was and they were going to shoot me."

"What about me?" I squawk. "They wasn't making me Queen of the May when Ambrose showed up! Ambrose Hooley saved us from doing a Horace Greeley as he come in on a motorcycle and—"

"He went out in a Spad," Bagby interrupts.

"You don't know Ambrose," I shoot back at him. "I wouldn't be surprised if he come back ridin' a horse. Yeah, he saved us an'—"

"They're responsible for the loss of those papers," Muffit snaps. "I'm going to report them to Chaumont. This outfit—" He shakes his head and goes and sits down.

"That's gratitude for you!" the Old Man opens up, thinking that Muffit's ears are still *hors de combat*. "The big lump of tallow! That mutton-headed jassack would bite his grandmother's hand if she was feedin' him honey cake. Of all the ugly missing links, that mushhead tops the chain."

"Yeah," Bug-Eye Boomer says, "an' you have a chance to get one of them lousy brass hats shot an' you have to spoil it, Muley. Look at the big blowtorch sittin' there! If I had a rotten toma—"

Colonel Muffit gets up and turns around. "Oh yeah? Well, Major, I have a surprise for you. You, too, Boomer! I heard every word you said. I'm a mushhead, am I? A lousy brass hat! You'd hit me with a tomato, Boomer. I'm a lump of tallow, am I, Bagby? Well, it is just too bad what is going to happen to you. You should've asked Spink what happened to my ears when he put that Spad into a dive. You'll be a shavetail so quick, Bagby, that you'll—"

The Old Man gets greener around the chops every minute. He looks at me like a sabre-toothed tiger eyes his keeper when meal time has been skipped.

"So, Spink! You went right ahead and let me step into it, did you? Smart aleck, huh? You—"

"Ha ha," I says, "I got hunk. Send me out to git shellacked, huh? Well, it's a long worm that has no turns in it. Boy, if only Ambrose didn't get killed. If he'd only come in now an'—"

Just then the ackemmas start lighting flares out on the tarmac as a Spad is coming in. Muffit hollers that nobody is to go out because he is sure it is Ambrose. He says he will bust everybody if anyone tells Lieutenant Hooley about his hearing being cured.

"I want that bum's scalp, too," he

thunders. "I just want to hear him insult me once."

I lean against the wall and start whistling. Muffit turns his back to the door and pretty soon Ambrose swaggers in.

"Hello," he says, "so you made it, huh, Muley? Ha, I see you brought in the deaf an' dumb swivel-chair jockey! How'd the big moose like the ride?"

NOBODY says a word and Ambrose looks around with his eyes squinted.

"Say, why is everybody so quiet, huh? What' you laughin' at, Muley Spink?"

Ambrose finds out in a couple of seconds. Muffit says that Lieutenant Hooley will get reported, too, for insulting superiors and asks isn't it marvelous he got his hearing back?

"Why—er—Muley Spink, you doublecrossin'—" For once Ambrose Hooley can't find words.

"It is awful tough at Blois," I says. "You push iron wheelbarrows up hill loaded with rocks an'— Look at me hang my head, Ambrose. I am so ashamed of what I done to you!" Then I laugh long and loud.

"I've got all of you wise guys," Muffit says. "I am going to charge you with responsibility for the loss of valuable information that will help the Germans. Disorderly conduct. Disrespect for superiors, and attempted murder. Kidnaping an officer, mayhem, assault and bat—"

"Why, you dirty whosis!" Ambrose snorts. "I saved your life and Muley cured you from being deaf. Well, awright, Muffit, listen to me, you porpoise you. I know a thing or three."

"Shut up," I snap. "Ain't you in a sling enough, Ambrose? Ha ha, I said I'd git hunk. The M.P.s come for me in the A.M. and they better bring a truck as they will have quite a load of prisoners for the A.E.F.

lineup. Ambrose, they say that in Blois—"

"Oh yeah?" the little crackpot cuts in. "Only one guy is goin' to the klink and it is LeRoy Muffit if he does not do as I say. If I was you, Colonel, I would apologize to the Old Man and all the other buzzards. I would tell them in Chaumont that Lieutenant Hooley and Lieutenant Spink should get two weeks' leave in Paris for what they done—also medals. I would have them dismiss all charges against Muley for hittin' that M.P. in Commercy, as—"

"You are a liar, Ambrose," I says. "It was you!"

"Oh yeah?" Muffit bellows. "Give me one reason why I should. Just one reason!"

"Well," Ambrose says, "I got the papers. I stole a motorcycle and put on a Heinie hat and coat and went right over to the *abri* where six Heinies was drinking schnapps. They didn't even know what day it was. Did I wash 'em up! Only six punches. Then I found the leather case and walked right out with it. Ha ha, but not before I cut some shoulder straps and buttons off the Heinies' uniforms. Here's a handful of 'em, Muffit!"

"Y-you did?" Muffit stammers, his lower jaw going into a dive. "Give me those papers, Lieutenant!"

"Not until I have something in writing," Ambrose retorts. "Ha ha, what would Pershin' say if he found out you risked the life and limbs of patriots like us to get back your own memories, huh?"

"Memoirs," Major Bagby corrects him. "Just what do you mean, Hooley?"

"Why—er—it seems that Muffit has written down things about the awful way Pershin' an' Haig an' Foch are running the *guerre*," Ambrose goes on. "He says they're lunkheads when it comes to being tacticians and the *guerre* would have

been over six months ago if— He says the Allied generals could not do as good as boy scout masters an'—Well, a paper dropped out of the bag an' I couldn't help but read it! Ha, I got the grief case hid where only I can find it, Colonel, an'—"

"Spink," Muffit says, his pan going white like a penguin's dickey. "I—er—ha ha, let's talk things over, huh? We're all a bit upset, aren't we? Let's talk the—"

"I am willin'," Ambrose says. "That is why he wanted to get them papers so bad, Major. He figured if the Yanks captured Bluey again and a brass hat happened to find his papers, why—er—he'd be busted clear back to Leavenworth. How is everythin', Muley?"

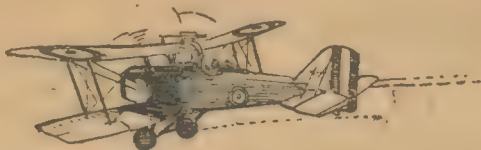
"Well, how's all your folks, Ambrose?"

McGurk and some M.P.s come in the A.M. to get me. Muffit tells McGurk he was in Commercy that night and that he saw the guy who slugged him and it was neither me nor Ambrose.

"You'll be arrested, yourself, if you try to frame any more aviators," the colonel blusters indignantly.

He turns to go back into Bagby's office and the M.P. growls, "You big slob!"

The last me and Ambrose heard of McGurk he was still building sewers over at Blois. Ambrose is not such a bad little tomato. You get attached to a cootie if it sticks by you long enough.



ANOTHER AMBROSE HOOLEY HOWL

SPANDAU RE MI

By JOE ARCHIBALD

PLUS MANY OTHER STORIES AND FEATURES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF THE LONE EAGLE

change to
Mint Springs
*and keep the
change*

Ask for this quality Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey. It's easy on your pocketbook.

A PRODUCT OF GLENMORE



PACKING THE CHUTE

WHEN you take your first chute out of the storeroom and are shivering in your shoes about the jump you've got to make you'll be glad to have a little encouragement.

You'll get it. The storekeeper will finish

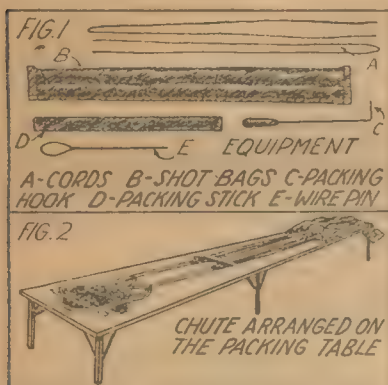
chute will open even if you just stuff it into its pack, it is the sensible thing to do it right. There's a reason for everything, including the way you lay the folds of the canopy in the pack.

EQUIPMENT

Take a look at Figure 1. That's all the gear you need, except a table 45 feet long and at least 3 feet wide, although a clean floor will serve instead, or you may even use the ground, once you've got enough experience to see that no twigs or things like that damage or clog the silk.

You need a wire pin, packing hook, lengths of cord, a packing stick and shot bags. Their uses will be explained as we go along. If you don't buy the gear, you can make it as follows: the shot bags, used to weight down the folds, should be made about 20 inches long by 3 inches wide, of canvas, and containing about 5 lbs. of lead shot.

The cords should each be about four-feet of shroud line. The packing hook can be made from a piece of strong wire, one-eighth inch diameter and eight inches in length. To make the hook end, bend it at



packing your chute for you and hand it to you with a smile. He'll say:

"Here she is. If she doesn't open when you jump, just bring it back and I'll give you another one."

That'll make you turn a little blue around the gills, but you'll grin at the old joke and go stumbling out of the place, swearing that you'd die rather than let him see that you're frightened.

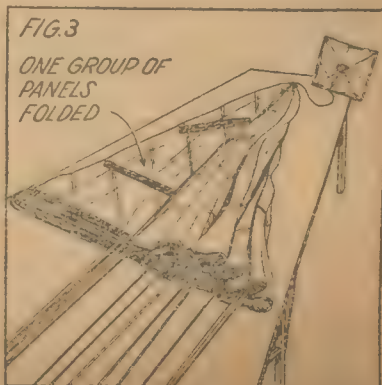
FRIGHT IS NATURAL

Don't let that get you. Everybody gets a little fright the first time he jumps—until the chute opens and he can settle down to enjoying the scenery that's coming up to meet him.

When you're flying regularly you'll want to pack your own chute so you'll know that it will open. That's the job we're going to learn now. Let's get busy without any more of those funny jokes.

The chute today is as safe as any other emergency device, and you can depend on it working if you treat it halfway decently. The smart flyer today is a man who doesn't take any unnecessary chances.

So, while it is positively true that a



right angles, leaving the hook an inch and a half from one end. Polish off the roughness of the ends.

The packing stick is merely a piece of wood one-eighth inch, by three-quarters of an inch by 14 inches in length, with

one end tapered. The wire pins are simple short lengths of wire that will fit through the eyes of the locking cones.

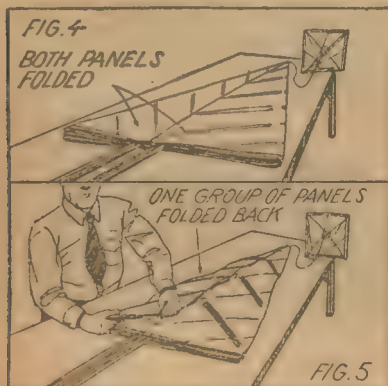
The parachute is a shapeless mass of silk and lanyards when you start. The first thing to do is to straighten it out lengthways on the chute packing table. (See Fig. 2.) The pack and harness are placed as though the airman were lying face down on the table, that is, inside of the pack is lying upward. This is for seat pack; in the lap pack the position is reversed. Hang the pilot chute over the end or corner of the table.

SHAKE OUT THE SILK

Now, place the ripcord in the tube on the side of the harness. Then, shake out the silk so that its folds naturally fall into their position. Lay it down and straighten the shroud lines from the canopy to the harness, laying it out straight. Then hold on to the harness and straighten out the shrouds by pulling them with the canopy, making them taut.

Separate the groups of shroud lines that run to the lift webs from the pack. Then put shot bags on half of the canopy and turn the other half over them. Then you take hold of the hem of the top fold and pull it back toward the edge of the table, holding its particular shroud line in place with the other hand.

You lay that fold on the table and smooth it out perfectly from top to bottom, then do the same to the next one, placing it on top of the first one, and so on until you've



smoothed and folded all the folds on that side of the chute, that being all the folds having lines attached to one of the webs.

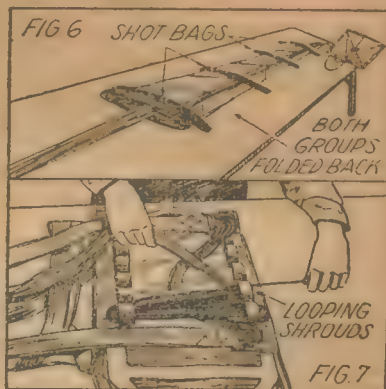
ONE SIDE FOLDED NOW

Now you have reached the shot bags and one side of your canopy is smoothly folded while the other is still crumpled, as in Figure 3. You now place the shot bags on the finished side and fold the other, step by step as you did before until you have that half smoothed out, making it look like Figure 4.

The next step is now to take one group of completed folds and turn them over to the center, leaving their outer edges extended beyond the center, past the shroud lines. (See Figure 5.) The group of folds on the other side is then brought over in the same manner and the lead weights placed on them to hold them. (See Figure 6.)

Free the pilot chute from the end of the table and take away the weights that hold the web in place, then bring the lift webs back over the empty pack.

Now take one group of shroud lines and



pull the canopy toward the pack, giving the lines free play so they may be stuffed in the slots in the pack. You now take the packing hook and as in Figure 7, you insert the handful of strands of the shrouds into the proper slots. They are fed into these containers so that when the chute opens, the lines come out in an orderly and untangled manner.

WATCH THOSE LINES!

As you stuff each bight of these lines into the sockets made for them, you gradually draw the canopy closer and closer to the pack, seeing all the time that the lines are even and not entangled, but are in smooth layers. As you gradually move the canopy toward the pack be careful to keep the shroud lines taut so they won't get entangled.

A parachute that has been used for quite a while might have those pockets stretched somewhat so that the lines are not inclined to fit snugly into them. In that case, you should have new strips put in at once. They are not expensive, and you want your chute to always be in first-class condition. When you make a jump and the chute doesn't work correctly you haven't time to consider trading it in on a newer model.

Now, when you've got the lines packed that run from both webs, you will have the canopy close to the open pack.

You then take the harness and pack together and lift them from the table so that the ends of the pack are in line with the
(Concluded on page 113)

Death's Decoys

*In Solving the Mystery of
the Black Fokkers, Skeet
Hague Teaches a Hard-
Boiled Flight Leader
a Lesson!*

By CHET VANCE

*Author of "Vickers Are Blind,"
"Barnstorming Jenny," etc.*

"A" FLIGHT, with big, hard-bitten "Spike" Blodgett at lead point, droned westward eight thousand feet above the lines. Gas being low and having wasted much ammo on two Halberstadts in a futile game of hide-and-seek among the dirty grey clouds of an early September morning, the flight headed toward the home tarmac and breakfast.

At the center of the formation, left wing, tiny "Skeet" Hague glanced proudly right and left at his Spad's sleek, stubby wings, and patted the vicious, business-like



He followed the Fokker through the maneuver

breech of a Vickers. This was a lot better than an instructor's cockpit of a Jenny at Kelly Field!

Hague, older than his fellow pilots, had built and flown the old pushers before the war. Had taught many younger men to fly at Kelly Field since the U.S. had entered the conflict and now, after months of pleading, he was actually at the front and this was his second patrol! Every cell of Skeet Hague's hundred pound body was trained for flight. He took no odds from any man at the controls of a ship. And still the men of "A" Flight didn't seem to realize that his half-pint frame was an asset instead of a liability when it came to flying! Especially that hard-faced Blodgett up there at point who, so far, had shown him nothing but contempt!

Skeet Hague glanced at the steady-winged Spad ahead of him and frowned. Dammit all! He was flying ships when that pup Blodgett was still—

Flyer's instinct alone was responsible as Skeet hauled back the stick and booted left rudder to avoid the wild rush of Blodgett's Spad which was going up and back over the formation in a mad chandelle!

Hague felt his Spad twist and buck viciously in the prop-wash of the leader's Spad as his own ship matched the other Spad's maneuver with a precision that barely changed the relative position of the two ships.

THEN he saw the reason for Blodgett's wild maneuver. Fokkers! Three of them.

Skeet Hague felt a wild excitement that was new to him at sight of those ships. He knew every feature of a Fokker from the engineer's standpoint; but this was different. These Fokkers were the first he had seen in the air. They wanted to *kill* him!

The other pilots of "A" Flight were coming up now as the Fokker leader flashed overhead, black crosses standing out startlingly against the creamy sheen of unpainted fabric.

Hague tried a burst at the second black-crossed ship, but it was over him in a flash and curving back as, with Hisso full out, he struggled upward toward those darting, twisting ships above.

Five to three—should be pickings for the Spads. Yet, as the other pilots of "A" Flight half-rolled, climbed, turned in an endeavor to line Vickers' sights on those cream-colored Fokkers, Skeet sensed desperateness in the mad gyrations of his fellow pilots.

Flying with a vicious accuracy which time after time put his Spad almost, but not quite, into position for a lethal burst, Skeet Hague realized eventually that these three unpainted Fokkers were outflying and outperforming the Spads in every maneuver.

Blodgett dived from above on the Fokker coming back toward Skeet Hague. Skeet watched the Fokker simply climb away from Blodgett's Spad.

Two of the other Spads converged upon a Fokker and fired short bursts at a range which Skeet Hague knew to be too long. The Fokker stayed just out of range and deliberately pulled back over the two Spads. Skeet pulled up and threw a burst at the Fokker, knowing even as he did so that it was futile.

Then suddenly the rest of "A" Flight seemed to lose confidence. Something was wrong! The next instant Hague realized what it was.

A Fokker rushed over him so closely that his Spad rocked in the prop-wash. He realized then that, while most of those Fokkers had been squarely upon the tail of every Spad in "A" Flight at least once, *not a single shot had been fired from*

their Spandaus! The Germans were merely flying rings around the Spads, not trying to shoot them down!

Skeet's fuel gauge fairly screamed "home." He pulled around in time to see Blodgett's high-ball for home. The three cream-colored Fokkers on his tail seemed content to call it quits, too, as the "A" Flight Spads followed Blodgett and dived toward the lines.

BUT before they reached the lines, four black Fokkers with white crosses appeared abruptly out of a cloud bank and dove straight for the Spad flight.

Howling down with their terrific diving speed, the Fokkers slashed at the four Spads. Skeet Hague pulled up with the others for a returning thrust; there was nothing else to do.

Whatever reason the three cream-colored Fokkers had had for holding their fire, these black demons certainly weren't backward. They meant business. And their Spandaus ripped the air ruthlessly about the Spads.

Pete Harmon's Spad was caught for an instant in the cross-fire from two Fokkers. Hague saw the Yank pilot's frantic efforts to wriggle free from those converging grey lines of death, and with a swift movement he hauled the stick back to his belly and went to his aid.

But even as he turned a sudden hail of lead hammered into Hague's cowling as one of the Fokkers tried to head him off.

As the horizon rocked up vertically to his left, Skeet Hague glimpsed Harmon's Spad wallowing earthward in jerky circles, saw a limp arm flopping over cockpit coaming.

Blodgett's Spad screamed past, nose down and pointed toward home. An arm, raised from the cockpit, signaled an emphatic high-ball. —

Dropping his Spad's nose to fol-

low, Skeet caught a glimpse of white crosses in his sight and snapped the trips forward. The Vickers barked a short burst, clucked once and were silent. Empty belts!

Glancing right and left, Skeet saw Smiley and Wilkins on either side of him now. His Spad's nose dropped a bit farther and the Hisso's voice rose a few notes higher as the lines flashed beneath the wings.

A few tracers flicked right and left past his wings as the black Fokkers fired a parting shot at long range, then turned tail and headed for home also.

The long, golden rectangle of a ripened wheat field east of the drome slid under his wings and Skeet Hague saw Blodgett, five hundred feet below, sliding into the drome, cross-wind, in a dead-stick landing. Fuel tanks empty!

Skeet Hague set his Spad down and, pulling up to the line, watched Wilkins and Smiley land as he ran out the Hisso. Climbing out of the pit he strode toward the two pilots, who, grimly silent, were watching Blodgett approach across the tarmac. There was a tenseness about their waiting figures that stopped Hague's greeting. He stopped beside the other two pilots and waited for the flight leader to come up.

His face harder than usual even under stress of seething emotions, Blodgett halted before the three pilots. He gave the diminutive figure of Skeet Hague but a single glance, returned the questioning stares of Wilkins and Smiley for a moment in silence. Then he spat between his teeth and smiled crookedly, nastily.

"Well, how do you brave peelots like throwing slugs at empty sky while a Fokker flies loops around you?"

Skeet Hague's eyes suddenly became cold as he stared off toward the lines to the north where Pete

Harmon had spun earthward, dead arm flopping from cockpit. The stare shifted back to Blodgett to find the flight leader's cold eyes on him.

"Why couldn't it have been you, half-pint, instead of Harmon?" the flight leader rasped.

Skeet Hague flushed but remained silent. He had known from the beginning that Blodgett didn't like him, had felt that because of his size he was a no-good pilot.

Smiley said, "They must have those new high-compression Mercedes in those Fokkers. They're sure too good for a Spad. Why, one of those damn Krauts had his wheels right in the cockpit with me; I could smell rubber!"

Wilkins nodded agreement.

"Sure, they're too good for a Spad. But I wouldn't have minded that so much, *if they'd have shot at us!*"

Blodgett snorted.

"Why the hell should they shoot when they can kid us into burning up all our gas and ammo? Those cream-colored Fokkers out-maneuver us until we're out of fuel and ammo, then the black Fokkers do the shooting and by the time they pile in, all we can do is high-tail for home—and damned lucky if we have the gas to do it with!"

AN IDEA had been forming in Skeet's mind, and abruptly he decided to voice it.

"Listen, Lieutenant," he said, "I don't think those cream-colored Fokkers had new engines. I think—"

Blodgett whirled on him savagely.

"What you *think* doesn't help a man who made two of you, runt! Harmon was a fighter and a flyer!"

Anger at Blodgett's vicious outburst gripped Skeet Hague, but as his grey eyes met squarely the hot, black eyes of the two hundred pound flight leader, understanding, acquired through years of student instruction, held back Skeet's angry

words. Blodgett had liked Harmon, was tense from months of danger and worry. He had to vent his steam on someone now or crack.

Skeet turned quietly away from the three men and walked toward his billet.

* * * * *

By evening patrol, figures, covering a sheet of paper, had convinced Skeet Hague that his idea concerning those new Fokkers was correct. But what to do about it? Blodgett was leader of "A" Flight and would have no part of Skeet Hague's ideas.

Hague joined the three pilots waiting beside warming Spads for evening patrol. Wilkins, Smiley and a new pilot, Anderson, who replaced Harmon, they were.

Blodgett appeared, said tersely:

"If the three new Fokkers jump us, ignore them. Unless they start shooting, of course. This time when those black ships pile in we're going to have fuel and ammo enough to do business. Let's go."

Over the lines at eight thousand they found that the broken clouds of the morning patrol had closed up into a solid grey ceiling.

Thirty minutes out, Blodgett made his second left turn, "A" Flight headed back westward, five miles across the lines.

Hague could see Blodgett's helmeted head turning continually—right, left, up, as the flight leader watched every sector of the grey ceiling.

Suddenly his head remained facing over his left shoulder.

Skeet Hague snapped his own head around in the same direction, saw three hazy dots coming down through the murk. The cream-colored Fokkers!

That strange excitement gripped Skeet Hague's throat as Blodgett held a straight course. It didn't seem right, Hague thought impatiently, to

let those enemy ships come down on you without doing something!

The Fokkers closed up and their leader swooped low over the point of "A" Flight. The other two curved right and left past Wilkins and Smiley, so close that the fabric of Skeet Hague's Spad took on a new vibration from the pulse of the Mercedes.

But no burst from their Spandaus!

Then began that strange game of heckling. Five Spads, contrary to all instinct, holding grimly to a straight course. Three screeching Fokkers flying with superior speed and maneuverability, diving, zooming, baiting the Spads, apparently contemptuous of their crouching Vickers.

TIME after time a creamy-winged ship pulled alongside of Skeet Hague so closely that he glimpsed the black, perforated jackets of the Spandaus.

Each time Skeet involuntarily hunched his shoulders before the threatening Spandau muzzles of a diving Fokker. Once, straightening up, he saw another creamy Fokker flying parallel to Smiley who rode cover at the other side of the formation, saw Smiley duck as he had done.

Then a Fokker pulled alongside of Smiley as though it were a part of "A" Flight's formation. Smiley, a stubborn set to his shoulders, steadily held his place. In the calm air the Spad and Fokker flew as one ship for a moment.

The next instant, Skeet shouted hoarsely as he saw an arm come up from the Fokker's cockpit. The gloved hand at the end of that arm held something that pointed toward the rigid figure of Smiley in the Spad. The object in the Hun's gloved hand bounced slightly, three times and the right wing of Smiley's Spad

drooped gently. Even as Hague yelled, Smiley's Spad snapped around into a power spin that carried it down and back out of sight.

Then "A" Flight's remaining four sets of eyes were jerked around to a focus upon five black Fokkers which, boiling out of the sky above, wailed down upon the four Spads!

Skeet Hague set his teeth grimly. Here was something a fellow could get his teeth into! These Fokkers would fight!

As the four Spads pulled up to meet the white-crossed ships, the three cream-colored Fokkers curved back toward the east and were soon lost in the ceiling's haze.

Skeet Hague saw Blodgett's Spad flash up in the start of a wing-over, the result of which looked like a sure collision with the leading Fokker.

But Skeet's gasp changed to a rebel yell as the Fokker leader pulled his ship up into a panicky climbing turn and Blodgett, flattening out suddenly at the top of his wing-over, cut loose a stream of Vickers lead that raked the Fokker from radiator to tail-skid before the Spad finally stalled and fell off.

The Fokker leaped skyward, seemed to hang motionless for a moment by its prop and whipstalling, flashed toward the ground like a falling arrow—an arrow that trailed a rapidly expanding tail of smoke.

The second Fokker picked Hague. The little pilot side-stepped the first Spandau thrust neatly. But the black Fokker came back with the persistence of an angry hornet.

This time Hague was ready. A tight Immelmann put his Spad into a position which forced the Fokker to scramble madly to elude the Vickers. Then, as the two gyrating ships matched maneuvers, that strange excitement in Skeet Hague's throat changed to wild elation as he realized that he and his Spad were the

masters of that foe in the black Fokker.

Two laps of a vertical turn and Skeet Hague's ring-sight climbed across the broad, balanced elevators ahead, crept up the stubby, black fuselage. It seemed that the simple pressure of thumbs against trips pushed that helmeted head forward in the Fokker pit, thrust the nose of the black ship downward! No need to follow that one farther! Skeet Hague's elation increased.

A QUARTER mile to the west, another white-crossed ship careened earthward flying death's smoke-pennant. Five hundred feet above it a Spad was boring back toward Skeet, as he looked up.

Blodgett's Spad clawed upward from the direction of a Fokker that, nose down, was making knots per hour toward Germany.

Skeet turned southward with Lieutenant Blodgett, going toward the other Spads. Three Fokkers down, two others streaking for home, and the whole scrap hadn't lasted five minutes!

But poor Smiley had gone down, a passive victim of an enemy who could out-perform him but who wouldn't use the Spandaus! Something had to be done about those cream-colored Fokkers, Skeet Hague thought impatiently. If Blodgett would just realize that a hundred pound man *might* have an idea!

Back at the drome, Hague climbed from his ship and walked toward Blodgett and Wilkins. The two men were staring into each other's eyes and Blodgett was cursing Wilkins in a low, deadly monotone. Hague stopped before Blodgett, squared his shoulders, looked straight into the hard black eyes that whipped around to face him.

"Lieutenant, I know a way to fight those cream Fokkers. I want permission to make alterations on my

ship. If I'm wrong, 'A' Flight loses another Spad and my folks in Texas get ten thousand dollars." Hague said it all fast, to get it out before the flight leader could stop him.

Blodgett's face was working queerly, black eyes slitted. He lashed out angrily:

"Lieutenant Hague, I've led this flight for six months. I've seen men die. *Good men!* And by the God—" Blodgett's gaze, shifting up and down Skeet's small frame, was worse than spoken contempt, "—when I want advice on fighting Fokkers, I won't go to a fly-weight pilot three days out of the Pool!"

Skeet, white-faced with anger, glared at the big man. His silence seemed to goad Blodgett on.

"And speaking of Pilot's Pool gives me an idea!" the flight leader added, and turned on his heel, moving angrily toward the office.

Skeet boiled inwardly as he looked after the stubborn flight leader. He was correct in his judgment of those cream-colored Fokkers; he was positive! Poor Smiley, going down with a Luger slug in his back, had confirmed Skeet Hague's idea. If only Blodgett would listen.

With sudden resolution, Hague turned toward the C.O.'s office. To hell with Blodgett! Maybe the C.O. would listen to reason. True, he was fresh up from Pool, new as a combat pilot. But with his years of experience as an instructor, Skeet Hague felt that his ideas were worth being respected and considered.

Captain Burgess looked up as Skeet Hague strode into the room.

"What is it, Mr. Hague?" the C.O. asked tiredly.

Skeet stuck his chin up doggedly, said:

"Captain, I've come to you over Lieutenant Blodgett's head. I know how to fight those Fokkers that are worrying the squadron to death without using their Spandaus. I have

a plan which I am sure will be successful against them. If you—"

The door banged open and Blodgett came storming in. He glared at Hague, then bellowed at the Captain:

"Harry, if this squirt tries any of his crazy ideas in my flight I'll run him out of the Air Service! Haven't I got enough to contend with—"

The C.O. held up a restraining hand.

"Easy, Spike! Easy! We don't know that Mr. Hague's idea is crazy. We haven't heard of it."

The captain turned back to Skeet Hague.

"What is your idea, Lieutenant?"

"Just a night's work out of two or three mechanics," Hague said evenly, "and the use of my ship, sir, and I'll show you."

Blodgett snorted with anger, then wheeled and stalked out of the room.

CAPTAIN BURGESS stared silently into the grey eyes of the little man before him.

"Mr. Hague, I'm familiar with your record in aircraft," he said finally. "If you're sure of what you're doing, ask the sergeant mechanic for anything you need. God knows, we can use a successful idea."

Within the hour Skeet Hague, with four men, was working in a far corner of the hangar. Far into the night the men clambered about the Spad, labored at benches. At 4:30 a.m., Skeet, satisfied with a final check of the ship, dismissed the mechanics and crawled into his cot. One hour until dawn patrol.

His Spad was the first ship on the line at dawn and Hague hurried into the cockpit for a last minute check up before the take-off. His plan *had* to work! Blodgett would never let him hear the last of it if he failed.

The other pilots arrived. There was another replacement, filling Smiley's place this time.

Lieutenant Blodgett deliberately ignored Skeet Hague and climbing into his Spad, hauled out of the drome into the early morning sky, the four Spads trailing him.

Skeet, flying cover on the right wing of "A" Flight—Smiley's old place — felt that wild excitement gripping him as the flight climbed toward the lines beneath a ten thousand foot ceiling of thinning clouds.

But now the excitement was mixed with impatience—impatience to meet those cream-colored Fokkers. He was staking everything on this plan of his. If those figures had been correct—

He took a deep breath and his jaw muscles hardened. They had to be right!

Blodgett leveled off at nine thousand and turned eastward over the lines. After a few minutes on a straight course, Skeet saw, a mile to the north, a flight of four Pfalz.

Blodgett saw them, too, and turned north. The Pfalz turned north also, apparently not interested in Spads at the moment. And when the Spads were five miles across the lines and the Pfalz were getting farther away, Blodgett gave up the chase and turned westward.

So far, no action for "A" Flight. Skeet Hague began to get tense with suspense. The rising sun broke through scattered holes in the wall of clouds to the east, making horizontal paths of light westward.

Hague was gazing back at the beauty of it when, in one of the light paths, there suddenly appeared three glistening sets of wings! Well, he'd know in a few moments whether his guess had been correct.

Blodgett had seen the ships, too. Skeet Hague saw his back-turned head. The head turned forward again and Hague knew that the flight leader was going to play his waiting game again.

"Ignore them," Blodgett had in-

structed, "unless they start shooting."

Well, they had shot Smiley, hadn't they? Skeet Hague tripped a quick burst from his Vickers.

Then the Fokkers were upon them!

As before, the lead Fokker went over Blodgett. The other two went right and left past the Spad formation.

As the one on the right pulled in toward him, Skeet Hague suddenly slammed throttle lever forward against the stop. This thing would have to be done quickly. Mustn't lose those tracers in empty space!

His Spad leaped forward like a quirted horse. The Fokker pilot saw the movement, started a quick right turn to pull away. But Skeet's Hisso, howling like a fiend, flipped right wing down, jerked the Spad's stubby nose up a trifle.

The ever alert Blodgett saw Skeet Hague's sudden change of pace, saw another Fokker that had swooped at the left side of the formation, pull up over the Spads and nose in to one side and slightly behind Skeet Hague's ship.

By now Blodgett was cursing and tromping right rudder as he saw the landing gear of Hague's Spad tear loose from one side of the fuselage, dangle for an instant by the two remaining struts, then tumble earthward.

BUT Skeet, heart pounding with excitement, was following the howling ship ahead of him, up and around.

For a moment the Fokker held its distance. Then, as the Hisso picked up revs, the gap between the two ships began to shorten and Skeet Hague relieved that terrible pressure in his throat with a wild yell. He could do it!

The Jerry realized it, too! The Fokker snapped around in an Immel-

mann and Skeet went right through with him, yelling at the top of his voice. Now he had a ship that could stay with those Fokkers and he'd match aerobatics with any Hun that ever kicked a rudder!

The Jerry suddenly decided that he had a wildcat by the tail and in desperation started a vertical turn. Skeet Hague flashed into the turn behind him and, easing farther and farther back on the stick with a hand sensitive to the last ounce of flipper pressure, found that his Spad could turn a shorter circle than could the Fokker.

Cold Meat!

Another moment and the Spad's nose had climbed around the horizon to a set of cream-colored tail surfaces. A touch on left rudder, a last tightening up on stick and Skeet's eager thumbs did their bit.

His ring-sight framed the Fokker cockpit and the burst was short. Skeet needed the last round of those slender, brass-cased cartridges!

The head in the Fokker pit disappeared; the Fokker's nose swooped down, snapped past the vertical and a tiny sprawling figure was ejected from the cockpit.

But Skeet Hague didn't watch its tumbling drop. He slapped the Spad level and kept right on going. The whole action had been but a matter of seconds and the other two Fokker pilots had just realized that at least one Spad in "A" Flight was bad medicine.

One Fokker was blocked from Skeet's Spad, momentarily, by Blodgett. The other Fokker, which had tried to follow Skeet in his first action, dropped down on him now as he leveled out of his turn and tried to scramble into place beside him.

Skeet remembered Smiley's fate, and with bared teeth, dropped the Spad wing nearest the Fokker, and surged back on the stick. So flashing was the turn that the Fokker did the

only thing possible to escape being rammed. He pulled up!

Instead of flashing beneath the Fokker at right angles to its path, Skeet brought up that drooping left wing through a flashing, ninety-degree arc. A sudden yank on the stick and there was the sheen of unpainted Fokker fabric in his ring-sight. The flickering grey lance that bridged the gap between Vickers and the Fokker's belly maintained its contact as the cunning of Skeet's hands and feet held the Spad in position under the panic-stricken Jerry.

SKEET HAGUE curved out from beneath as the first wisp of smoke fluttered back from the stricken Fokker. The smoke thickened and the Fokker's wild side-slip turned to a spin.

Blodgett and the others had put on a good show with the remaining Fokker but it was too fast for them. Dancing away from their wildest thrusts, its pilot saw the unexpected deadliness of the one Spad's attack on the other Fokkers and decided to call it a day!

But Skeet, wild with elation now, had other plans. He wanted to examine one of these mystery Fokkers, to vindicate himself in the eyes of his fellow pilots.

The homeward turning Fokker was confronted with a darting Spad, Vickers fangs bared! The deadly accuracy of the tracer forced the Jerry finally to turn eastward. No maneuver served to elude the deadly precision of that Spad pilot's flying. The Jerry turned southward, flying.

Skeet, in a frenzy of action, was on the creamy ship's tail in a flash. The Fokker tried a quick right turn and tracer hammered into his right wing-root. He tried a half-roll and nearly flew into the clutching, steel fingers of the Vickers.

It took but a few more maneuvers

to convince the Jerry that the only direction he could go without bumping into hot lead was southward.

He flew south!

Skeet Hague sat right there on his tail, greeting any deviation from the course with a crackle of tracer past the Fokker cockpit. And behind the little pilot in the Spad, who howled a wild cowhand song into the slipstream, four other Spads rode herd, right and left. In the air, Blodgett would back any "A" Flight pilot!

There was the long, golden field of ripened wheat. Beyond it the tarmac. Skeet Hague sent a threatening flicker of tracer past the Fokker pit. The pilot got the idea! Those tracers were too close to the left side of his head for comfort. Turning right, he throttled back for a landing on "A" Flight's tarmac.

Blodgett and Wilkins dived to right and left of Skeet and fell into place beside the landing Fokker. In passing, Blodgett signaled frantically, stabbing a finger emphatically at the place where Skeet's landing gear should be. Skeet nodded violently and grinned. He watched the Fokker roll to a stop on the runway, a Spad on either side; watched tiny figures jump from the still rolling Spads and leap toward the Fokker.

Skeet heaved a sigh, then sat erect. There was that landing ahead of him! A landing without wheels. Spads were pretty hot, but without landing gear—

Skeet pulled around eastward. When the wheat field was behind him, he turned back. Engine barely ticking over, he struggled to hold up the Spad's heavy nose. Ahead of the rapidly sinking plane, little waves in the wind-rippled wheat rolled beneath him. He pulled the stick back to his belly, fought to hold up that right wing.

The Spad pancaked and Skeet, cutting the switch, was suddenly blinded by a yellow storm of wheat

straw. The storm subsided and he stepped directly from the cockpit onto a mat of flattened wheat.

Men were running toward him. He waved and struggled through the wheat to meet them. He wanted to see that Fokker!

NEAR the Fokker a defiant Jerry faced Blodgett and Wilkins. Skeet Hague halted beside him. The Jerry was shorter, if anything, than Skeet; even slighter built.

Blodgett was looking queerly at the little pilot.

"Well, there's your mystery ship. What's wrong with it?" he snapped.

Hague pulled himself up to the Fokker's cockpit. A moment's inspection and he looked down into Blodgett's eyes, his face split in a wide grin.

"There's nothing wrong with it. But I can show you what's right with it!"

Blodgett legged up beside Skeet. The little pilot patted one of the Spandaus.

"Both dummies, these guns—plywood—lot of weight eliminated there!" He pointed into the pit. "No ammo and no ammo magazines—another sixty pounds off."

He grinned at Blodgett's blank stare.

"Probably started out with half a tank of gas—another hundred pounds lighter." He whirled suddenly and pointed to the Jerry pilot on the ground.

"And there's a pilot weighing seventy pounds less than any man in 'A' Flight, except me! Counting lack of gun synchronizing gear, starting magneto and other accessories, this ship is a good four hundred pounds lighter than a Fokker D7 with regulation military load. Four hundred pounds is about twenty-five percent of the total weight of an unloaded Fokker. That much eliminated means speed, maneuverability!"

Blodgett was struggling for words. "But your Spad?" he said, swallowing his anger, respect dawning in his eyes.

Skeet grinned.

"I trimmed it even lighter than this ship," he said.

Blodgett's hard face was completely bewildered as he gazed off toward Skeet's Spad, flat in the wheat.

"I still don't understand—you had guns, ammo—"

"Only one hundred rounds of ammo and only one gun," Skeet said. "But I'm still ahead of the Fokker on weight saving. I drove a sharp bargain with gravity, traded a sixty pound landing gear for one thirty pound Vickers."

"Landing gear?" Blodgett gasped. "You mean you—"

Skeet nodded. "I dropped it purposely when I went into action. Had loose pins stuck through the strut sockets. A wire from all four pins ran back to the cockpit. I simply yanked the wire and lost the landing gear—and sixty pounds. The Spad loved the lessened wind resistance, too."

Blodgett eased his big body to the ground, turned to grasp the little pilot's hand. Holding to Skeet's thin, wiry arm he faced the officers and men who crowded around him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "during the last three days I've openly belittled this man's lack of heft. But in the last hour he's taught me a number of things about weight. For instance, I've just discovered that he weighs as much as I do—only my weight happens to be *below* my eyes and in plain view!"

Blodgett stared for a moment into the faces before him that were struggling to stay straight and his big jaws hardened.

"From now on, if Lieutenant Hague ever needs *my* kind of weight, I've got two hundred and ten pounds of it that's all his!" he snapped.

TEST YOUR AIR-WAR KNOWLEDGE! C'MON

Sky Writers



1

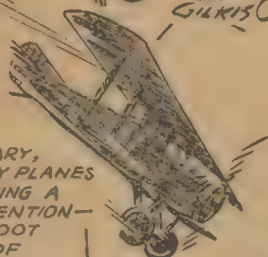
THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACE WHO, DURING FEBRUARY, 1915, SHOT DOWN 5 ENEMY PLANES IN 18 DAYS AFTER EQUIPPING A PLANE WITH HIS NEW INVENTION—A MACHINE-GUN TO SHOOT BETWEEN THE BLADES OF REVOLVING PROPELLER, WAS

R _____ G _____



TERRY GILKISON

2 AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD WAR FRANCE AND GERMANY EACH HAD AN AIR FORCE OF ABOUT _____ PLANES.



3

CAPT. D _____ M _____

THE FAMED CANADIAN ACE; SCORED 54 VICTORIES AND WAS 6TH AMONG THE BRITISH ACES.



4

E _____
G _____
YOUNGEST FLIER OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE, WAS

THE FIRST AMERICAN PILOT TO BE KILLED IN ACTION FOLLOWING THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY THE U.S.



5

A _____ F _____ TAUGHT HIMSELF TO FLY IN A PLANE THAT HE HAD DESIGNED AND BUILT THAT HAD NO AILERONS.

The Answers Are on Page 111—if you MUST look!

Around the Hangar



A Department

for Readers

GATHER 'round the festive board, all you kiwis, cloud-hoppers, caterpillars and grease-monkeys! Put on your best flying togs and don't forget to bring around some candy or flowers! For we're celebrating a birthday party.

Yes, sir, America's favorite infant is three years old. He's got most of his teeth and he has sky-blue eyes, and he packs a wallop in each little fist. You wouldn't



care much about meeting him five thousand feet up in the air on a dark night—if you were an enemy.

The lusty youngster we're referring to is the G.H.Q. and that means the General Headquarters Air Force—as you ought to know, especially if you've been reading this department regularly.

First in Quality

The party's being held a little late, but reports on the progress of the youngster during his first three active years are just now coming through. He's headed for the fourth milestone with motors humming.

However, despite the wonderful strides he has made—which we'll tell you about—G.H.Q. is still in some respects a backward child. Eight hundred ships are needed—and G.H.Q. is operating with only 379 planes, divided into 142 attack, eighty-eight bombers, twenty of which are assigned to reconnaissance squadrons, and 149 pursuits. Then, plus these, there are fifteen service planes, ten transports and thirty-nine other aircraft, most of which are assigned to the training center at Randolph Field.

However, fellows, the G.H.Q. is recognized as **FIRST** in rank throughout the world as far as the *quality* of its equipment and personnel is concerned.

And that's a pretty good record for a three-year-old organization.

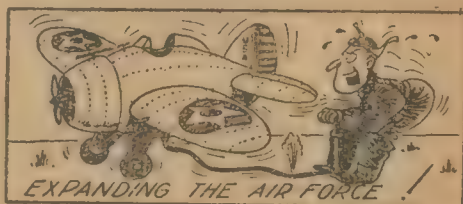
Where G. H. Q. falls down is in the

quantity of equipment. It has only half the strength called for by the recommendations of the War Department Board back in 1933. And in 1933 the government and the public were not as air-minded as they are today. So you can see what a far distance we still have to go! **BUT**—as long as we have the *quality*, half the battle's won. Greater public awareness of our aviation problems, and higher appropriations, will put the G.H.Q. where it should be—**FIRST** in *quality* and *quantity*.

Real Accomplishments

Before the G.H.Q., the aviators in our army fields were flying around in circles. There was a general lack of efficiency. Things were as mixed up as a handful of confetti. An enlisted man never got a chance to get used to his plane, for he was continually shifted to new duties and given different equipment.

The G.H.Q., under Major-General Frank Maxwell Andrews, has changed all that. Now the men who fly our ships are assigned to super-efficient teams which function smoothly every step of the way. Officers and mechanics *know* their ships and



are conscious of their individual responsibility to the service.

The new spirit of teamwork was reflected in the brilliant success of the recent flight of six "flying fortresses" from Langley Field and return in record time. Centralized command made this feat possible.

The record of the G.H.Q. is one of many real accomplishments which point to a great future for American aviation!

Major-General Andrews Speaks

Hearken to Major-General Andrews, who recently made the following significant statement regarding the G.H.Q.:

"It is possible for us to operate against an enemy on the California coast on Monday and to operate against another on the Atlantic Coast on Wednesday. We need no Panama Canal; we need no railroads to transfer the striking power of this force from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast."

"With the small force that exists we are in a satisfactory state of training. But we require additional equipment, additional mechanics and additional operating personnel to bring our Air Force to a size such that it will meet the minimum requirements determined by the War Department."

"It is not possible suddenly to expand an air force upon the outbreak of hostilities any more than it is possible suddenly to expand the Navy at the start of a war."

Let that last paragraph sink in!

Preparedness Important

It means, fellows, that we must be prepared in advance of possible hostilities! Captain Andrews knows what he's talking about—and he knows you can't pump up an air force as if it were an auto tire!

Keep in step with the giant strides C.H.Q. is making and help it to expand! You can do this by becoming increasingly air-minded and backing every measure submitted to Congress which tends to promote air growth and advocates higher appropriations. Write your Congressman and tell him how you stand on the question of air supremacy for America!

Join the Lone Eagles!

Boost aviation every way you can—and above all, join THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA, that great nation-wide organization of air-minded folks sponsored by THE LONE EAGLE.

There are no dues or fees. All we ask is your interest in aeronautical problems and in national defense.

For those who have neglected to join thus far, there's a coupon on page 109. Clip, fill out and mail it in today. It will bring you together with thousands of other air-fans the world over who share your interests.

Letters from Readers

Now let's open some of our mail. It's sure pleasant to read those swell letters you Lone Eagles send to the home hangar—keep them zooming in! Give your opinions on the stories and features published in THE LONE EAGLE and in our companion magazine SKY FIGHTERS and also let's have your views on national aviation problems.

We're sure grateful for all those letters because they help us plan future issues of THE LONE EAGLE in accordance with your tastes and requirements.

First crack out of the letter box is a note from Bert Acosta, Jr., 188 Driscoll Ave.,

(Continued on page 103)

Spare Time Training that helps you Speed Up Prosperity!

DO YOU want to speed up the return of prosperity to you—insure your early and larger participation in the new job, promotions and salary increases—get fullest benefit from the business pick-up?

You can do it.

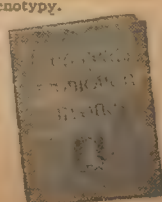
For many months to come, individual competition in business will be tremendous. Employers—up against new problems, fighting for survival and profits—will be able to pick and choose. Naturally they will prefer the trained man—the man who has special ability to offer them.

If you wish this advantage, simply mark on the coupon the field of business in which you are most interested. We will send you full information about the opportunities in that field, tell you how our complete success-building program helps you plan your future, trains you in your spare time, and works with you all through your career. Send the coupon NOW.

----- Find Yourself Through LaSalle ----- LASALLE EXTENSION Dept. 6339-R Chicago

Please send me full information regarding the success building training and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation to me.

- ☐ Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ Modern Salesmanship: Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, and all positions in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- ☐ Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ Traffic Management: Training for position as Railroad, Truck or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ Law: LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ Modern Foremanship: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ Industrial Management: Training for Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence: Training for Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ Stenography: Training in the new superior machine shorthand, Stenotypy.
- ☐ Railway Accounting
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Public Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Stenotypy



Name..... Age.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

7¢ A DAY! BUYS THIS AMAZING NEW **ELECTRIC SHAVER!**

Shaver! Operates on sensational "vibrating" principle. Just plug into A.C. outlet and it starts! Pays for itself in a dozen ways by saving on blades, soap, shaving, etc. Many unusual features. Starting, self-cleaning, safe, surprising, it costs only 7¢ a day! Now everyone can afford to shave electrically!

EARN YOUR OWN SHAVES FREE! Get full details of our rare shaver plan for u. s. money. Don't trade in your face—collect enormous profits. No salary. I on 20 Day Free Trial, plus 1 year money back. Write now while your territory is open. **HUNTER SHAVES CO., 790 Broad St. Dept. H-58, Newark, N. J.**

HUGE PROFITS for SALESMEN

Enjoy **BEAUTIFUL NATURAL-LOOKING FALSE TEETH** **LOW PRICES 60 DAYS' TRIAL**

Made to order by FIT-RITE improved method BY MAIL, all over world. Finest quality. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE SATISFIED.** We take your word. Catalog and impression material FREE. Write NOW!

UNITED STATES DENTAL COMPANY
Dept. 882 1555 Milwaukee Avenue Chicago, Ill.

\$100 a Month Sick Benefit Policy at Special Low Cost

When sick you don't want pity, you want pay. You can now be independent . . . safe . . . secure . . . well provided for though disabled.

A sick benefit policy paying up to \$100 a month, at special low cost, is now issued by National Protective Insurance Co., nationally famous for their \$3.65 accident policy.

The National Protective is the only company issuing a health policy covering any and every disease and paying such large benefits at its low cost.

Send No Money

They will mail you this sick benefit policy covering any and all diseases, free for inspection without obligation. No application to fill out and no medical examination. Men ages 18 to 69 and women 18 to 59—in all occupations—who are now in good health are eligible. Just send your name, age, address and sex to the National Protective Insurance Co., 3901 Pickwick Building, Kansas City, Mo., today. Write them while their special low cost offer is still in effect.

There's a Thrill on Every Page of

THE BLIND SEE BEST

A Complete Murder Mystery Novel

By **MARIAN SCOTT**

In the August Issue of

THRILLING DETECTIVE

10c AT ALL STANDS 10c

(Continued from page 107)

Rockville Center, N. Y., son of the famous flyer. We're sure glad to hear from young Mr. Acosta:

I am very interested in aviation and I am taking after my father. I think THE LONE EAGLE is very interesting and it is the best magazine I buy. My father thinks so too.

Next—James Hutcheson, Bremen, Ga.:

Calling THE LONE EAGLE farmac! Clear the field. I'm coming in for a landing! Bang, crash! STARWAYS OF DEATH was one of the grandest novels I've ever read. I'm in favor of some modern stories and would like you to alternate them with the others. Please consider me a pen pal of anybody who cares to write. I'll answer all letters.

Now hearken to James J. Collins, 20 Thornton Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I have read many magazines, but I think THE LONE EAGLE is the best of all.

I have been up twelve times and can keep a ship level but have never tried taking off or landing.

The plans for model airplanes are very good. I intend to become a pilot. I will answer all letters, so come on you mugs and write to me.

Keep John Masters in the World War. I don't care to have him in modern air yards.

Frank E. Rees, Jr., 102 West 55th St., Bayonne, N. J., writes as follows:

I have had two airplane rides in a Waco. I am very much interested in aviation and at present am studying airplanes and Diesel engines.

When I graduate from the Bayonne Tech I expect to go to an army training school.

I am also interested in photography and if there are any other readers with the camera hobby I'd like to hear from them.

Rees asks whether he can obtain a complete list of pen pals. Sorry, we cannot supply this, but you can find plenty of pals from the lists appearing frequently in THE LONE EAGLE.

Edwin Little, 152 Park Ave., E. Rutherford, N. J., writes in to say that he considers pursuit planes superior to bombing planes.

Sue Randall, Chance, S. D., sends along this interesting note:

John Masters is my favorite fiction character. And incidentally I mustn't forget to add that the Ambrose Hooey stories are very good. I have read THE LONE EAGLE for three years but up to now have not got around to joining the club.

Lately you've considered putting John Masters in modern stories. But here's one who doesn't want him in modern stories for I much prefer the wartime stories.

Speaking of planes, I have flown three times. In one army open plane and two cabin planes.

I'll be glad to swap a few lines with any pen pals.

Alex Lerner, 2967 W. 5th Ave., Chicago, writes:

I have been reading THE LONE EAGLE for a couple of years and I think it is great. Have finally decided to join up.

I intend to become a pilot and I believe that aviation is the thought of the nation.

Please list me as a pen pal. I am sixteen. How about a letter from one of your members? Now I'll "cut the motor" and say yours sincerely!

Bjarne Jensen, Jr., 8th Field Artillery, Battery E, Schofield Barracks, Oahu, Hawaii, has this to say:

Would you be kind enough to insert my request for pen pals in your magazine? I am a soldier

in the Hawaiian Islands, and I would like to have pen pals from the four corners of the earth. I can tell quite a lot about "Wakiki Beach," Manna Loa Volcano, Royal Hawaiian Hotel and other places.

I am 21 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and will answer all letters and exchange photos. My favorite hobby is collecting autographs.

R. Fraser, 10 Somerset Road, Portswood, Southampton, Eng., sends this message from across the seas:

Your air magazines please me and my friends very much.

I think Southampton deserves a special place in aviation history. It is the starting point of the biggest air transport service, the Empire Air Service. Also it is the starting point of the flight across the ocean between the two greatest nations in world history, "U. S. A. and Great Britain." So let's have some pen pals who'd like to hear from someone in Southampton.

Greet S. W. Gregg, 2nd Division, U.S.S. Savannah, c/o Postmaster, New York City, who writes:

Just thought I'd drop in on you. I have been reading opinions from almost every country of the world so here comes one from no place in particular. I have been reading your stories for some time and I like to be able to step back to about a year before I was born, to the World War and go through the battles with John Masters. I prefer that you keep him back in the past.

Now, what do you say, land-lubbers? I'll sling salt-water at anyone who will sling ink out my way.

A namesake of one of America's chief executives sends this letter in from Jubilee Street, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Canada. The name's Warren G. Harding:

In my opinion THE LONE EAGLE is the best

(Continued on page 110)

LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA, 22 WEST 48th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen:

Please enroll me as a member of the LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA, I am interested in flying, and hereby pledge myself to work for the advancement of aviation.

Name
(Print legibly)

Street

City and State..... Age.....

Do you want to be listed as a Pen Pal?

State whether you are a pilot, can fly, have ridden as passenger, or intend to become a

pilot

Date

(Signature)

IMPORTANT: Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you want a membership identification card.

SPECIAL OFFER: To obtain a genuine leather AVIATOR'S combination membership card case and loose-leaf name-book—tear the name THE LONE EAGLE from the covers of any three issues. Mail these to the above address, also enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope and 4 cents in U. S. stamps. Or, if you want your card case right away, send only ONE cover name-strip and 12 cents in stamps, also enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.

If already a member check here ☐

8-38

GEE...I'd sure like to have real HE-MAN muscles!

So would I, but it takes a long while

"Bunk!"

I'll Prove in the first 7 days YOU can have a Body like Mine!"

DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! Don't think you need dumbbells, springs or other contraptions!

Both these ideas are all bunk—and I have PROVED it. All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any apparatus either. In fact, I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs for life!

NATURAL Methods Are All I Need

Here you see an actual photo of how I look today. No muscles have been "painted on." This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secrets of Dynamic Tension can do for YOURS!

I used to be a physical wreck, a 97-pound weakling—flat chested, arms and legs like pipestems. I was worried. I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up. A way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! "Dynamic Tension" is what I called it. In a short time I had the body that has twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Get My FREE Book

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what Dynamic Tension has done for them.

This little seven page book tells all about it. No cost or obligation.

I just want to give you proof that I can do for you what I have done for so many others; give you a head, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with smashing strength, a chest which "cups" out solid and massive, and an evenly developed body that will make others look like awestruck boys. Mail this coupon TODAY! CHARLES ATLAS, Box 777, 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 777
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the man that can system of Dynamic Tension will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, strong body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

—The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man! won in National and International contests.



THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY

This valuable cup stands about 14" high on a black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

**Take steps now to help keep your blood
free of skin-defiling poisons**

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These gland changes upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the blood stream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast now. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

Used HOME-STUDY COURSES BOUGHT and SOLD

SENSATIONAL BARGAINS FOR YOU!!!

Educational books and used correspondence courses of every kind bought, sold, rented, exchanged. Old established concern guarantees 100% satisfaction on every transaction. Write for FREE illustrated catalog and full details. Send no money. Mail penny postcard today! NELSON-HALL COMPANY, 738 MANHATTAN BLDG., CHICAGO.

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to

J. CHAS. McNEIL, BACHELOR OF MUSIC
4153-TE South Van Ness Los Angeles, Calif.

WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT

and Make up to \$12 in a Day!

Let me send you a fine all-wool union tailored suit FREE OF ONE PENNY COST. Just follow my easy plan and show the suit to your friends. Make up to \$12 in a day easily. No experience — no house-to-house canvassing necessary.

Send for Samples—FREE OF COST

Write today for FREE details. ACTUAL SAMPLES and masses of money-getting plans. Send no money.
H. J. Collin, PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. H-377,
500 South Throop Street, Chicago, Illinois.

GENUINE Industrial ONLY DIAMOND RING \$1⁹⁸! FULL PRICE

AMAZING!

Now, at last, you too can own a real diamond ring! This great opportunity is made possible by a limited importation of genuine industrial diamonds from the mines of S. Africa! Guaranteed ABSOLUTELY GENUINE—or your money back! Approximately 1/3 karat real diamond in each ring. No imitations! Actual diamond ring. Beautiful polished mountings. Styling.

1938 designs. Man's model, \$1.98; Woman's, \$2.98. C.O.D. plus postage, or postpaid if you send payment with order. Enclose string showing ring size of finger. Limited quantity. Send order today to Dept. A.
So. African Diamond Importing Co., Salomon Towers, N. Y. C.

(Continued from page 109)

magazine on the market, bar none. But it doesn't appear frequently enough.

The plans of wartime fighters sure hit the spot. All other model plans usually seen are of modern types. Frankly, I'm fed up with building models of modern planes and I hope THE LONE EAGLE will continue its present policy of giving us plans of wartime planes.

Can you tell me where I can get ½ scale plans of the S. B. 50 or the Nieuport 17?

You'll find the Nieuport 17 in this issue! And if you find waiting between issues of THE LONE EAGLE too long, also read SKY FIGHTERS, our companion magazine. It is a good supplement to your reading of THE LONE EAGLE and it appears in alternate months between issues of THE LONE EAGLE.

Here's a note from Wendell James, R. F. D. 1, Sharon, Pa.:

The war stories suit me okay.

As to the argument—should America have more battleships or more airplanes, I want to say that my family and I prefer airplanes but recognize that battleships are necessary for our coastal defenses.

From what Eddie Rickenbacker, ace of aces, says, it is clear that America needs plenty of pilots, war planes, bombers and bomb-proof hangars. And you must remember that Rickenbacker's right, not wrong.

I've been air-minded for a long time, since my first flight in an old Jenny type bi-plane when I was a small shaver. The old Jenny was sure a rickety old crate to fly.

I am now taking up the Walter Hinton Course of Aeronautics at the Aviation Institute of America. I will have the course finished soon and I'm going to take flying lessons and solo after that.

I'm willing to fly in peace or war. Happy landings and "Auf Wiedersehn!"

Norman Knight recently wrote us to say he was surprised at Americans believing they won the world war. Harry Williams of Route 3, Hillsboro, Tex., takes issue with Knight:

Who does Knight think won the World War? Doesn't he know that A. E. F. stands for *After England Failed*? Eat that up, Mr. Knight. Ask him who pushed the Heinies back when they were within a few kilometers of Paris.

I liked the Joe Archibald humorous story in the last issue. THE LONE EAGLE with one long war-air novel and one humorous story is perfect. I'd like to hear from U. S. and foreign buzzards.

Our Next Issue

Crowd closer, air-fans! Here's the forecast for our next issue. In the October number John Masters carries on in his exciting battle against Hun treachery in another sensational book-length novel by Lieut. Scott Morgan—WAR DOOM.

This novel is packed with suspense, intrigue and zooming air action from page 1 to the finish and we know you'll enjoy every word of it. It's a straight-from-the-shoulder account of some mighty breath-taking episodes in the career of the Lone Eagle. Be on hand to partake in them.

In addition, another Ambrose Hooley howl and many other stories and features. And—while waiting—read the September issue of our swell companion magazine, SKY FIGHTERS. Happy landings!

—BRUCE McALESTER.

CANDID CAMERA CATCHES CO-EDS IN

PEN PALS

Here are some new members of **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA**—all air fans. Many others will be listed next month. The figures in the parentheses are the ages of the members.

- Larry O'Keefe (15), 3243-5th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
 Peter G. H. Salmon (A), 26 Springfield Road, Leicester, England.
 Jack Brooks (13), 2228 Mt. Royal Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland.
 Stephen Marshall, 5019 S. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.
 James Ross (16), Rt. 1, East Palatka, Florida.
 Kenneth McRae, Jr. (15), 1165 Kyle, Memphis, Tenn.
 Elmer Yates (A), Kissimmee, Florida.
 Junior Stark (A), 84 Chestnut St., Elkins, Wis.
 A. H. Schmauch (A), Box No. 348, Peach Creek, West Virginia.
 Idy Igchart (15), 14 W. Madison St., Baltimore, Md.
 Ervin Krynski (A), C. C. O. Co., 2542, Xenia, O.
 Wallace Sabin (A), Lander, Wyoming.
 Jack Scarff (14), 443 Hill Road, Winnetka, Illinois.
 Dale Terry (16), Grain Valley, Missouri.
 Jerry Bixby (16), 1503 Prospect Rd., Ashtabula, O.
 Warren G. Harding (A), Jubilee, Liverpool, Nova Scotia.
 Dick Johnson (13), 194 Frederick, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Jack Anderson (15), 22423 Wanson Court, St. Clair Shores, Michigan.
 James Hull (16), 395 Linden St., Brooklyn, New York.
 Keith Shroat (15), Grain Valley, Missouri.
 Joseph A. Villell (15), Rt. 1, Lonesome Pine Resort, Deerwood, Minnesota.
 Mira Hornell (15), 1651-218th St., Torrance, Calif.
 Saul Lane (A), Tonic School P. T., Deposit, Mo.
 Carl Jones, Jr. (A), R. D. No. 2, S. Meridian, Youngstown, Ohio.
 Mickey Fischer (13), 212 W. Congress, St. Paul, Minnesota.
 Duncan J. Cameron (15), Humboldt, Saskatchewan, Canada.
 Robert Newcomb (15), La Jara, Colorado.
 Bert B. Acosta, Jr. (15), 138 Driscoll Ave., Rockville Centre, Long Island, N. Y.
 Tony Mendolia, Jr. (A), 1006 Owen, Apt. 3, Detroit, Michigan.
 Edmund Laskos (A), R. F. D. 4 B 212, Ravenna, O.
 Arthur Vachon (15), Maine St., Shirley, Mass.
 Stanley Kaleus (13), 143-27 232 St., Rosedale, Queens Boro., N. Y.
 Harry W. Upson (15), 602 Division St., Davenport, Iowa.
 Alexander Lerner (16), 2967 W. 5th Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 105

1. The famous French pilot who shot down 55 planes in 18 days during February, 1915, after equipping a plane with his new invention—a machine gun to shoot between the blades of a revolving propeller—was **ROLAND GARROS**, who is called the "Father of Air Duelling."
2. At the beginning of the World War, France and Germany each had an air force of about 600 planes.
3. **CAPTAIN DONALD MACLAREN** scored 54 victories and ranked sixth among the British aces.
4. **EDMUND GENET**, youngest flier of the Lafayette Escadrille, was the first American pilot to be killed in action following our entry into the war.
5. **ANTHONY FOKKER** taught himself to fly in a plane that had no ailerons, which he designed and built himself.

GREATEST VALUE IN AMERICA
NEW
CANDID
TAMDA
FREE

PRECISION-BUILT CANDID CAMERA
 with powerful Wollensak Minivar lens and
 spyglass view-finder. Takes 16 pictures on
 1 roll of standard film.
COMPARE WITH \$50 CAMERA!
 Included Free of Extra Charge
 with any GOLDEN N. JEWELRY
 WATCH purchased and paid for
 on any credit plan. Golden N. Jew-
 elry are now 1935
 based in design and color
 material with gold with rubi-
 colored diamonds, etc. Men's
 and women's watches with
 heavy inlaid wood cases.

NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT—NO RED TAPE—WE SHIP AT ONCE. Rush your name and address with 10c for packing, etc.
 First payment secured by Ironclad Money-Back Guarantee.
YOU TAKE NO RISK. Specify Model You Desire.
SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.
GOLDEN WATCH CORP.
 DEPT. 70, 509 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

NEURITIS

Relieve
Pain in Few
Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago in few minutes, get **MURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes—or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **MURITO** on this guarantee. Don't wait.

PAID BY V. GOVERNMENT CLERK MAIL CARRIER POST OFFICE

U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Illustration of a man in a U.S. Government uniform pointing to a large sign that says "U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS".

START \$1260 to \$2100 YEAR MEN—WOMEN

GET READY
Immediately

Dependable Positions

Common Education

Usually Sufficient

Mail Coupon

Today—

FREE

Name.....

Address.....

Franklin Institute
Dept. T-267
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me
FREE of charge, list of
U. S. Government big pay
jobs. Send me FREE 32-page
book describing salaries, vaca-
tions, hours and work. Tell me
how to qualify for one of these jobs.

EVERY ISSUE OF COLLEGE HUMOR 15c EVERYWHERE

STRANGE DEVICE WELDS SOLDERS

With POWER from Your AUTO BATTERY

An amazing new electric arc welder that retails for the small sum of \$3.75 works right off your auto battery without removing it from the car. It uses a low-voltage carbon that consumes about as little current as four headlight bulbs. Can be used on an electric light socket by using a TRINDL CONVERTER in place of battery. Broken parts are simply welded together by a white-hot electrode that PRODUCES ABOUT 7,000° HEAT IN JUST A FEW SECONDS.

MELTS Iron and Steel Almost INSTANTLY!

Welds fenders, radiators and holes in bodies, milk cans, tanks, brazes broken castings. Works on anything iron, steel, copper, brass, tin or galvanized metal. Details for only \$3.75. Makes permanent repairs for almost nothing.

Used by factories in many operations. Positive MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

AGENTS

Men with cars to sell machines, repair sets, farm, radio and auto repair shops, factories. Free service demonstration makes sales. Up to 12 hours profit. Write today.

2211-CF
Calumet Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

TRINDL PRODUCTS

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares you for entrance to college. Standard H. S. level supplied. Diploma Credit for H. S. subject ready completed. Since subject of Report, High School education is very important for advancement in this country. Don't delay at all. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. American School, Dept. HC-58, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

WANTED AT ONCE!
Mother, Home, Love,
Patriotic, Sacred,
Comic or any subject.
Don't delay—send

SONG POEMS

best poem today for immediate consideration.
RICHARD BROS., 74 Woods Bldg., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Song Poem WRITERS

HAVE YOUR POEMS SET TO MUSIC
by Professional Composer of Songs featured
on Radio, Records, Screen. Submit
best work for free examination and report.

MMM Studios, Dept. 44-D, Portland, Oregon.



A single application on plates—even
lowers—brings all-day comfort. One
application lasts up to 48 hours. A new
adhesive in cream paste form. *Nothing
else like it!* More economical than
powders. Recommended by dentists.
Made by the makers of Stera-Klen.
Money back if not delighted.

FOR FREE SAMPLE write The
Phillips & Benjamin Co., Dept. S-8,
Waterbury, Conn.



DICE. CARDS.

Specialties for Magicians use. Inks,
Shiners, Check-Cop, Daubs. Catalog
ten cents, stamps or coin.
HILL BROS., Box T, Salida, Colo.

CARTOON BOOKLETS! SPECIAL! OFFER!

Establishing Salesmen and Agents—Fast selling line of Cartoon
Booklets, new product. 10¢ each, sent satisfaction for 50¢; 25¢ each for
\$1, or 100 for \$2. Sent prepaid. Wholesale price list sent with
order only. Send Cash or Stamp.
REPSAC SALES CO., 6 W. 13th St., (Dept. GT-8), New York City

THE "SWAP" COLUMN

Here's where you can exchange something you have
but don't want for something someone else has that
you do want. This is a FREE service.

For example, if you have a camera and don't use it,
and would like to have a stamp album, write: "Have
Eastman camera, No. 1, Jr., make, 3 years old, good
condition, will exchange for stamp album with 5,000
stamps, 25 countries—John Smith, 49 Park Street,
Albany, N. Y."

Limit your request to 25 words. No goods for sale
and no requests concerning firearms or any illegal
articles.

Type or hand-print clearly, in submitting announce-
ments. THE LONE EAGLE will not be responsible
for losses sustained. Make very plain just what
you have and just what you want to "swap" it for.
Enclose a clipping of this announcement with your
request.

I have 200 used British stamps to exchange for
100 stamps of your country. Many repeat orders
and regular correspondents from previous announce-
ments. Chas. Coward, 23 Grosvenor Avenue Gros-
venor Street, Hull, England.

Have developing-printing outfit, lead soldier moulds,
crystal radio, carphones, books, tricks, novelties,
and camera. Want World War relics, most anything. Send
list to J. C. Goring, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Offering stamps, saxophone, coins, snapshots of
Mexico and southwest war relics, etc., for stamps,
Indian relics, drum equipment, candid camera, or
what have you. Will appreciate correspondence from
foreign countries. Bernard Neete, 103 East Whit-
ing, Fullerton, California.

I have one electric steam engine, upright model,
in good condition. Will trade for model airplane motor
of equal value and condition, or Edgar Schafer,
212 Union Street, Camden, Arkansas.

Want small printing press or anything else you
have for my radio parts, books, tubes. H. Easton,
1325 South Canal Street, Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania.

Exchange United States commemoratives for new
stamps of foreign countries, with foreign collectors
only. Jim Anderson, 3845 Clarke Street, Oakland,
California.

Book, diary, air books and Thompson pictures to
swap for plane snapshots. Ed Rice, 6134 Oak Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Want gas engine, radio or radio parts or bike
speedometer for my aviation goggles, and floating
compass, snapshots and stamps. John Gamble, 95
Hilton Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Have thirteen 10x12 airplane photos, many dif-
ferent stamps, modern album, various periodicals and
twenty-five books. Want fresh water tackle, bamboo
fly rod or bait-casting rod. John Monicic, 27 Astor
Place, Roosevelt, New York.

Indian head pennies and a few other old American
coins, and other relics are in my possession to trade
for window glass eight inches wide or more. George
W. Wildrick, Addison, New York.

Pedometer, books, actual snapshot of Chinese exe-
cution, gear shift clock, burglar alarm for car, to
swap for binoculars or field glasses. R. Linville,
147 Vienna Avenue, Niles, Ohio.

Have good pair of field glasses and a good camera.
Will trade for United States album and stamps. Don-
ald Frederick, 2 McCormick Avenue, Uniontown,
Pennsylvania.

Will swap supertone guitar and harmonica for bike
or anything you have to offer me. John Muchnok,
Dunbar, Pennsylvania, R. D. No. 1.

CANDID CAMERA CATCHES CO-EDS IN

THE STORY OF THE COVER

(Concluded from page 8)

fellow behind his own lines. When the front firing synchronized gun came into the picture the observation planes had to watch their step. Fast scout planes swooped down out of the skies to drive off the two-seaters.

The German plane pictured on the cover carries a wireless observer in the back pit. His pilot is nosing their plane into a position to observe the movements of three automobiles of the Allies bumping along a shell-riddled road. In one of those autos is the supreme commander of the Allies, General Foch. A leak has occurred. The movement of that auto is known to the Germans. Suddenly an Allied airport becomes alive with activity. "Get the observer of a German two-seater flying ten miles south," is the command to all pilots.

"C'est la Guerre!"

Up zoom the fast scouts. Motors wide open, they roar south. The two-seater comes into view, is framed by the ring-sight of the first plane. A stream of Vickers lead churns through the air, the observer jerks in his seat just as his fingers start pounding out his code message. The wireless goes dead, riddled with bullets. The German observer grabs at his arm as blood spills from a wound. Three other Allied scout planes blaze at the staggering German wireless plane. It literally goes to pieces under the terrific fire.

Below, a sad-faced little man watches the encounter from his open automobile. He shudders as he sees the plane explode.

"C'est la guerre!" he says slowly to his aide sitting beside him. "Possibly we will be the next."

"No, I do not think so," replies the aide. "At least not as long as those planes of ours fly overhead!"

THE L.E.A. FLYING COURSE

(Concluded from page 94)

silk canopy. Find the end of the pack which contains the ripcord tubing and turn it away from the silk.

IF IT'S A LAP PACK—

The above is for the seat pack. In the case of the lap pack you reverse this procedure. Then you spread it out so that all the flaps are open—and in the next lesson I'll tell you the next step.

And in the meantime, study these pictures that an artist has drawn for you, memorize the different parts of the chute, and practice folding the silk and stuffing in the lanyards, or shrouds as they are also called. And I'll be around in the next issue to see that you've done it right.

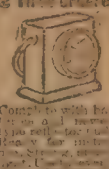
—BRUCE McALESTER.

GUARANTEED TIRES

GOOD YEAR GOODRICH
FIRESTONE PULSAR
DUNLOP

FREE!

LANTERN
With Every
3 Tires ordered



Complete with fuel, glass and burner. Light up your car. Light up your home. Light up your business. Order now.

World's Lowest
TIRE PRICES
Tire users by the thousands all over the U.S.A. vouch for the Long Hard Service of our Standard Safety tires recommended with high grade materials and latest methods by our tire experts. Our 21 years experience assures it possible to collect lowest prices, with legal agreement to replace at 25 per cent of the full price after 12 miles service.

EVERY TIRE GUARANTEED!

BALLOON TIRES				REGULAR CORD TIRES			
Size	Tube	Size	Tube	Size	Tube	Size	Tube
28x3 1/2	\$12.15	28x3 1/2	\$12.15	28x3 1/2	\$12.15	28x3 1/2	\$12.15
28x3 1/4	\$11.75	28x3 1/4	\$11.75	28x3 1/4	\$11.75	28x3 1/4	\$11.75
28x3 1/8	\$11.40	28x3 1/8	\$11.40	28x3 1/8	\$11.40	28x3 1/8	\$11.40
28x3	\$11.05	28x3	\$11.05	28x3	\$11.05	28x3	\$11.05
28x2 3/4	\$10.70	28x2 3/4	\$10.70	28x2 3/4	\$10.70	28x2 3/4	\$10.70
28x2 1/2	\$10.35	28x2 1/2	\$10.35	28x2 1/2	\$10.35	28x2 1/2	\$10.35
28x2 1/4	\$10.00	28x2 1/4	\$10.00	28x2 1/4	\$10.00	28x2 1/4	\$10.00
28x2 1/8	\$9.65	28x2 1/8	\$9.65	28x2 1/8	\$9.65	28x2 1/8	\$9.65
28x2	\$9.30	28x2	\$9.30	28x2	\$9.30	28x2	\$9.30
28x1 3/4	\$8.95	28x1 3/4	\$8.95	28x1 3/4	\$8.95	28x1 3/4	\$8.95
28x1 1/2	\$8.60	28x1 1/2	\$8.60	28x1 1/2	\$8.60	28x1 1/2	\$8.60
28x1 1/4	\$8.25	28x1 1/4	\$8.25	28x1 1/4	\$8.25	28x1 1/4	\$8.25
28x1 1/8	\$7.90	28x1 1/8	\$7.90	28x1 1/8	\$7.90	28x1 1/8	\$7.90
28x1	\$7.55	28x1	\$7.55	28x1	\$7.55	28x1	\$7.55
28x3/4	\$7.20	28x3/4	\$7.20	28x3/4	\$7.20	28x3/4	\$7.20
28x1/2	\$6.85	28x1/2	\$6.85	28x1/2	\$6.85	28x1/2	\$6.85
28x1/4	\$6.50	28x1/4	\$6.50	28x1/4	\$6.50	28x1/4	\$6.50
28x1/8	\$6.15	28x1/8	\$6.15	28x1/8	\$6.15	28x1/8	\$6.15
28x0	\$5.80	28x0	\$5.80	28x0	\$5.80	28x0	\$5.80

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tube	Size	Tube
30x6	\$12.50	30x6	\$12.50
30x5 1/2	\$12.15	30x5 1/2	\$12.15
30x5	\$11.80	30x5	\$11.80
30x4 1/2	\$11.45	30x4 1/2	\$11.45
30x4	\$11.10	30x4	\$11.10
30x3 1/2	\$10.75	30x3 1/2	\$10.75
30x3	\$10.40	30x3	\$10.40
30x2 1/2	\$10.05	30x2 1/2	\$10.05
30x2	\$9.70	30x2	\$9.70
30x1 1/2	\$9.35	30x1 1/2	\$9.35
30x1	\$9.00	30x1	\$9.00

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tube	Size	Tube
30x6	\$13.50	30x6	\$13.50
30x5 1/2	\$13.15	30x5 1/2	\$13.15
30x5	\$12.80	30x5	\$12.80
30x4 1/2	\$12.45	30x4 1/2	\$12.45
30x4	\$12.10	30x4	\$12.10
30x3 1/2	\$11.75	30x3 1/2	\$11.75
30x3	\$11.40	30x3	\$11.40
30x2 1/2	\$11.05	30x2 1/2	\$11.05
30x2	\$10.70	30x2	\$10.70
30x1 1/2	\$10.35	30x1 1/2	\$10.35
30x1	\$10.00	30x1	\$10.00

SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT on cash tire ordered. (\$3.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship C.O.D. Collect 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. To all orders promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW — GUARANTEED.

PERRY-FIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO.
2223-26 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. T-111, Chicago, Ill.

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE Itching of Insect Bites

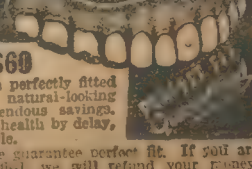
Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, hives, scales, eczema, and other externally caused skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it — or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

WANTED

ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration Send poems to
COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS, Ltd., Dept. 30, Toronto, Can.

FALSE TEETH



SAVE \$10 TO \$60

Thousands have been perfectly fitted by mail with fine, natural-looking teeth—and at tremendous savings. Don't endanger your health by delay, when it costs so little.

60 DAY TRIAL We guarantee perfect fit. If you are not completely satisfied we will refund your money.

FREE IMPRESSION MATERIAL—Instruction and Price List. Send No Money. Impressions are easy to take.

DON'T WAIT! DELAY MEANS DANGER!

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TODAY!

ORADENTAL LABORATORIES, Inc.
Room 326-A, Huron Bldg., GARY, INDIANA

EVERY ISSUE OF COLLEGE HUMOR 15c EVERYWHERE

113

You're *unless you* **LICKED** **LEARN**

• Truth is strong medicine. The truth about millions of men in American industry is this—they don't **KNOW** enough to succeed! They lack the knowledge and training that only **study** can give them.

The names of I. C. S. students are the names of those men who refuse to

submit to circumstances that deprive them of high school or college educations. They study at home, in their spare time. They refuse to be licked by lack of training!

Are you going to admit defeat? Or, are you going to mail the attached coupon today—for a happier tomorrow!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 3969-M, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject *before* which I have marked X: ★

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge and Building Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning and Cooling | | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer | | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric Engineer | | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | | <input type="checkbox"/> Mine Foreman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Management of Inventions | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives | | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman | | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Welding, Electric and Gas | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering | | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming |

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards |

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES


- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Home Dreammaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Advanced Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Tea Room and Cafeteria Management, Catering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking and Designing | | |

Name.....Age.....Address.....

City.....State.....Present Position.....


If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!




**HELPS
A LOT...
GIVES ME
MORE
SPARE TIME**

A Royal Portable helps me with my school work. I'm practicing typing, too—so Dad has for that prohibited me.




**TRIED ALL...
PREFERS
ROYAL**

Most of my courses at college demand typewritten reports. That's why I made the family give me a Royal Portable.




**PLANS
TO BE
AUTHOR...**

All my life I've wanted to write! Now I'm finishing my book. I'm helping my Royal—I like him make more money.



**MAKES
MORE
MONEY...**

Where I work, ideas count—but they're typed. Since I own a Royal I've already had one raise.



**GAVE
WHAT HE
NEVER HAD!**

Last week I finished a story. I never had! Now they use a Royal Portable for all their writing.

only a
few cents
A DAY



**FREE
HOME
TRIAL**

"Handsomest—Easiest to Use—Greatest Value—Finest PORTABLE of ALL!"

Free Home Trial for every member of the family! Without risking a single penny—prove that a Royal Portable will help the students in your family to write easier, faster—do more! Prove that it will help you get your ideas and reports down on paper in a modern, intelligent manner; make more money! Prove that Mother can take care of her correspondence easier with a Royal.

Only a Few Cents a Day! See what a latest model, factory-new Royal Portable can do for your family. Then own it on your own terms—cash or only a few cents a day.

**ROYAL GIVES YOU ALL
THESE AMAZING
LUXE WRITING-EASE
FEATURES...** Finger Comfort
Trol... Automatic Paper
Lock... Genuine Dust Pro-
tector... Toned Glass-proof
lens... Many other office
typewriter features. Takes
paper 9 1/2" wide... Uses
standard 2-color ribbon...
Full size keyboard.

**MAIL
TODAY!**

This coupon brings complete up-to-minute information of interest to everyone. No obligation.

FREE!

Royal's Instant
Typing Chart. It
shows you how to
type RIGHT.



ALSO!

With every Royal
Portable a smart
Carrying Case.
No extra cost!

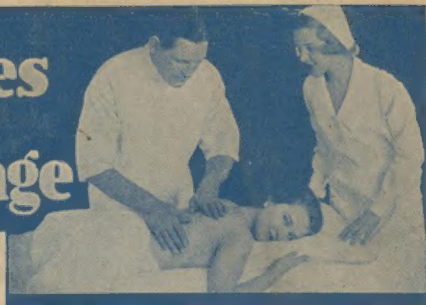


ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Inc. Send no money! Act quickly!
2 Park Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can buy—on easy monthly terms—a latest model, factory-new Royal Portable—complete with Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Make That Old Machine Help Pay For Your New Portable! I own a.....
Serial No.....
I will you allow me CASH payment on a New Royal?

**Learn
This
Profitable,
Fascinating**

Large Incomes FROM Swedish Massage



Profession in 90 Days, at Home

Hundreds of Men and Women have found Independence this way

If you are looking for a *new and better* way to make a living, take up *Swedish Massage*, a **DIGNIFIED FASCINATING, PROFITABLE PROFESSION**, and one of the few still open to men and women without college training. Hundreds of graduates of our *home study* course, either have fine positions or a private practice of their own. Many report minimum earnings of \$50.00 per week, while H. C. Crittendon, who received his diploma January 1st, 1930, reports averaging \$60.00 per day.

Plenty of Opportunities Open

This interesting, big pay profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a mere fraction of the former price, and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert's pay. There is a big demand for trained men and women from beauty shops, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs, doctors and private patients. Prepare for this profitable profession *now*

A Dignified Profession

The expert in Swedish Massage is recognized as a professional of the highest type, commanding the respect of everyone in his community. Here is a profession, now open to you, which makes you a public benefactor; for the skill we teach you is of great aid in many human ailments as well as in building beauty—it offers you position, both professional and social, it offers you independence, freedom from worry and the respect and admiration of your neighbors and friends.



YOU Can Learn at Home

Turn spare hours into money. Use spare time at home to master a profession which has made thousands of dollars yearly for ambitious men and women. Many graduates have completed this training in just a few months, but you can take your own time. It need not interfere with your other work or pleasure. All instruction has been prepared by the teachers in our well known resident school—the same material is used and a diploma is awarded upon graduation.

Experts in Reducing

Many of our students become **specialists in reducing**. Thousands of men and women pay huge sums to take off fat. Enroll now—get the benefit of instruction by the teachers in our famous resident school. This course includes lessons in Dietetics, Reducing Diets, Hydro-Therapy, Anatomy, Medical Gymnastics, in fact everything you need to know to qualify for a Diploma.



Miss E. A. Childs, M.D.



D. H. Beam, Calif.



Miss H. Swain, Art.

These photographs are representative of hundreds received with letters of praise and recommendation. Send the coupon and we will include a booklet of names and photographs of graduates.

Large Incomes from Doctors,

hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients are bound to come to those of our graduates who profit by the thousands of opportunities available to make money. Mr. Charles Romer, Wisconsin, writes, "At times I have had to turn away people; I have been so busy the depression never touched me." Miss Childs, Baltimore, Maryland, says, "I already have over 40 patients, I hope many others take your course and profit financially and socially as I have." Hundreds and hundreds of graduates have written similar letters. Get into Swedish Massage through our "Right in Your Own Home" Plan.

Regular Diploma Awarded

When you have completed our home study course (high school training not needed), you will be awarded THE College of Swedish Massage Diploma. This diploma is a badge of honor, a warranty to the public that you have qualified as an expert and should be accepted by them as proof of your proficiency in your chosen profession. Enroll now, before it becomes necessary to spend years in intensive training to qualify for a permit to practice.

Anatomy Charts and Booklet of Photographs

FREE

Write *n. w.* for our amazing offer of Anatomy Charts and Booklet of Photographs and letters from graduates. Medical Dictionary, Patented Reducing Roller and Hydro-Therapy supplies are all included in our course without one cent of extra cost. Send the coupon now—there is no cost or obligation.



THE College of Swedish Massage

Dept. C63, 1601-1613 Warren Blvd., Chicago
(Successor to National College of Massage)

Use this Coupon for **FREE** information

THE College of Swedish Massage,
Dept. C63, 1601-1613 Warren Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me **FREE** and Postpaid Anatomy Charts, Illustrated Catalog, Booklet of Successful graduates and complete details of your offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

SCAN COURTESY OF EXCITER

